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SEPTEMBER, 1926 VOLUME LXIV, NO. 1

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

FREE SPEECH—FREE CHATTER

IN a very important decision of the Supreme Court some time ago, news was declared to be property with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto. A milestone in journalism was laid down. There have been, however, no property rights defined by the Supreme Court in the matter of conversation.

When is your conversation yours and when isn't it? A few nights ago at one of those literary parties where everybody is trying to outspeak everybody else, one bright young man let fall a publishing idea for a new weekly or monthly magazine with a particular editorial policy. Immediately another member of the group took up the idea in conversation and transformed it into an entirely different publication. And the conversation rolled on to the beauties of Westport and New Canaan.

Next day speaker one confronted speaker number two and claimed priority rights and a fifty per cent interest in the conversational part of the idea of speaker number two. The Supreme Court, we said, has as yet made no decisions on conversational rights. But it is high time something were done to make the world safe for talkers.

Where do the social amenities begin and end among literary folk? What, in other words, is privileged matter and what is not? Where do the obligations of a guest to his host and vice versa begin and end? The case of General Butler is still rife in the minds of people. Here a guest "peached" on his host for serving him liquor, brought him before the bar of justice, and took the consequences in a public opinion that supported the host. What then is to be thought of a literary gentleman who uses the opportunities of a guest to ferret out information which he later uses in thinly disguised form at three cents a word to castigate his late host? A well known columnist recently ridiculed a party to which he had been invited only upon his telephoning the host and asking if he might come. This particular man has offended again and again,

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yet somehow he is not entirely blacklisted. Picturesque Clare Sheridan never heard the end of making copy of her dinner parties. But then she was a lone woman making a living. Is every host as a matter of course fair copy to the talented guest? Or should the ethical and scrupulous author hold up his hand and cry warning in some such way as, "From the fish to the salad, everything you say is mine!" Possibly men and women should choose with greater care those whom they invite to their houses. For the urge of hunger knows no social code.

THE WAYS OF CENSORS

THE absurdity of censorship was never more clearly shown than by the following incident — a case of censorship enforced by the self styled intelligentsia on the general public, less fortunate, supposedly, in mental equipment.

The board of readers of a certain library felt that while they themselves enjoyed Aldous Huxley's "Crome Yellow" and "Antic Hay", both satirical books with strong and perhaps perverse sex themes, they could not allow these brilliant volumes on the open shelves. Along came Mr. Huxley's "Two or Three Graces", considered by many critics his most mature work, containing a short novel and several short stories which show a changing viewpoint, a manner perhaps a trifle more sedate. "No," said the same readers, "we do not enjoy this book so much. It is not so good as 'Antic Hay' or 'Crome Yellow'. Although we are not barring it from our library on moral grounds, it is not Mr. Huxley's best — therefore we'll have none of it."

Such sophistry is pleasing in these days — pleasing, in the sense that any burlesque show is pleasing. How foolish the wise often appear when they attempt to coerce the public mind.

There was once a theatrical manager who engaged a great dancer. The lady pirouetted in scant array. The censors objected. The lady danced in sufficient clothing and the censors said, "She no longer seems a great dancer. Let's have none of her."

All or none, so to speak.

Another stone in the progress of censoriousness in America was cast from the pulpit into a Sunday afternoon audience and the radio microphone. The youthful son of the famous reformer John Roach Straton rolled out the following, thankfully, "You can bet your life I was not raised on Mencken and bridge parties."

Down with H. L. Mencken and bridge parties! Let us start parades of anxious mammas bearing banners on which the smiling sage of Baltimore is depicted. Let them shout, "Our children have a right to Mencken and poker!" Then we shall have made him a prophet of evil who will, perhaps, presently be burned at sunrise — or is it more usual to shoot prophets at sunset or hang them at noon?

To be sure, all is vanity — but can we become more absurd as the days roll by? Probably. All things are possible in this great free land, and isn't it fun to watch them all? "Tragic", you say? Well, it's all a matter of temperament.

A B.A. FOR MUSCLE

IT is impossible for even the casual observer of trends in several of our universities not to view with alarm the

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importance and dignity which now attaches to what is sometimes called the coaching course. So long as schools insist upon stressing athletics as they do, coaching courses are probably legitimate, but why they should lead to a degree is not so easily understood. Of course in many states every teacher in the high schools is required to have a degree, but it is scarcely possible that the high schools are already conditioning college requirements.

In certain schools, recently under observation, coaching courses may lead to a degree either of bachelor of arts or bachelor of science. In either case the candidate may have his major and one minor in physical education: that is, out of a total of 180 hours of credit for four years (the schools are run on the quarter system), he may have 90 hours in athletics. There are almost thirty courses in theory of athletics, ranging in credit from one to five points. Theory of Athletics XVI, for instance, gives three hours' credit and is "the theory and practice of fielding, batting, baserunning and pitching". Theory of Athletics XVII, also three hours, is "a study of various positions; team play and points on 'inside' baseball; offensive and defensive methods". There are five courses in football coaching alone.

And what of the requirements one thinks of in connection with even an American B.A.? The men in this coaching course must have fifteen hours of English: that is, five hours a week for one year; the same number of hours of social science; twenty hours of science and mathematics; ten hours of psychology; and twenty hours of teaching. In addition, they must have fifteen hours of foreign language; but in case they do not care to take a language, they may take five additional hours of English and obtain a B.S. instead of a B.A. degree. What one might naturally call allied subjects, such as anatomy and kinesiology, are not so much as listed on the course of study.

To even an unsuspicious onlooker, the thought obtrudes that these young men are being coddled, that for the sake of attracting athletes from fiercely competing schools degrees are going to the lowest bidders. And the price is pretty cheap. Virtually two years of academic work secure a degree. The few shreds of dignity which until recently clung to the words "bachelor of arts" have been hastily buried, in order that the young men may not be embarrassed. To quote one of the old fogies who cling naively to the idea that college is a cultural hotbed: "What! College credit for taking a bath?"

IN DEFENSE OF BLURBS

"*THE jacket on the book says—*" "*In spite of the optimism expressed by the jacket writer—*" It is strange to notice, in this age of advertisement when one is permitted to make any noise whatever if one cannot sing, how often critics take offense at jacket blurbs to the extent of reviewing them instead of the books. It must be granted, a blurb presents a temptation to the critically minded. Yet one finds difficulty in understanding why the dons of literature, however local their authority, sometimes take these enthusiastic comments so personally.

Many years ago, when books were very large or very small, before Sir Walter Scott began the custom of paying off mortgages with royalties, authors and publishers were a modest lot and little given to their brag. Pub-

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lishers were mostly printers, while authors were known chiefly by their patrons; manuscripts were thrilled and trembled over lest they offend, for the whole thin profession might have starved at the whim of a few lords. But times have changed. Publishers have changed, so that some of them are powers in the world; and authors — they have evolved. It is publishers, though, that one speaks of in relation to blurbs — for they must write them — and critics too, at whom they are partly aimed. Yet in the last analysis the public is the target of all book jacket material; nor has the public ever been heard to object to either adjectives or enthusiasm.

Perhaps the general reader knows that what he sees printed on the back of a book jacket is for his guidance; probably he knows from reading it whether or not the book is the type for which he is searching, or whether it is like the last one by the same author. Possibly he suspects (though it matters very little) that what he reads there is definitely tuned to the fancy of a group, as a note on a piano is tuned in its overtones, and preferably to a whole series. "This is a romance", says one; and half the world reads further. "It is comparable to 'Paul and Virginia'." Then all who have read "Paul and Virginia" and like such sentimentality buy the book, in theory.

The "Paul and Virginia" blurb is a good one, a splendid one. It is comparable to blurbs written by some of our best authors who have worked for publishers. The persons who resent it are a certain group of critics (and this is the meat of our article) who insist on believing the blurb is for the purpose of forming their opinion for them, and of sweetening the cup of their enforced draft. Wrathfully they begin their reviews by reviewing the blurb; but the publishers tell us this scarcely matters if they give enough space to it.

PUBLIC PSYCHOLOGY IN TERMS OF AESTHETICS

THERE are fashions in æsthetics just as in the sumptuary things of the flesh. These fashions are influenced by group leadership, just as other things are. Groups are the means for the wholesale distribution of ideas which marks our republican democracy. Many types of groups determine the fate of our literary efforts. The geographical is one. *Local* — a local leader discovers a new artist: Foreign — a traveling artist becomes representative of a vast race on the assumption that distance lends superiority.

Readers of criticisms all over the country become a group under the hypnotic authority of the appointed judge. In a democracy every leader becomes by analogy the representative of the people. Carrying this thing to realistic absurdity, it is assumed that since the leader is the representative he must be their spokesman, and that he must be in agreement with them — ergo they proceed to agree with anything he says.

Intellectual groups are powerful and hortatory. Some intellectual leader, through enthusiasm or preeminence, sets the pattern for the group to like or dislike certain types of art. These biases become the password — the fraternity handshake. Just at present the bias is toward satiric realism in America. The genre story of American life, whether it is in vernacular or downright dialect or exaggerated mannerisms, wins the instant attention of intelligent readers all over the country who believe that culture now is

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attained by looking in the satiric mirror held up to human nature. Such ideas as the "yokelry" idea tickle the senses of the intelligent. Painting in some cases goes the same way — witness the pointed revelations in color by Benton. The history of æsthetics is full of waves of fashion — Swift, Wagner, Picasso, O'Keefe, are in turns nothing and everything in the public taste. The tastes of the intellectuals have little to do with the tastes of OTHER GROUPS — reading circles — country clubs — women's clubs — church clubs — trade unions — schools — colleges — groups made by radio talks.

Ethel M. Dell, Harold Bell Wright, Fannie Hurst, Irvin Cobb, Padraic Colum, have their group reasons for existence. After an author has finished his book, let him subject it to analysis for its group appeals if he would like to have a prophetic inkling of its public acceptance. If he is in the business of writing he will suit his pen to the greatest common divisor of group interests — but of course that has nothing to do with literature, so let us desist.

CHURCH BELLS

By Elsie Katterjohn

DEFINITE, measured tones,
Like the steady snore of Tradition.
That is the Catholic bell,
Ringing for Mass.
Staid, decorous tones—
A spinster in brocades, out walking.
That is the Methodist bell,
Ringing for Service.
Majestic, martial tones,
Like the march of the wooden soldiers.
That is the Presbyterian bell,
Ringing for Church.
Clear, metallic tones,
Like the same march with two grace notes
Added for distinction.
That is the United Presbyterian bell,
Ringing for Meeting.
Enchanting tones,
Light, ecstatic,
Trills, cadence:
That is the song of a bird,
Outside my window.

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THE ENEMIES OF TALK

By J. B. Priestley

SINCE talk is so fair and gracious a thing, a diversion that not only permits but encourages the spiritual creature in us to expand, it follows that in such a world as this it has innumerable enemies. There are, to begin with, all the powers of darkness, who delight in huge leaden silences, sharp words of command, and interminable monologues; but who flap their leathery wings in anger when they remark us engaged in the fair, frank, and soaring exchanges of talk. Well they know, these sons and daughters of Chaos and black Night, that if this friendly commerce should become universal their occupation would be gone. But the danger so far is small, if only because there must also be included among the enemies of talk the major portion of the human race. Let us admit at once, otherwise we descend into pessimism, that there is a prospective talker in all of us, that the seed of real conversation is there; and with a few more centuries of sunshine, with a world neither hissing with lava nor yet a wilderness of glaciers, there is some prospect of whole races of talkers being engendered. By that time, it may be, the crude business of the world will be finished, the last pick and shovel laid aside, all the ledgers duly balanced; the rough wooing of nature will be at an end and she will smile from her pillows, a happy bride; the world will be measured, mapped, drained, and made instantly accessible to sight and sound; the last vote will have been given, the last shot fired; and then humanity, comfortably housed, clothed and fed, perched on the spoil of the ages, with all past arts and histories and philosophies ready to hand, will settle down to talk. The strong silent man will long ago have joined his friends, the mastodon and the sabre toothed tiger, in limbo. The world will have become one huge drawing room and one huge tavern. The solar system will be murmurous with the talk, the subtle, many colored, delectable words ascending from the earth, and it may be that when the sun finally dwindles into a cold cinder, men will talk themselves clean through into eternity, thus overriding the judgment and eluding the malice of dead matter. The talk itself will be so completely engrossing that nobody will notice that Doomsday eve will have come and gone.

But this "rapture of the forward view", admirable for the purposes of rhetoric, must not keep us, stout realists as we are, from recognizing the fact that there are among us more enemies than friends of talk. And not only are they to be found here and there and almost everywhere, but they even pop up in the few unexpected places. Thus I do not hesitate to include among the enemies of talk the so called great talkers. These gentlemen, we are told, sacrificed everything for talk. Tom Moore tells us how he and Rogers "spoke of poor Mackintosh; said he had sacrificed himself to conversation; that he read for it, thought for it, and gave up future fame for it". Such a one, it would seem, should be included among the martyrs

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rather than among the enemies of our faith. But actually his faith, for which he perished, is not ours. Yet before we hasten to condemn these Coleridges and Mackintoshes and Macaulays and the rest, who were called great talkers because they published in folio at the dinner table, we must allow them their moments of triumph. We must acknowledge too their services to the spoken word. They showed, at least the best of them showed, what could be done with words and a voice. They banished silence, grunts and guffaws, mere half hearted remarks, and put in their place bold invasions and massive raids by whole armies of words into the most remote kingdoms of thought and feeling. We cannot read the countless tributes, breathless with admiration, to Coleridge as a talker ("I have heard Coleridge. That man is entitled to speak on till Doomsday. . . .") without feeling a thrill ourselves; it would be idle, and worse than idle, to pretend that there are here no services to talk. Whether Wilde was a genuine talker, able to draw out others, or one of these great monologists, I am in no position to decide, but there is a story told of him that seems to me to enshrine his greatest moment, when one's heart goes out to the man. He had been invited to lunch at a country house in Yorkshire. As soon as "Mr. Oscar Wilde" was announced, the hunting men assembled there drew away, hiding behind newspapers or turning their backs upon this fat, overdressed, scented and curled, oily poseur with an unsavory reputation. Wilde greeted his host and, without appearing to remark the attitude of the company, began to talk. In a few minutes, paper after paper was thrown down, group after group was broken by laughter; the sportsmen gathered round, and there they remained, delighted, until the small hours, completely under the spell of this same fat unsavory fellow who went on talking, talking.

So much may be said for the sake of justice. But the faith of these great talkers, I repeat, is not ours. They are not, in truth, great talkers at all but authors too idle to put their folios into print or orators who mistake the nature of the assembly they address. If they wish to make long speeches, it is their business, as the Americans say, to hire a hall. If they have whole volumes inside them, they should instantly depart in search of pen and paper, so that in time we may have whatever they wish to say neatly bound and waiting our convenience on a bookshelf. The wise readers who still cherish H. D. Traill's "The New Lucian" will remember the opening of that astonishingly fine dialogue there between Johnson and Coleridge:

COLERIDGE: Do not go, Dr. Johnson. There are still many subjects I would fain discuss with you. Or are you wearied by our conversation?

JOHNSON: Why no, sir. I will not deny that I am wearied; but it is not by anything which I can reasonably call conversation. For conversation — if any credit is to be given either to usage or to etymology — implies an interchange of ideas.

The Doctor is our spokesman here. It may be said that he himself was hardly the ideal companion for a talk. But such sins as he had are almost trifling when compared with those of gentlemen who turned what should have been an evening's conversation into a three or four hour monologue. To talk for victory, as Johnson frequently did, and to be, as he was, not over-scrupulous with regard to the means, are faults in a talker, but such a one does at least recognize that his companions have ideas and experiences and voices of their own. It is better

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to be clubbed with a brutal remark now and again than to be regarded as a gigantic ear and as nothing else.

Johnson's greatest fault was probably not his fierce pugnacity and occasional brutality, in which there was, after all, a certain comic gusto that is the very salt of talk, but his judicial habit of mind, the conclusiveness of his talk. He settled everything too quickly. Boswell or Mrs. Thrale would cast about and then start a subject as if it were a hare in a thicket; one of the company would run this way, to head it off, another would run that way; and then suddenly — bang! — the Doctor's gun would go off and there would be the poor little subject lying dead. In such a decisive judicial presence it was almost impossible to expand. A topic was worried to death in a few minutes. The talk could not move forward like a swiftly flowing stream or soar upward as the personalities involved warmed to the work. It proceeded in a series of explosions: one, two, three, bang! — silence — one, two, three, bang! That such a massive personality has a value of its own, that it may give us something better than an evening's genuine talk, I am not prepared to deny. But that, after all, is not the point. We should if we were wise be ready to sacrifice an evening's talk simply to behold Argive Helen blooming in silence at the other end of the room, to watch Shakespeare handle his quill and assemble his scattered sheets. But since talk is the subject, these comparative values are not our business; everything must be looked at from the angle of talk; and so surveyed and judged, Johnson cannot be accepted as an ideal talker.

We can only speak, of course, of the figure we meet in Boswell, a man who sat weightily among his juniors and intellectual inferiors, who was expected to sum up every few minutes. Johnson in his younger days was probably neither so acute nor so decisive, neither so wise nor so rich a character; still it is more than likely that, being far less judicial and conclusive (though no less dogmatic and pugnacious, but then these are qualities that do little or no harm to a talker of the right breed), he was a better companion. Yet to the last, his attitude toward talk, not his actual part in it but his thought and feeling about it, was perfect. His "Sir, we had a good talk" is worth whole volumes in praise of conversation. That strain of melancholy which ran through his character, making him ever aware of the sombre background to this life, of poverty and disease and toil, of the encroaching shadow and dark mystery of death, left him with an intense appreciation of social cheer. Against that sombre background the glowing hearth, the tavern lights, the circle of friendly faces about the table, the cheerful play of words, shone more brightly: there was for a few brief hours in this little lighted space something like heart's ease. Small wonder that so many of his glorious pronouncements, such as "Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel" or "If you are idle be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle", seem stout props for the whole race of talkers. His memory should be a benediction at their every meeting.

It would be a mistake to assume that such interminable talkers as Coleridge were merely plain egoists who knew in their hearts that other people wished for a share in the talk but who were determined to hold the floor themselves. They may have suffered from egoism; but a frustrated genius for authorship, an intense desire to express themselves copiously at once without

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the labor of writing, will explain them better. Nor can they be accused altogether justly of selfishness, if only because their company more often than not did actually consist of persons who had come expressly to hear them — in short, of an audience. But these are exceptional individuals, of whom there are not more than one or two in half a century. Touching them, we have touched only the very outermost fringe of the enemies of talk.

We must be prepared now to face the whole vast array. And here egoism is rampant. There is the whole army corps of selfish monopolists: the retired politicians, the young men fresh from college, the mothers of marvelous children, the successful and self complacent, the unsuccessful and grievance mongering, whose egoistical din makes real conversation impossible. Such remarks as we are allowed to make from time to time are merely stages for new flights—if anything so pitifully prosaic as their babble can be called a flight. They do not visit us but merely choose a fresh backcloth for their soliloquies. It is doubtful if they are really aware that we exist. If they do know that we exist, that we too have something to say and could, if necessary, chatter as long as they can, then so much the worse for them. And it is clear, if we may judge from their efforts, the glitter in their eyes if someone tries to cut in, that many of them do know that they are not moving among shadows but are torturing, for their own good pleasure, fellow souls. When such persons are not merely infuriating, they are saddening. Consider their efforts, their determination. When I reflect upon the bad authors and artists I have known who have recklessly spent their vital energy holding the floor against all comers in drawing rooms, and when I remember that a tenth of this energy, this grim determination, expended on the production of their books or pictures, would have brought about miraculous results, there is a sinking at my heart. A little easy transference would have saved their conversation and equally saved their art: as it is they have contrived to bore us in both. Here, fortunately, they can be summarily dismissed. This floor at least they shall not hold.

Allied to these brutal monopolists, though less crude in their sins, are those unnumbered persons who regard conversation as a mere barter of attention. What they say, in effect, is: If you will listen to me, I will listen to you. Here there is at least some exchange, a square deal, but that is the most that can be said for the arrangement. Such persons must not imagine for a moment that they are talking or that they even know what talk is. Their company is a hollow mockery. It is with them as if I should pluck off my ear, hand it over to you, lean back in my chair and allow you to jabber into it for a minute or two, and then you should hand it back, pass over your own ear and quietly doze while I do my share of jabbering. It is true that the better sort do make a pretense of listening with interest; there is an understood makebelieve that conversation is really going forward; you may see them nod their heads, smile and raise their eyebrows, and from time to time murmur "Really" and "Quite" and "Surely not" and so on; but all the while, as you may gather from a kind of vacant look in their eyes, they are not really listening, nothing is being taken in, their minds being fully occupied with what they are about to say next. That they should begin by saying "That reminds me", when nothing you have said

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could possibly have reminded them, instead of merely exclaiming: "You've had two minutes. My turn now", is part of the makebelieve, which is fully understood by all but the very young and the pathetically simple, who frequently imagine that this pretense of talk is real and may be seen squeezing out their hearts before these incurious eyes.

Nothing could better illustrate the fantastic illogicality of common human nature than its passion for this pretense of talk. I can understand the solitary, who has come to the conclusion that company is more bother than it is worth, who prefers to pace forever the circle of his own mind rather than risk the annoyances, the irritation, the heartbreaks that may follow companionship. I can understand, even better, those who wish to explore other minds and to have their own explored, who desire to expand in company with other saved or lost souls, who would join hands with a kindred spirit and turn the world over and over, and who, knowing that all this is possible in talk, cannot be kept from it. But merely to want to play at talk, to go into company and still be a solitary, to find some satisfaction in addressing a listener who, you know in your heart, is not really listening at all — in short, to go through all the formalities sometimes attendant upon communication with a fellow creature and yet to wave aside the vital thing itself — this is to be the regular patron of a Barmecide restaurant. It is a kind of lazy cheating, in which, however, each person, though he thinks he is cheating the other by exchanging merely the appearance of interest for what he takes to be real interest, is really cheating himself. He knows in his heart that what he is receiving in exchange is also nothing but an appearance of interest; that he is really getting, not something for nothing, but nothing for nothing; and still he will persevere with the elaborate makebelieve and even contrive to wring some satisfaction out of it. Yet it is clear that interest in persons should be mutual or it is worthless. It is the most shadowy play of vanity to wish to arouse the interest of people in whom we are not prepared to interest ourselves. We are better occupied strutting the arena of our day dreams.

This odd fashion of pretended communication, in which each party is ready to give out something but not to take in anything, each being entirely self absorbed, with the resulting talk nothing better than the noise of two drums being beaten side by side — this time-old game has been meat and drink to the comic writers since they first laughed over their papyrus. They will show us two characters who meet presumably to exchange ideas and experiences but who succeed only in prattling quite independently of one another, as if they should imagine they are walking together when they are in reality moving in two different worlds. Sterne made great play with this in his account of the Shandy family, who follow their own noses in talk and never succeed in establishing any real intellectual communication between themselves. Much of Sterne's fun proceeds from these intellectual cross purposes. Yet we have only to lose a little of our detachment, to move a little away from thought and nearer to feeling, to find something infinitely saddening in this familiar comic situation. It suddenly changes, if we take a step or so and look again, from comic egoism to tragic isolation. The two nodding puppets have disappeared and in their place we see two wistful spirits with their incommunicable dreams. Indeed, it is

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one of those truly double faced situations that will suit our mood and answer "Aye" to either the call of comedy or tragedy, being tragicomic like the very stuff of life. This difficulty of real communication is one of the secrets of Chekhov's masterpiece "The Cherry Orchard", which some playgoers see as a comedy, others as a tragedy, and others again, the wisest, as a tragic comedy, something steeped in tender irony. Because its personages, isolated, speaking out of their secret dreams, will not really communicate with one another, they are comic; because they cannot, they are equally tragic. It is frequently described, superficially, as a satirical picture of unfortunates who can do nothing but talk; but in truth, in our sense of the word, that is just what these people cannot do. There is practically no real talk in the play, but only so many sad, impudent, or wistful soliloquies. Talk, as we understand it, would have let in a little air and honest daylight, and all things then would have moved to a brisker tune.

That your talker must be sensitive goes without saying. Nothing can be done with the stupid. There are some people whose presence dries up the very springs of talk. Whatever subject they touch immediately sheds its wings and brightness and falls, a leaden lump, to the ground. They carry with them an awful miasma of dulness against which the most determined talker cannot prevail. In their company the world seems bleached and withered; one heavy look from their dull protruding eyes, one slow wave of the hand, and all the gay and lovely things, the high-fantastical, are banished; we go limping across leagues of dreary steppes. We are told by certain masters of demonology that the Court of Hell has its ambassadors and minor representatives on earth, that more than one apparently respectable quiet citizen is in reality an emissary from the darkness. It may well be that these so called stupid persons who blight our talk are really engaged in the work Hell sent them to do, that they are not of our own kind at all but devils artfully disguised, probably in the act of preparing their reports ("Six people in Bayswater bored and left less in love with existence", and so forth) while we are yawning and stealing glances at our watches. The absence of talk, the moment when the world seems a poor thing and life an incredibly dreary round, are Hell's opportunity, when it needs but a whisper from Belial or Beelzebub to set us trampling down every fine thought and charitable impulse, to plunge us into all manner of cruelties. Fortunately, as soon as we suspect that some of the stupid are not what they seem, their power is gone. We see them against black night and the eternal flames. We hear in their even tones the despairing cry of Lucifer. They are themselves high-fantastical, though infernally so, and at the first sight of their piquant disguise all boredom vanishes. Thus once again, we observe, the powers of Hell, so infinite in energy and resource, have overreached themselves.

There are people here and there, however, who are actually too sensitive to be talkers and, indeed, might be included among the enemies of talk. With them, you have to be too careful where you tread. Their minds are crowded with hallowed sanctuaries, pitfalls, and powder magazines. The talk cannot wander where it will. This, that, and the other subject must be avoided at all costs. You make a certain remark to them, the conversation having arrived at the point where that remark might reasonably be made, and

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to your astonishment they suddenly fly into a rage or give you a cold stare, all friendliness having died out of their faces, and markedly change the subject. These are the persons who bring crow's-feet to the faces of conscientious hostesses. They need tact. You must remember, in their presence, not to mention suicides or religious mania or divorces or drunkenness.

Now tact is one of those things that make a truly civilized social life possible. I have admired the exercise of it for years; admired, I must confess, at some distance, as I have little or none of it myself. To see a clever hostess, with the merest flick or two of her paddle, guide the frail bark of conversation between the sunken rock here and the rapids there, warms my heart, and if she does it prettily, as she so frequently does, with just the very faintest suspicion of a *moue* as a delightful conspirator's signal to those in the know, then no matter how old and ugly she may be, though she should be my publisher's grandmother, my heart is at her feet and I am ready, over the coffee, to make a declaration. Tactless I may be, but it shall not be said that I cannot appreciate its delicate manœuvring, its kindly civilized grace. But tact and talk cannot exist together. If you are being merely tactful, then you are not talking. The persons who demand tact, as the oversensitive do, should be shown it, but they cannot expect talk as well. Talk is for more hardy creatures who ask only that they may be allowed to go where they will, who refuse to be steered clear from this and herded away from that, who are prepared to discuss for hours, if necessary, the thing that broke Aunt Sophy's heart or ruined Uncle Jim. Whoever makes reservations, nails up Danger notices, stands before hallowed chambers, may have the warmest heart and the finest intelligence; but he is not tough enough for talk and must be included, though perhaps reluctantly, among its enemies.

The tale of these is a long and formidable one: first the monopolists; then the barterers of attention; then the stupid; and finally the over-sensitive — we begin to wonder how talk contrives to come into existence at all. The situation, however, is not so bad as this survey of the hostile camp would seem to suggest. Consider, if you have the stomach for it, the microbes, the swarming bacteria, that prey upon us, and it will seem a miracle that we should contrive to live at all, let alone that we should have opportunity to boast and strut and wage wars. So too talk lives in spite of its innumerable enemies; and it does not merely exist as a poor thin shoot, but here and there, as you (I trust) and I know to our delight, it blossoms gigantically so that the very moon and stars seemed tangled in its leafage.

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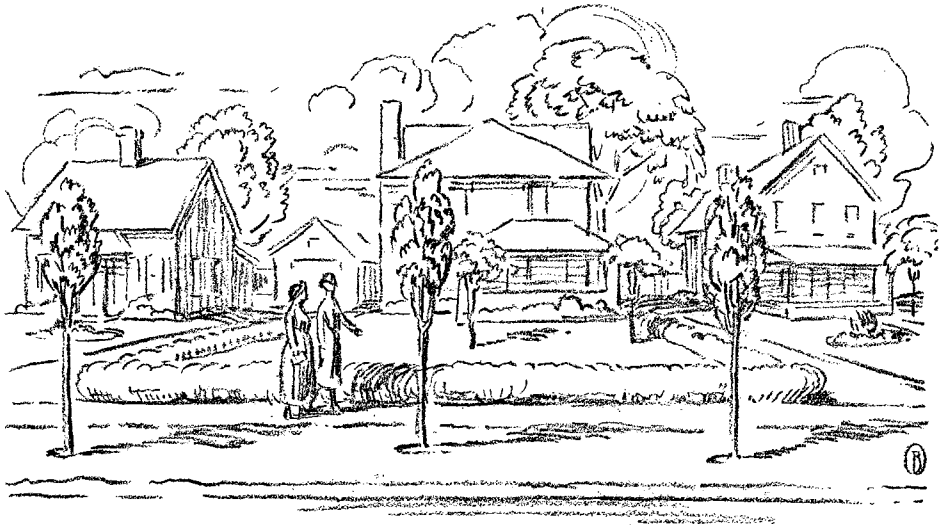

A DAUGHTER

By Annie Webster Noel

With Sketches by Bernice Oehler

ANNE had been home from college three whole days; calling, attending meetings, church, lectures, at last a perfect companion to her mother.

"Then", said Anne, coming home with her mother from the Women's Club, "must this suburb go on and on forever?"

"What else would it do?" asked Anne's mother, astonished.

"It could change", said Anne, "completely. It should", said Anne. And then looking about her she added, "It must."

Anne's mother looked. She saw the nicely placed houses each as it should be on its own lawn, the lawns coming smoothly down to the sidewalk, shrubs flowering calmly.

"What could be lovelier, Anne? See all those sleeping porches and sun parlors. See all those geraniums and pansies set out."

Anne looked.

"If this", said Anne, "is the expression of life's true, inner meaning, then I wish I had never been born."

"This place does not really exist at all", said Anne, coming into the living room from a stroll.

Anne's mother looked up at her.

"It is a useless monument of the past."

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"I wish, Anne," said her mother with dignity, "that you would look up the record of the Women's Club. In suffrage. In child welfare. In white slavery, in —"

"O", cried Anne, "for one moment of hurrying, eager, selfforgetful, passionate endeavor."

What could be the matter with Anne? her mother wondered. The lovely, sheltering trees, the flowering shrubs, the sky — wherever Anne's mother looked were pleasant things.

"When I feel unhappy or worried", she tried to comfort Anne, "I look at them."

"They are not real."

"Not real?"

"They are painted on. They are painted on the walls and ceiling of a prison."

"Anne!"

"O", cried Anne, bursting into tears, "must I die in it?"

"Can it be some man?" her mother asked her father.

"O no!" replied her father, without looking up from his book. Anne could get any man she wanted.

"What I want you to do, mother", Anne explained patiently the next morning, "is very simple and easy. I want you to divest yourself of all preconceived ideas and look at what is before you with your own eyes."

Anne's mother obediently lifted her eyes from her sewing and looked. She saw Mrs. Stewart, who lived opposite, setting out her pansies.

Hers had been in a week.

"Now I", continued Anne, explaining carefully, "am not a photograph."

"No, no!" answered her mother.

"Nor a Japanese print."

A most immoral people!

"I am real?"

"Yes."

"I must have air to breathe."

"This suburb is known for its air!" cried her mother, triumphantly scoring.

"I didn't say air", replied Anne, brought to her feet by her own earnestness. "I said air to breathe."

And the next day dawned resplendent. Such a day! It penetrated to the kitchen where Anne's mother was doing up the extra rhubarb. Anne, helping, put down her rhubarb.

"Come!" said Anne, softly.

Anne's mother looked up from the extra rhubarb.

"Where?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes," cried Anne in sudden despair, "where?" Then the spotless curtains were lifted a little by the breeze, and Anne stepped quickly to the door. She flung out her hands to her mother, looking back at her. "Come", cried Anne.

Anne's mother turned out the gas under the rhubarb. Slowly she took off her apron and hung it up. She must do what was right, of course. No doubt it was her duty to go out and have a good time on a lovely day like this.

She dressed and, coming down to look for Anne, found Anne in the porch hammock. No, said Anne, she did not want to go anywhere. She had given up the idea. She had seen it was no use.

"What should happen", said Anne, leaning forward earnestly toward her mother, "is not that one should go anywhere. Things themselves should change. Utterly."

"Why", asked Anne, bitterly, "if you do not want me to start out by myself, to go astray perhaps, is there no path?"

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"A path that wound out of the suburb. . ."

A path? Anne's mother, stirring the tapioca carefully, had an odd fondness for paths herself. She had a grass path in the garden, which she tended carefully. Now as she stirred the tapioca a path came to her mind that wound out of the suburb through a meadow, a woods, on up over the hill—"A path?" she repeated, strolling along it, stirring the tapioca. "Yes", she said presently, looking up from a fringed gentian she had found and seeing Anne at the kitchen door and the tapioca, contented, on the range, "it would be nice."

"I would so much rather", said Anne earnestly, "go, if only a little way, further along the same way you went, grandmother went."

"I got this receipt from your grandmother", replied Anne's mother, gravely.

"Yes", agreed Anne, bitterly.

Anne's mother was disturbed. She went out on the porch and looked about the suburb from there. There was perhaps something the matter with it after all. Anne seemed to think so.

Anne's mother went and got her trowel. She knew where to go when life presented any conflict—tie up the roses, give the pansies an extra pail of water, cultivate a row of lettuce—and soon all was the same as ever. And in fact, at the first row of lettuce her courage came back. What, she thought quite suddenly, straightening up, what was Anne doing herself? It must be eleven o'clock and she doubted if Anne's bed was made yet.

"You should make your bed in the morning, Anne", she said, for in truth here was Anne coming in from a walk.

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"You should make your bed by noon, Anne"

"No", said Anne earnestly, "not in the morning. O no, not in the morning. When the world is so fresh and lovely. O no, not then!"

"You should make your bed by noon, Anne", said her mother later, profoundly uneasy, coming to where Anne swung gently to and fro in the hammock, under the apple tree. Thinking.

"At noon?" cried Anne, annoyed. "At noon? O not at noon!"

"It is afternoon, Anne", said her mother, coming into Anne's little study, "and your bed is not made yet."

Anne lifted her clear eyes from her book, gazed at her mother suddenly with a flash of interest. "Sit down, mother", said Anne, pushing her earnestly into the rocker. "Now tell me, mother," said Anne leaning forward, eyes intent, hands clasped, "tell me, mother, in this quiet moment which we may never have again: what is the mainspring of your life? What is your

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inspiration? You sweep, wash dishes, go about among the neighbors, garden, sew, cook, clean, go to church and club — day in, day out — Now, what is your reason? Why do you?"

"*Why*, in short!" cried Anne, leaning forward and grasping her mother's hands, then letting them go. "The *reason*, mother. Tell me the *reason*."

"It has never occurred to me", said Anne's mother, rising, hurt, "that any reason was needed for doing those things."

She turned to go. She put aside the detaining young hands. A reason! Reasons were for things not done. A reason for doing them? O no, that would make life too hard.

In the night Anne's mother was awakened — listened — thought she heard a cough, and rose to see if Anne were properly covered. She looked down on Anne, asleep, her young body thrown down on the unmade bed, her lashes touching her soft, flushed cheeks, a light veil of joy spread over her by slumber.

Slowly the heart of Anne's mother softened as she looked. She had been harsh. She looked down on Anne asleep.

A reason?

Anne's mother knelt by Anne's bed, her lips just touching the outflung hand. Her heart ached. Anne's mother prayed, asking for the reason.

LUCCOMBE DOWN

By Amelia Josephine Burr

WHAT did you lose on Luccombe Down
Where the feathery grass was swaying?
A droop of the lips and an anxious frown
And a mind too proud for praying;
A rancor little and mean and old,
A foolish dream that was dead and cold,
A stolen hope that was ill to hold,
And a heart that was bent and greying.

What did you find on Luccombe Down
Where the salt, sweet winds were blowing?
The gay red roofs of Wroxall town
And the smell of a new cut mowing;
A cliff of pearl and a sapphire sea,
A lambkin woolly and white and wee,
The depth of the heavens over me
And a thought that God is knowing.

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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND THE UNIVERSAL BACKDROP

By Lorine Pruette

MRS. STOWE would have enjoyed the ceremonies at the recent unveiling of her bust in the Hall of Fame. She would have thrilled to the clear call of the bugles, she would have trembled deliciously at the booming of the cannon, she would have rejoiced that airplanes dipped in salute, and she would have been deeply moved at the idea that the planes were dropping flowers from the clouds. Concerning the flowers, there was actually a little doubt — the chairman declaring that flowers were to be dropped while the nearest major rumbled out that dropping anything was contrary to New York City ordinance — but she would have accepted, surely, the more beautiful way. Certainly, however, the cannon rumbled and the trumpeters trumpeted, and Harriet Beecher Stowe was welcomed among the immortals whose busts adorn the colonnade of New York University.

To be sure, most of the celebration was for someone else. It was for Sherman that the guns fired thirteen salutes, thirteen being the mystic number pertaining to generals, perhaps because they are so often unlucky. It was for him that the airplanes dipped. But Mrs. Stowe could have enjoyed all this in the pious belief that God had caused her to start Sherman on his famous march; that she, a little woman "as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff", had had her part in the elevation of the man who told the truth about war before this became the popular pastime of a younger generation.

After the ceremony Harriet would have written full details to some doting friend. She would have told exactly who was present, and what each one wore and did. And she would have cried gaily, "Think of poor little me in the midst of all such magnificence!" Then she would have given all the credit to the Lord for bringing her to such a point of greatness, and she would have closed in declaring that after all the honor was not for her personally but for her as the agent of a great cause.

Just so she described a meeting at which Lord Shaftesbury read an address of welcome on behalf of "the ladies of England", adding, "Kind and gratifying as its arrangements have been to me, I am far from appropriating it to myself individually as a personal honor. I rather regard it as the most public expression possible of the feelings of the women of England on one of the most important questions of our day, that of individual liberty considered in its religious bearings."

She saw herself always as the representative of a lofty movement. She could see herself moving through the clear light of history, or posed against a universal and eternal backdrop as mother, writer, and deliverer. She constantly writes of herself in a deprecating manner, protesting always a little too much. It seems certain that she never caught one of those painful glimpses vouchsafed to the clear thinking — as punishment for thinking, perhaps — of herself as a small and exceedingly unimportant creature

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upon an insignificant ball, spinning through one of the lesser universes. She enjoyed a religion which gave her the assurance that all her beliefs, actions, troubles, doubts, were of tremendous importance, and chance gave her a cause for which she could claim any amount of importance. She could conceive of herself as a still, small voice crying in the wilderness, and she was able to see herself glorified by her mission, with God behind her, the poor slaves at her feet, and heaven before her.

She could never quite admit her humanity. Thus she declares that her picture appeared because, contrary to her natural modesty, she was forced into it by the "imperative solicitations of my dear five thousand friends and the public generally". Think of the tremendous audacity involved in believing in those five thousand friends! There again she shows her belief in the universal backdrop as setting for her actions. Five thousand friends and the public generally attend all that she does.

Her biographer wrote of her as "forever the same, a tiny figure standing forgetful of herself against the dark vast background of her country's life".* But forgetful of self was precisely what she never was. Harriet and God were the two subjects about which she liked to write in her letters, and God is easily a bad second.

One of her babies dies, and this event is magnified to universal proportions. She is not a mother mourning for her child, but Niobe sorrowing over a lost race. Of her seven children he becomes at once "the most beautiful and the most loved", and she ponders what good may come of this sorrow. Later, after the great success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", she writes that "much that is in that book had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer". At her boy's grave she learned "what a poor slave mother may feel when her child is torn away from her. In those depths of sorrow which seemed to me immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain."

She enjoyed the personal attention of her God and found that he helped her write her books. Concerning "Dred" she could write: "Everybody is after it, and the prospect is of an enormous sale. God, to whom I prayed night and day while I was writing the book, has heard me."

To a quite unusual degree she seems to have taken her stories, scenes, and characters directly from life. Whatever she did was important enough for a story, whatever she heard was likewise important. We find her going back to observe an old fisherman in order to have further details for her characterization. One book is concerned with her own family, another with her husband's early life, while her stories of slavery are heavily documented. A weakness of invention, coupled with a belief in the genuine importance of her own encounters, with the certainty that the particular case bears always a universal significance, suffices to explain her method.

After her certainty that she enjoys the prominence of a universal backdrop, her masochistic trends are most important. In Harriet, the young girl, daughter of a minister who took his religion without a grain of salt, we can see the morbidity of sentiment, the exaggerated emotions, and the interest in suffering which resulted finally in the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

One Sunday she went to church

*Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Edited by Annie Fields. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1897.

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bowed down with sadness because it was the day of the sacrament and she would not be allowed to partake. She looked at "the pure white cloth, the snowy bread and shining cups of the communion table", and "thought with a sigh: 'There won't be anything for me today; it is all for these grown-up Christians.'" That table down there at the altar must have seemed very tempting to that young girl, just as it still tempts countless other emotional adolescents. It carries the appeal of maturity, and you have to "truly and earnestly repent of your sins", which of course implies a delightful list of wrong-doings, even though you cannot to save your life recall a single one, and there is a little wicked thrill connected with tasting the wine and you want so badly to know what the sacrament bread is like, and finally there is the special horror of eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ.

Harriet must have felt all this, and more. The belief grew on her that she was missing something. Then suddenly, while her father was preaching, it came to her that if she needed a conviction of sin, and was not able to find it for herself, Christ could give her this as well as other things. So she found Jesus and walked home on wings, and it seemed to her as if "Nature herself were hushing her breath to hear the music of heaven." Already Harriet had learned to dramatize herself. Nothing less than the hushing of nature was to be expected, or tolerated, on the day of her conversion.

Very soon, however, she was brought to perceive that she had come into the kingdom of heaven too easily. Theological problems began to torment her. A spiritual adviser asked her if she could be happy with God alone, supposing the universe were all destroyed. Submitting a child of fourteen to such a question shows us today the idiocy of that bitter religiosity of the nineteenth century. Poor Harriet — how could she help herself? — stammered out that she could be happy with God alone. She further agreed that her sins were so great that God would be fully justified in leaving her to make herself as miserable as she was sinful.

The years of her adolescence were darkened by this religious burden. She tormented herself almost constantly, it would seem, and wrote letters lamenting her sinfulness and alarmed her family by declaring that she was not fit for anything. She felt that she should wish to die young and let the remembrance and thoughts of her perish in the grave. This period of depression and self castigation was continued until the masochistic trends which dominated her life were fully established. About the time of her religious conversion she had written a drama in blank verse depicting the suffering undergone by Cleon, a true son of Christ, at the hands of Nero's slaves. "His face grew livid and he stamped his foot. . . . And bade the slaves bring in the torture. . . . The worst of us were scarce prepared for that."

It was not many years before she was to have fresher subjects for her imaginary tortures. Her interest in suffering, her lachrymose tendencies, her earnest stupidity, and her life with a family which assisted runaway slaves were all fitting her for the part which she was to play in connection with the ironic gesture of 1860. She was early convinced that He had some particular destiny for her to fill, and when half the world appeared to hail her as the deliverer of an oppressed people, little wonder that she accepted her rôle. As a young girl she had written her brother: "It matters little what service He has for me. . . . I do not mean to live in

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vain. He has given me talents, and I will lay them at His feet, well satisfied if He will accept them. All my powers He can enlarge. He made my mind, and He can teach me to cultivate and exert its faculties."

That service which He had for her was definitely shaping itself through the years. Writing came easily to her and the pressure of need in a poverty stricken home forced her to keep at it, whether she wished or not. Babies came with pious regularity, and sickness came, and there was always hard work. Sometimes she wrote at the kitchen table, betweentimes giving advice to the cook and tending the most recent baby. She could earn four hundred dollars a year by writing, and did, but the harassed mother cried out: "I don't want to feel that I must, and when weary with teaching the children, and tending the baby, and buying provisions, and mending dresses, and darning stockings, sit down and write a piece for some paper."

Many years afterward she was able to dramatize that cold winter in Maine during which she wrote her masterpiece. She was to recall how she had leaned over her sleeping child and wept for thinking of all the slave mothers whose "babes" had been torn from them, and she was to remember that her heart had been bursting with anguish because of the cruelty the nation was showing the slave, and that she had prayed to God to let her do a little and "to cause my cry for them to be heard". She was always insistent upon the backdrop and the audience, and who can complain if twenty five years later, with a failing memory, she dramatized a little the inception of the book which was to make her famous? There are even stories of how she came to write it, and when, and what part she wrote first. One of these gives the death of Uncle Tom as the focal point, a brief scene which she wrote out under great pressure and read to her children, who became satisfyingly harrowed. Another tells that she knew all along that Tom was to die, but she did not know just how. Both he and little Eva were obviously marked for death from the start, being always too perfect for this mortal world.

In 1852 the story appeared in book form, three thousand copies being sold on the first day of publication. Mrs. Stowe became a personage, going about the country raising money at meetings with which to redeem slaves, going to Europe to be courted and admired as a great woman. Best of all she had the complete assurance of being in the vanguard of the anti-slavery movement, which she insisted on regarding as "a purely religious movement".

She loved to tell how many presses running day and night were required to keep up with the demand for the "Cabin". Young ladies wrote her of spending hours in hysterical sobbing after reading Tom's story, and thousands went into an orgiastic expenditure of emotion. Probably they had never had such a good cry before. Novels were by no means released from the puritanical fetters which had bound them for years. Now here was a combination story and tract, a story with a lesson. It could be read and recommended by all. Mrs. Stowe's insistence that she was not first or merely an artist redounded also to her credit and to the respectability of the melodrama she had produced, compounded as it was of pious reflections, gushing apostrophes to the helpless reader, sheer brutality, immoral relations between the sexes, and a happy ending.

After its great success there was the necessity of proving that what she had written had not been exaggerated, and

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so the Key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came into existence, with Mrs. Stowe now more firmly consecrated than ever to the cause of the poor slave. She felt that this book could not but be felt and that it must, "coming upon the sensibility awaked by the other", surely do something. Her masochistic tendencies appear in her description of herself at work. "I suffer exquisitely in writing these things. It may be truly said that I write with my heart's blood. Many times in writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' I thought my health would fail utterly." But she prayed "earnestly that God would help me till I got through", in spite of which she continued to be "pressed beyond measure and above strength". That last phrase expresses Harriet. She could not conceive of herself as pressed unless to a superlative degree, "beyond measure and above strength".

She wrote that concern over slavery, "this nightmare abomination", lay like lead on her heart, shadowing her life with sorrow, and that she was pained by every horror she was obliged to write. Her usual false deprecation appears when she declares that it seems "so odd and dream-like that so many persons" desire to see her, and she cannot help thinking they will feel when they see her that "God hath chosen 'the weak things of the world'."

After "Uncle Tom" there were duchesses to meet abroad and lords to make a great commotion over her, and then there was another novel, about which Mrs. Stowe was always to be a little sensitive, for the critics declared that "Dred" was not so good as "Uncle Tom". She derives what credit she can from the Queen's preferring it to the earlier book, and there were some French gentlemen who were very excited over "Dred"; all in all she concludes that "French critics seem to have a finer appreciation of my subtle shades of meaning than English." Harriet's subtle shades! Her method was with the bludgeon, not with the rapier, but still she could write of her subtle shades.

Then presently there was war, it being "God's will that this nation — the North as well as the South — should deeply and terribly suffer for the sin of consenting to and encouraging the great oppressions of the South . . . that the blood of the poor slave . . . should be answered by the blood of the sons from the best hearthstones through all the free States." And there was a son going away to war, and Mrs. Stowe very busy keeping her finger on things, and she must go to Washington herself to see Mr. Lincoln about his policies, and there was an appeal to be written to the women of England, and then there was a son home again, badly wounded, and Mrs. Stowe had passed the great peak of her life, and the rest of the story is of no great importance.

She wrote a great deal in her life, but in reputation she is the author of one book and one only. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" dwarfs everything else she did. It is the triumph of the unwholesome. Its great success proves how much people enjoy suffering, provided the suffering can always be ended by closing the covers of a book. The oceans of tears shed over little Eva, the shudders felt for the saintly Tom, involve a delicious laceration of the feelings which, coupled with the excessive religiosity of many of the characters, made the story, and later the play, irresistible to the good puritans whose romances had usually dated from the time of King David. But people outside this group also responded to the appeal of the book, and sobbed over it and beat their breasts over it, and probably went around all next day feeling espe-

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cially virtuous because the suffering of the poor slaves had moved them so. And likely raised the rents of their poorest tenants, as an antidote for too much virtue.

So far as helping to free the slave, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" probably had just the opposite effect. Certainly Mrs. Stowe had no need to feel that she was the "little woman who made this great war". When once people have had a good cry over any cause, they are very prone to feel that they have contributed their full quota. Caught before they leave the church, with the tears still undried, they will give to foreign missions, or whatnot, but every minister knows how fatal it is to allow tears to cool. The women of England vividly illustrate this point. Swept away in an orgy of demonstration for this strange little literary lion out of America, they were able, not so many years later, to turn their sympathies not to the crusading north but to the slave owning south.

She seems to stand out against all the sobbing and handkerchief fluttering and the press of foreign crowds, this funny little woman who had made so strange a hit. Writing always by the same method, she had happened once upon a combination of events which could, as she would have put it, wring the hearts of men. Read even today, the story is not a comfortable one. There is strength in its horror, and the appeal of the suffering hero is the same as the appeal of the Cross, and adolescents can get the same kick out of either. Harriet began by writing of the sufferings of Cleon, but she did very much better by herself when she advanced to the sufferings of Tom. The country was interested in Tom, not in Cleon. Readers were able to enjoy their own wickedness in permitting such things to happen, at the same time that they were feeling themselves ennobled through vicarious suffering.

Harriet's bust *should* rise in the Hall of Fame. It has every right to be there. She is so beautifully stupid, so earnest, so utterly lacking in appreciation of the art of writing, so thoroughly convinced that she is a woman with a mission, so smugly satisfied in fulfilling it. She is as thoroughly one hundred per cent as the Ku Klux Klan. And she was a fighter, rather gallant, working and struggling against odds of sickness and poverty and disappointment. We can be glad that the money and the fame and the high consciousness of doing God's work could come so overwhelmingly to her for a time. Yet it is amusing, and a trifle ironic, that the woman who made so much by such very bad writing should lift her bland bronze countenance against the evening sky only a few paces from the haunted mask of Edgar Poe.

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CHINA: NOT LITERATE BUT LITERARY

By Arthur E. Bostwick

THE arts of the book in China are very old, but knowledge of them has been characteristically neglected by western nations. If, however, one is vouchsafed a glimpse of them in their age-long extent — the productions of 900 A.D. side by side with those of 1926 — the millennial view will furnish a wholesome shock to American or European complacency. At one moment you are shown a printed book — paper strong and good, ink black, impression clear and artistic — and told that it was printed in the Sung dynasty, a thousand years ago, while the Saxon kings were still ruling in England. In the next, you are being conducted through a modern publishing plant covering some twenty acres of ground, supplied with every up to date device for the preparation, illustration, and production of books and turning them out by hundreds yearly, in editions of many thousands. Evidently the Chinese, the inventors of paper, printer's ink and type, are still convinced of the ability of the printed page, as they have been through all the centuries during which we were struggling to get abreast of them. And China has not lacked collectors of the book any more than producers. During a recent two months' journey through the country, undertaken by invitation to inspect the libraries of China, I found that the country was full of them. Until recently, collections of books were either in private hands or owned by some such institution as a temple or a monastery, as was the case in Europe in the Middle Ages. But since the fall of the old classical system of education and the introduction of western culture, the idea of public ownership and support has come to the fore. China now has provincial libraries, corresponding roughly to our own state libraries; college and university libraries, of course, in both foreign and governmental institutions; a few so called public libraries, supported by cities and towns; libraries owned and operated by learned or educational societies; and the collections of publishing houses.

The old Chinese book is not like anything with which we are familiar. It is printed on one side of a long strip of paper, which is folded to and fro precisely like our time tables or advertising folders, so that each leaf is double and has a fold for its edge. The paper is thin but very tough, and the absence of chemicals from the pulp makes its life tenure infinite, provided it is not torn or rubbed. There is neither sewing nor binding. Each strip when folded makes a section about a quarter inch thick, like a pamphlet. These sections are assembled in piles of ten or a dozen, fastened together in various ways, and piled on shelves in cupboards. The modern publishing houses, however, are now issuing most of their books in standard European form, bound just as ours are, so that they may be stood on edge, side by side, on the shelves. The existence of books in these two different forms has made necessary in many libraries a division of the book stack into two sections, an old fashioned and a new

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fashioned section. Some of the provincial librarians are restricting their main collections to old books or books in the old style, and placing those printed in modern style — including, of course, all foreign books — in auxiliary libraries, branches or so called "students' libraries". In a few progressive university libraries there has been a disposition to take the bull by the horns, sew and bind up all the old books in groups of four to six sections per volume, and shelve all books together. This seems like sacrilege to the "old Chinese scholar", whose opinion still carries weight. He likes to think of a book as "lying down" in comfort instead of as "standing up". This merely fanciful objection has had great influence in keeping the old books as they are. These books also usually retain the old Chinese division into four classes, while the modern books are classified according to Dewey.

In forming the provincial libraries, well disposed collectors gave freely from their private collections; sometimes a single large collection forms the nucleus. These libraries thus frequently contain treasures — very old works in movable type, still older ones printed from page blocks, and, beyond these, the beautifully executed manuscript that can with difficulty be discriminated from the printed page. Some have also art treasures. A number of the ancient books are exquisitely illustrated with line drawings, cut on the same wood block as the text, and in several libraries there are painted scrolls of great worth and value. One that was shown me at the First Provincial Library of Kiang-Su at Nanking — a spirited rendition of Mongolian horses and their leaders — was valued by the librarian at ten thousand dollars.

A considerable number of American-educated young men have taken library school courses in this country. There is also one such school in China at Boone University, Wu-chang, which has been doing excellent work. The trained librarians are sent for the most part to the school and college libraries, and it is in these institutions, therefore, that modern equipment and arrangement are generally found. The staffs of the government libraries are poorly paid, and their pay is often far in arrears. They are earnest and scholarly men, and the way in which they have kept to their posts under all sorts of discouragements is worthy of high praise.

There is no library in China that is doing work corresponding to that of an American public library. In other words, there is none that combines public support, free use, access to shelves, home circulation, work with children, extension service, and other features that have become familiar to us here in the last half century. Each one of these features, however, and sometimes several together, may occasionally be found in an isolated library, perhaps an experimental branch established by some enthusiastic provincial or an institution supported by a society working for popular education. On the whole, it would appear that the time is ripe for the introduction of this type of popular library into China.

Of course a popular library presupposes readers, and China is still largely illiterate. But although her percentage of literacy is very small, her actual population is so huge that there are, as there always have been, a very considerable number of actual readers in the country. This is all the more so today when modern books in vernacular style issue in large numbers from Chinese presses. The Chinese reader has no longer to content himself with

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the classics; he has at his disposal thousands of titles in every department of modern literature. The publishing houses employ large staffs of translators and editors; and the latest popular book in English, French, German, or Italian is on the market in a Chinese version in Shanghai and Peking almost as soon as it is available to readers in New York, Paris, or Berlin. One may find in the Chinese bookstores today hundreds of familiar American titles, from "The Scarlet Letter" to "Main Street".

The authors, of course, see none of the profits of all this. China has no copyright treaties with foreign nations, and these translation developments have been so rapid and so recent that no one has thought of any such thing as necessary. Yet the fact that a large Chinese publishing firm has found it profitable to duplicate the Standard Dictionary, adding to each entry a definition in Chinese, may be food for thought.

The Chinese language has no alphabet. We all know this, yet few of us have reflected on its implications. Every simple word is a monosyllable and is represented by a character. There are compound words, of course, and these are represented by characters in series. The word for "library", for instance, *To Sho Gwan*, has three characters and means "book picture place". But every character, taken by itself, is a word, and not simply a syllable as in Japanese, or a sound as in the alphabetized languages. It is unnecessary to dilate on the disadvantages of all this. Westerners have long wondered how much longer the Chinese will put up with it. But the Chinese are quite satisfied. They laugh at any suggestion that their tongue should be alphabetized. Plans for alphabetization are occasionally reported to us here, but you will find no signs of them in China.

To read or write thousands of words, therefore, you must learn thousands of characters. And if your ability to read is to extend to the authors of two thousand years ago, you must know thousands of characters that are not in modern use. We may spell out Chaucer's words and make something of them; but the Chinese cannot spell out Mencius, for there is nothing to spell.

To be a "scholar", in the old days, was practically just to be able to read and write. And one might go on learning to recognize and use additional characters by the thousand all one's life, without ever coming to the end. What an impossibility was universal literacy under any such system as this!

No one used to worry about it; for no one was expected to read and write but the literati. Now there are many progressive citizens who realize that literacy must be extended if China is to be modernized. They have organized what they call the Mass Education Movement under the leadership of Dr. Hu Hsu, a professor in the National University and a graduate of Cornell. Daily, in his university, when the last exercise is over, students remain as teachers and the proletariat comes pouring in — China's illiterate millions, eager to read. Students thus do double work. One gets an inspiring vision of what the result of this is going to be. But our daily press tells us nothing of it. A shot fired at Shanghai — an act of lawlessness in the Manchurian wilds — bulks larger with the newspapers than all the constructive educational work in China. It works the other way too. China knows of us as the country where there are indiscriminate bloodshed in Herrin and student murders in Chicago. Truly, the power of the press is great!

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But how can the proletariat learn to read its language within any reasonable time at its disposal? Simply by reducing the number of characters in use. One thousand, we are assured by the enthusiasts, is sufficient for all practical purposes, and the Thousand Character Plan is spreading through China like wildfire. With compounds, these correspond to perhaps five thousand words, which is a workable vocabulary. It may seem that to learn even one thousand arbitrary characters would be a difficult task for an uneducated person, but we are assured that it is comparatively easy. There are five year old boys in China today who know their thousand characters. We should bear in mind that we ourselves have practically discarded our alphabet so far as elementary instruction is concerned. Our children are taught to recognize and read words as units, and some words are very much more complicated than a Chinese character.

The devices employed to familiarize the people with these written characters are numerous and clever. For example, the familiar colored pictures in cigarette packages are replaced with slips bearing each a character and a picture of the thing that it represents.

The written characters are alike throughout China, though the corresponding spoken words may be different in different provinces, the differences varying all the way from a mere change in pronunciation to a radical difference in words. But although a Peking man cannot talk with one from Canton, they can correspond freely by letter, and a Chinese newspaper or book can be read by any educated Chinese.

Evidently the Thousand Character Plan requires the cooperation of authors and publishers, and this the promoters have been able to secure in large measure. Books, pamphlets, and periodicals are now widely printed in the thousand characters. It should be borne in mind that along with the disadvantages of the ideographic system, which are most obvious to us, there are also advantages which account to some extent for its retention by the Chinese. Ninety per cent of the obstacles to our learning to read are connected with the spelling of words, and there is no spelling in Chinese. He who can recognize the ideographs has learned to read; that is all there is to it. He who can form them with brush or pen, knows how to write.

Chirography with the Chinese still has an art value. Beautifully formed characters are highly valued. Scrolls with aphorisms or texts made by the brush of an accomplished writer are cherished as we would cherish an etching or a painting, and there are "old masters" of "brushmanship" whose productions are reverenced as we reverence a Botticelli or a Raphael. This artistic standard eliminates the poster advertising problem almost entirely. A street full of flaunting lettered banners is merely picturesque. A fence bearing an advertisement in foot high characters is decorative rather than otherwise.

But there is more than this to the Mass Education Movement. It includes also the Universal Language Movement, which aims to unify the spoken tongues of China. Today a modified and simplified Mandarin — the Pekinese dialect — is taught in many schools throughout the country, and some are so optimistic as to believe that in as short a period as thirty years, every educated Chinese will be able to talk with every other of his class. These movements, about which we in this country hear so little, are exerting a profound influence toward

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unifying the country, and have already done their part in prompting and aiding the new nationalistic feeling.

China's collections of books are on the whole not well housed. I saw only two well equipped, well planned, fireproof buildings in the country — both university libraries. The provincial libraries occupy whatever buildings the provincial governments have been able to turn over to them, usually old private residences, schools, or temples quite unfitted for library purposes, having much wood in their construction and all the more ready to go up in smoke in that they are as a rule wired rather crudely for electric light. The dangers to which these literary treasures are exposed are alarming to the westerner. The Chinese simply remark that they must put up with what they can get, and point out that fires are infrequent in China.

Occasionally there are dangers from other sources than fire. The Imperial archives, shortly after the fall of the Manchus, were looted by an ignorant official whose estimate of the contents was so slight that he could think of no better use for the collection than to sell it for old paper. The residue was rescued and stored in the National University Library in Peking, where it may be burned any day. It is still an undigested mass of letters and official papers, stacked up like so much hay. There are no funds to pay for putting it in order, and its historical treasures remain mostly in darkness. What may one day be found in it, provided a kind providence preserves it, may be imagined from a specimen extracted casually by a librarian and read to us. It was a letter from the King of Korea to his suzerain the Emperor, reporting that a foreign vessel had just been wrecked on his coast. He was holding the crew for orders. What should he do with them?

It is quite possible, I suppose, that the "Son of Heaven" replied, "Cut off their heads. Take no chances", and that the vessel took its place among the hundreds entered in the Book of Fate under the heading, "Sailed and never heard of again". How much that bears on the oriental side of our early contacts with eastern Asia must lie hidden in those reams of paper!

Here and there a wealthy donor has erected a pretentious library building. These are usually inadequate and ill adapted to their purposes. But some of the old palaces and temples used for the provincial libraries are charming — fascinating old tiled pavilions set in typical Chinese gardens with trees, flowers, rock grottoes, and fountains. It ought not to be difficult to fireproof the structures housing the books and turn them into ideal retreats for the scholarly reader, if not quite the thing for a library of the American type.

The way in which the new library idea has taken hold of the Chinese may be illustrated by the plan of Mr. Kong Ling Shou, custodian of the Confucian temple at Chu-fou, to transform a part of that edifice — a vast, vacant, lofty raftered hall, into a library. Mr. Kong, who is the uncle of the present Duke of Kong, a boy of seven years, and is probably the most influential adult member of the great Confucian Clan, told us his ideas in detail as he sat drinking tea with us in the hall in question. Recognizing the danger from fire, he proposed to replace all wooden parts of the structure with reenforced concrete. Since these wooden parts are all painted, color being an integral feature of Chinese architecture, the result would be unobjectionable from the artistic standpoint. He was very keen on points of equipment

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and administration, and since he has demonstrated his ability to secure funds for improvements, he will doubtless carry out his project.

Mr. Kong's gratification at the opportunity to discuss his library plans directly with librarians resulted in a courteous invitation to accompany him to the ducal palace immediately adjoining and to be presented to the little Duke. We thus had the privilege of entering the oldest homestead in the world, where the greatest Chinese family has lived quietly for some three thousand years — a period during which great empires have arisen, run their course, and crumbled to dust. These wonderful Chinese clans are by all odds the most impressive things in the country. They and the industrial and commercial guilds are the stable elements in Chinese civilization, and the failure to make proper connection between them and the governmental system accounts sufficiently for the comparative feebleness of the latter up to date.

The palace of the Kongs was vast and impressive — a little city of one story pavilions arranged about a labyrinth of paved courtyards. It was a fit abode for a family of cultured men and women who had studied philosophy and written poetry and painted pictures and composed music while our ancestors were gathering nuts in the woods. The Duke (his title means nothing now, but to be head of the Confucian Clan is still much) is a charming little lad, physically fit, high bred, self reliant. "We are teaching him in Chinese and English", said his uncle, "so that he has two tutors. Our great ancestor, Confucius, said that he wished to be conversant with the customs of all kingdoms, so that wherever he might go, he should feel at home. That is our ideal."

This modern exaltation of English in the Orient to the dignity of a secondary language is most significant, and should interest the American author and publisher. It means the dethronement of French, even in the realms of diplomacy. A recent treaty between Japan and China was written in English. At no distant period the Orient may offer an indefinitely extended market for the English book.

Another significant act was that of the Governor (we should say "mayor") of Mukden, Manchuria, when at our suggestion he secured the restoration of the old library building of the Manchu emperors, in the precincts of their ancient palace, to its former uses by turning out the military men who had been using it as a barrack and installing in their stead the provincial library, much in need of adequate housing.

The millions of illiterates in China should not make us forget that she has always been a literary nation. Hers is a civilization founded on literature and the arts of the book. The scholar was always her great man. While Europe was honoring her military conquerors, China rejoiced to do reverence to the teacher, the writer, the commentator. That temper remains. "Why", asked Mr. Kerby, the Shanghai journalist, of Marshal Chang Tso Lin, so called "Manchurian War Lord", "do you not go to Peking and pacify all China, as you have pacified Manchuria?" "I should like to do it, Mr. Kerby", said the General, "but I am not well enough educated." "Why, what do you mean?" "I will tell you", said General Chang. "It is the tradition among us Chinese, that our rulers must always be scholars. I am not a scholar and I am therefore not worthy to rule." Sincere or not, it was a true Chinese point of view.

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The teacher and the student are still important persons in China, and this fact explains many things that are hard for us to understand. Despite an occasional "professor in politics", we do not expect our National Education Association to wield great political or social influence. Yet that is just what the corresponding body, the Chinese Association for the Advancement of Education, does in China. And its secretary, Dr. Tao, one of the finest men in China, said to me just before I left that country last June, "Please tell our American friends that they must not judge of the actions of our students by what they would expect of their own. You have a large body of educated adults who naturally take the lead in all civic matters. It is not the case with us. Our students form our largest educated class, and they naturally feel that it is their sacred and patriotic duty to lead in all matters of civic and social, as well as of educational, progress."

This, of course, is true; and the traditional reverence of the Chinese for scholarly attainments intensifies both the students' estimate of their own duty and the recognition of their leadership by the general public. In years to come, the situation will doubtless be stabilized by the growth of a class of adults possessing the modern type of education, and sufficiently large to act as a balance wheel to the enthusiastic, but in many cases ill advised, bodies of student agitators.

Of one thing I am sure. The motives of the Chinese students are of the highest. I have addressed bodies of them totaling many tens of thousands in the aggregate. I have looked into their eyes and I have talked with them. The newly kindled torch of Chinese patriotism is in their hands for the moment. I believe it to be safer there than in those of the cynical old mandarin class, or those of the self seeking, "squeezing" traders. The latter classes are those with which we have hitherto chiefly come in contact. It is well to remember that there is also in China a great, quiet body of cultured, high minded men and women, members of families that have been similarly cultured, not through centuries alone, but through millennia, and needing only the stimulus of country wide patriotism to unite into a modern nation.

If these Chinese could only meet with the corresponding westerners and talk matters over, what might not be the result? It might be more productive of good, possibly, than the conferences between politicians and high financiers which seem to be our present choice.

In the realm of the mind there is neither nation nor race. Let us, then, make our intellectual contacts through books, and if we cannot always meet face to face, let translators and printers be our mental sponsors.

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MR. JEFFERSON

By Moran Tudury

THE most unfortunate thing about Thomas Jefferson was that he was Apollo's favorite son. In a period when the Colonials piously sought the hard sense of Alexander Hamilton and the frigid jurisprudence of Mr. Marshall, the author of the Declaration of Independence chose to preach government in the rosy terms of Bulfinch and the classics. He wrote Socialism in the grand manner — and the queer part is that it almost caught on.

It seems strange that he became a politician at all; he did so vastly better with his quill pen, his architectural instruments, and his odd talent for minor inventions. For the political urge one must perhaps remember that he inherited Welsh tendencies, and Mr. Hergesheimer has written one whole novel to prove that Welshmen can be very unreasonable. The pity remains, however, that as a classic alone Mr. Jefferson would have done so splendidly — there is nothing better even in Thomas Peacock from a point of grandiloquence. But the Welsh blood, in all its sinister darkness, prevailed and he became instead a president.

Certain beliefs to the contrary, he was a singularly consistent character; he was never anything but Thomas Jefferson. In the tumultuous rôle of secretary of state, and as Mr. Hamilton's chief adversary, he was always the Sage of Monticello. It is one reason why he did not get along well in matter of fact circles. He was the crystal gazer, the man of letters, the architect of prettiness — the sum total of the Colonial movement minus its hardness. And, then as now, a too visionary attitude was regarded as imprudent.

Amid the slumberous, symmetrical proportions of Monticello he had a proper consciousness of his background, enabling him never to stray very far from its influences. He remains, in the tremulous annals of our United States, the single, isolated case of a politician who put his ideas and eccentricities into red brick and stone and dwelt, when he was not off at Washington making those caustic notations in his Anas, directly under the roof of his predilection. Somebody said once that he laid out the structure of the Declaration as much by thumb rule as he did the plans for the University of Virginia, which is possibly true. But in Monticello he embalmed, with mortar and building materials, his prose style.

His literary tastes were straightforward and he became annoyed at vagaries. In 1814 he commented bitterly upon Plato to John Adams. "His foggy mind", he wrote, "is forever presenting the semblances of objects which, half seen through a mist, can be defined neither in form nor dimensions." And, as early as 1801, he confessed to a marked indifference to poetry, admitting that he could not even read Virgil with pleasure any more. Nevertheless he could, upon occasion, write some very dreary doggerel himself:

Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are no more,
Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in tears,

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I go to my fathers, I welcome the shore,
Which crowns all my hopes or which buries my cares. . . .

And:

Shores there are, blessed shores for us remain,
And favored isles with golden fruitage crowned,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze shall medicine every wound.

At twenty eight he found merit in fiction, holding to the unappealing belief that even if it were not truth it did, nevertheless, exercise an invigorating effect upon the morals. But almost half a century later his opinion changed. "A great obstacle to good education", he observed, "is the inordinate passion prevalent for novels." As he grew older he became priggish. His obsession for Democracy extended to education and he believed to his dying day that there was as much true moral sense implanted in the mind of a plowman as in a faculty head.

He suffered from ideas. He believed that a government with a free press had no need of a judge, and this, considering the fact that the newspapers used him badly, is commendable. There was always an impersonal tone to his egoism. One gained the impression that he never knew Thomas Jefferson intimately — which is perhaps the reason why he so frequently misrepresented him to the public view. He was a theorist who should have been endowed to conduct a school for statesmen. His best boys would have been at least the equal of Thomas Paine. And it remains his worst fault that he practised what he preached. Wholeheartedness in the early nineteenth century was a form of madness worse only than sane thought.

He wanted so much to be the head master — he had always felt so acutely his qualifications for such a rôle. There was a strong paternal flavor to his first administration — a suggestion decidedly of noblesse oblige in his manner of securing Louisiana for the United States. He could do so many fine things for them if they would only forget for the moment that they were a Republic patterned — alas! — upon the unplutocratic principles he had supplied. It must have irked in those vivid days that his most merciless thumb rule was the one which he himself had made in an inventive moment for his countrymen. It had a chilling habit of checking him short.

It was an age when gentlemen, for some obscure reason, were supposed to be equally at home at either the hunt or the writing desk; perhaps it was part of the David Garrick tradition. The atmosphere of the library was held to be singularly genteel. It was like Thomas Jefferson to accept such a character and write severe dogma with a Colonial flourish. But he never pretended to be anything save an amateur — a gesture in itself wholly designing. He might have executed, if he hadn't preferred the smell of legal inks, such a pleasantly Colonial fiction. There would have been the acidity of Laurence Sterne in it somewhere and quite a revolutionary plot. It would have had a political young gentleman, it may have been, and a deal of windy speechmaking. But the Word would have been preached throughout; like Thackeray he had axes to grind.

His thoroughness was appalling; his "Notes on Virginia", written in 1781, might have been recorded by a magical combination of John Burroughs, Henry Ward Beecher, and Mr. Blackstone. Page follows page: "Our grasses are lucerne, st. foin, burnet, timothy, ray and orchard grass; red, white, and yellow clover; greensward, blue grass,

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and crab grass." Then: "All the powers of government, legislative, executive and judiciary, result to the legislative body. The concentrating of these in the same hands is precisely the definition of despotic government." And: "The rights of conscience we never submitted, we could not submit. We are answerable for them to our God."

About his writings there remains a strong literary flavor; he wrote state papers in the manner of a secretary who has an eye for book sales. Not even the latter day papers of Colonel House are more dynamic than his Anas. He seemed always to be composing documents with the conviction that now it could be told. He would have liked Senator Brookhart and detested Mr. Bryan. Even his Utopia was well paved and had an improved sewerage system. The strange mind that could invent a polygraph and a residence door — the latter in a measure the parent of the present street car type — demanded some soundness. It goes only, however, to make the picture more exotic; one thinks of Machiavelli inventing an alarm clock.

The most exhilarating thing about him was that he disliked matters as they were. To the hazel-grey eyes there was always something definitely the matter with Things. He combined the visual perspective of a Luther with the frank disapproval of a Prussian drill master.

He disliked formal criticism because he believed that what necessarily interested was good, and French art in his earlier years was his passion. But his pleasure here, he told James Madison, was due to a desire to improve the taste of his countrymen. Books formed a very vital part of his life and he fought stiffly to repeal the duty imposed upon their importation. He never, so he informed Edmund Randolph, read translations when he could read the originals. And he mourned the fact that France, in 1785, appeared a good half dozen years ahead of America so far as literature went — which was probably a very charitable estimate.

Book censorship aroused him thoroughly. In 1814, relative to the persecution of a French author whose book was being circulated in the United States, he wrote: "I am mortified to be told that, in the *United States of America*, the sale of a book can become a subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry, too, as an offence against religion; that a question like this can be carried before the civil magistrate. Is this then our freedom of religion? And are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold, and what we may buy?"

His own prose, ordinarily, was classical and contained rather than graphic, but he could rival Greville for melodrama when he had the proper materials. Of a cabinet meeting he could write:

> [Secretary] Knox in a foolish, incoherent sort of speech, introduced the pasquinade lately printed, called the funeral of General Washington and James Wilson [Associate Justice of the Supreme Court]; King and Judge, &c., where the President was placed on a guillotine. The President was much inflamed; got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself; ran on much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him; defied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the government, which was not done on the purest motives; that he had never repented but once having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since, that *by God* he had rather be in his grave than the present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made *Emperor of the world*, and yet they were charging him with wanting to be a King.

His opinions of contemporaries are interesting. John Adams, he observed,

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was "vain, irritable, and a bad calculator of the probable effect of the motives which govern men. This is all the ill which can possibly be said of him. He is as disinterested as the Being who made him." He found that General Washington's "mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder", inferring that he didn't, perhaps, see so far after all. Of Aaron Burr he made a remark strangely epigrammatic: "A great man in little things, he is really small in great ones." And pictured, in a line, the brightness which was Louis XVI's life: "The King, long in the habit of drowning his cares in wine, plunges deeper and deeper. The Queen cries, but sins on."

There was, there had always been, a moral tone to him. In those florid days when the first Napoleon was so indelicately bewildering the map makers, he disapproved in the manner of an elderly bigot. "No man on earth", he said, "has stronger detestation than myself of the unprincipled tyrant who is deluging the continent of Europe with blood." He was moved to even more fiery rhetoric. The rotund militarist, he thought, "was a conqueror roaming over the earth with havoc and destruction". Perhaps he assumed the awful proportions of a super Federalist to the tall Democrat with the reddish hair and the tilting nose.

Mr. Jefferson could hardly have selected a better time for his enthusiasms. There was something high pitched about the major note of the times, and the backdrop was done in screaming colors. Everything and everybody fitted so well into the grand scheme; it was all such deliberately fine melodrama. The pageant was hardly dull.

There was John Randolph with his large manner and his boyish face, and there was General Washington with his trumpeting sincerity, his British military tactics, and his bad teeth. Dr. Franklin, too, lent a pleasing paradox to the occasion with his suave temper and his whispered reputation for Parisian amours. And the genteel duel of Mr. Burr and Mr. Hamilton would have been truly Colonial if only the latter hadn't, it seems, tried to duck the business. Anyway, there was a minuet rhythm to it all, with little Jemmy Madison appearing belatedly but unruffled upon the scene. The portraits of Gilbert Stuart, so cheerfully ingratiating, show that some sort of charming movement must long have been afoot.

Mr. Jefferson, then, was not entirely surrounded by dagger glances; he was at least created in the spirit of his time. And, on the whole, he did rather well with his flamboyant ideas. Later, of course, he grew weary and contented himself with carrying on extensive correspondences — that last gesture of retired celebrities — and he must sit critically upon a camp stool of his own inventing to watch the University of Virginia rear its leisurely beautiful head. But he didn't, perhaps, forget. Then, finally, he went out quietly, as they did in those days, and silence surged suddenly down upon Monticello.

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STRIKE DIARY OF A LONDON EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This diary was kept from day to day by a London editor whose journal was forced to suspend publication by the general strike of the great trade unions throughout Britain.*

The diary was not intended for publication, but merely for the private satisfaction of the writer and for the amusement of his wife, then in a nursing home. It makes no attempt to follow the large curves of the struggle; it contains no record of sensational experience. The average man is apt to be lost in the chaos of a general strike, and his field of vision is restricted. So these random jottings, printed just as they were written, may appear to lack significance, as they certainly lack form and detail.

But precisely in its triviality lies the value of such an account as this. It records a typical experience while history was in the making. The general strike is a catastrophe that may come upon any industrial state at any time, and how one average citizen fared through an actual experience of the kind is surely as important in the true historical sense as the more spectacular doings of the high protagonists.

TUESDAY, 4th May.

I think we all knew yesterday afternoon that a strike was inevitable. There was restlessness everywhere and a heavy sense of something big impending. It was difficult to work. For myself, I finished off what lay at hand to do, but that without conviction.

In the afternoon my clerical staff received their strike notices. The girls laughed, it was all too ludicrous; but G. was gloomy, being newly married and a conscript to the union. M., assistant editor, is technically a striker, being only recently promoted from clerkship.

The Club was full of loose talk, speculation, and general foolishness. I left at six to get the Hampstead Tube from Charing Cross. Already there was difficulty — a long wait and a nervous crowd. Most uncomfortable journey. Women were frightened, but the Cockney cheerfulness prevailed.

Saw E. at the nursing home in the evening. Both of us depressed. Returning home, tried to get D. H. at the Club. Number engaged after several attempts. So to bed.

* * * *

Now the general strike is upon us. The incredible has happened.

Waking early, I missed the rumble of buses on the Finchley Road, the tooting of goods trains in the sidings down the way. The "Daily News" was delivered. Eleventh hour negotiations had failed consequent on the refusal of workers to handle the "Daily Mail".

Set out to walk four miles to the office. The Finchley Road in a state of chaos. Cars of every variety running to town; the standard of driving bad. The police seemed to have lost control to some extent. (Many roads, however, are "up".) Avenue Road, which is "up", was very quiet. Was offered a lift in a Rolls-Royce by a prosperous person, but declined. Regent's Park quiet. The baboons on their terrace in the Zoo blandly surveyed nature. A group of men, obviously strikers, played cricket. A fine bright morning.

Chaos again on Marylebone Road. Passed down Great Portland Street, but the motor shops were not notably busy. More chaos in Oxford Street. Met in Dean Street a schoolfellow I had not seen for fifteen years — an absurd accident of the strike. A few "pirate" buses running. The police

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in Oxford Street obviously excited, but carrying on. Many minor accidents.

The office silent, guarded by a melancholy picket. Most of us restless. Collected a fair post and sorted it out; then gossiped in other men's rooms most of the morning.

Out with H. S. and T. to Rule's at noon. The bar was busy. Thence to a studio overlooking Trafalgar Square. Then to Club to meet J. J. Bell. Walked to Moulin d'Or and lunched pleasantly — sole, asparagus, and a cool bottle of Vaudésir. Back to Club by cab. Some wild talk; rumor flying. There was one fantastic story about the Portsmouth trams — I could not follow it.

Back to office for a while, then again to the Club. A wave of optimism had come over the bar. Home by taxi to Swiss Cottage through crowded streets. The driver very bitter about standards of amateur driving.

Passing up to the home in the evening, saw a fleet of *chars-à-bancs* outside headquarters of the Loco drivers' union; they were filling up with men in clean working clothes . . . obviously delegates returning to their strike stations.

Home at 9:30 to read and hope. It is all unreal.

Wednesday, 5th May.

A very dull morning, which turned to a grey drizzle from the east, then to black, wet fog of the most miserable description.

Road traffic more orderly. Having virtuously set out to walk, declined a lift from a pleasant lady at Swiss Cottage. Down Finchley Road and through Regent's Park. The place deserted, but girls from Bedford College were solemnly practising oarsmanship on the lake. Down Harley Street, very bleak and dark. Got a "pirate" bus at Oxford Circus, and was charged 3d. to the Strand — and no ticket given. Was cheered by the sight of a general bus, the first of those manned by volunteers. Also saw a Midland train pass under Finchley Road this morning. In spite of these signs, spirits must be low on such a day.

A small post at the office this morning; resolute spirits still submit poems, and we never publish poems. Went through a pile of booksellers' catalogues — my first listless attempt at work since the trouble began. Gossiped in other men's rooms.

The Club bar busy and full of alarming rumors. Bad news, apparently, from all quarters: buses overturned, riots outside the "Morning Post" office where they are printing the official paper, the "British Gazette", which I had seen displayed outside a fruiterer's shop in Hampstead. The power station men were coming out. Prophecies of military law within two days; stories of naval men in barracks at Chelsea. A *palais-de-danse* wrecked in Leicester. So rumor had its hour in a miserable day. The pessimist rampant. Nevertheless I lunched with Bell, F. V. M., and Sir Sydney Harmer and heard them talk of whales and whaling.

A great deal of drink is being consumed.

To Camden Town in W. G.'s car at four. There a large crowd held by police in cordon. A shop assistant told me they were out to wreck buses. The crowd seemed largely composed of sightseers, hysterical girls, etc. Women with babies were moving about freely.

Tired with much walking, I rested for twenty minutes on a bench near Swiss Cottage. Continual stream of cars and bicycles passing, many of the

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The British Gazette

Published by His Majesty's Stationery Office.

No. 5. LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 10, 1926. ONE PENNY.

VITAL SERVICES BETTER EACH DAY.

Obstruction By Pickets More Effectually Overcome.

FREE MOVEMENT OF CONVOYS IN THE LONDON DOCK AREA.

Civil Authorities Suppress Disorder Without Aid Of Troops.

OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE.

May 9.

The general situation is unchanged. On the whole, throughout England, the attempted obstruction by pickets to the movement of necessary supplies has weakened and is being more effectually overcome.

There has been a recrudescence of rioting at Hull, and a somewhat considerable riot occurred last night at Middlesbrough. In both cases the disorder was suppressed and numerous arrests were made.

Attempts to interrupt the convoys on the London-Thames Haven-road were marked by stone throwing and bottle throwing. Strong reinforcements were available, and this route will be brought under strict control.

Complete confidence and order are maintained throughout the London dock area. Convoys are moving freely in and out of the docks. The work of loading and unloading vessels by volunteer labour is proceeding and increasing continually.

No difficulty is experienced in the re-victualling of London, and it is intended to keep the Port of London regularly opened. In general the situation at all the ports is distinctly better than last week.

The situation in Scotland has also improved. There has been rioting both in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, and at smaller places. But nothing serious has occurred, and, as in England, the civil authorities have been able to cope with any trouble without the aid of the military.

The food and fuel position is everywhere satisfactory. Saturday's railway services showed a further extension; and a large improvement on all lines, particularly on the Southern and the Great Western, is expected for Monday. The Underground Services are already regular.

STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

May 8.

Reports received from all parts of Great Britain on the fifth morning of the General Strike are satisfactory. All the Civil Commissioners report improvement in their areas. Throughout the length and breadth of the British Islands there has been no serious disorder. There has been no bloodshed, wounding, injury to property, or looting worth speaking of at such a grave crisis. There has bee nno collision between the troops and the strikers. Not a shot has been fired, and no large military movements have taken place.

The work of carrying on the feeding and vital services of the population is going better each day. Nearly three thousand trains ran yesterday, in addition to the London and suburban services. Further improvement is expected to-day. The Underground Railways are now giving a regular and ample service. The number of London 'buses running was approximately doubled again yesterday without any molestation. The production of light and power throughout London is now almost entirely in the hands of an improvised organisation, and is thoroughly efficient.

Nevertheless, there are many instances of obstruction and intimidation by pickets; and it has been found necessary to organise an ever-extending convoy system to secure the movement of food supplies. These are now coming through freely in nearly every case, and all exceptions reported are being dealt with.

STEPS TO CONTROL PRICES.

Since the beginning of the General Strike no attempt has been made by the authorities to reopen the Port of London for the delivery of supplies.

As it becomes necessary to replenish the London area with flour, in order that its immense population should not go short of bread, a sufficient area round the docks was placed under military protection last night. Large convoys of lorries were assembled, loaded, and are now being safely and easily distributed. The free working of the Port of London by volunteers under full protection will be arranged forthwith.

Speaking generally, no marked shortage of any of the necessaries of life is reported from any part of the country, and active steps are being taken to control the inevitable rise of prices during such a disturbance.

Recruiting of Special Constables is proceeding in all parts of the country, particularly in London. The civil force at the disposal of the authorities grows stronger every hour. Volunteers for all forms of labour whose services have not yet been called upon should remember that it is necessary to keep large reserves in hand for emergencies. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

The progressive improvement in the newspaper services continues. *The British Gazette* printed 836,000 copies last night, which have been delivered by aeroplane and motor-cars throughout the whole of England.

These tranquil and improving appearances, and the evident power of the Government to carry on the life of the people must not, however, lead anyone to forget the increasing arrest of all business and production, or the growing hardships and impoverishment to which the mass of the people are being subjected.

MR. BALDWIN AND THE NATION.

A Confident Appeal.

NO SURRENDER ON VITAL ISSUE.

Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, on Saturday evening broadcast the following message to the nation:—

The General Strike has now been in progress for nearly a week, and I think it is right that as Prime Minister I should tell the nation once more what is at stake in the lamentable struggle that is going on.

There are two distinct issues—the stoppage in the coal industry and the General Strike. The stoppage in the coal industry has followed nine months' inquiry and negotiations. I did my utmost to secure agreement upon the basis of the Commission's report, and when the time comes, as I hope it soon may, to discuss the terms upon which the coal industry is to be carried on, I shall continue my efforts to see that in any settlement justice is done both to the miners and the owners.

What, then, is the issue for which the Government is fighting? It is fighting because, while negotiations were still in progress, the Trade Union Council ordered a General Strike, presumably to try to force Parliament and the community to bend to its will.

With that object, the Trade Union Council has decreed that the railways shall not run, that transport shall not move, that the unloading of ships shall stop, and that no news shall reach the public. The supply of electricity and the transportation of food supplies to the people have been interrupted. The Trade Union Council declares that this is merely an industrial dispute, but their method of helping the miners is to attack the community. Can there be a more direct attack upon the community than that a body, not elected by the voters of the country, without consulting the people, without consulting even the Trade Unionists, and in order to impose conditions never yet defined, should dislocate the life of the nation and try to starve us into submission?

THE MINING DISPUTE.

Who is attacking the standard of living of the nation? Is it the Government, who have only sought to bring about a reasonable settlement of the mining dispute, or the Trade Union Council, who have decreed a strike which, if continued, cannot fail to increase unemployment, add to the burden of rates and taxes, and lower the whole standard of life of the people.

I wish to make it as clear as I can that the Government is not fighting to lower the standard of living of the miners or of any other section of the workers. That suggestion is being spread abroad. It is not true. I do not believe that any honest person can doubt that my whole desire is to maintain the standard of living of every worker, and that I am ready to press the employers to make a sacrifice to this end consistent with keeping the industry itself in working order.

But there are many people who say, "I do not hold with a general strike, but I feel a good deal of sympathy with the miners." So do I. But after Parliament had voted 23 millions to aid of the mining industry and had received the report of an able Commission, what else could it do than try to bring about a settlement on the basis of what that Commission declares is the only condition upon which the industry can be kept in existence? I want to repeat, therefore, that the Government is prepared to accept the report, and the whole report, if other parties will do so.

GOVERNMENT'S DUTY.

I have said, and I repeat it now, that the Government will take whatever steps are practicable to carry out the reorganisation proposals in the report. The Government remain convinced that these steps are an essential factor in getting the industry on an economic basis so that the country may be preserved from a repetition of the serious dispute in the coal trade. We are prepared, as soon as circumstances permit, to consult with the owners and the miners, to see in what way effect can best be given to this policy, and the country may rest assured that when the time comes the Government will be ready with proposals.

We are being asked, "Is the Government taking the position that it will not negotiate?" The answer to this question was given in the statement made on behalf of the Government in the House of Commons on Monday last, as follows:—

"Anyone can approach the Government who has authority and can parley with them, and it is our duty to parley with them, but the Trade Union Congress have only to cancel the General Strike and withdraw the challenge they have issued and we shall immediately begin with the utmost care and patience with them again the long, laborious task which has been pursued over these many weeks of endeavouring to rebuild on economic foundations the prosperity of the coal trade."

This is our position. No door is closed, but on the other hand, while the situation remains what it is we have no alternative whatever but to go forward unflinchingly and do our duty.

A MAN OF PEACE.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the dislocation of transport and of fuel supplies, I hope employers will do all in their power to keep their works running, in order to mitigate the hardships which must necessarily fall upon the people in an emergency such as this.

This is the Government position—the General Strike must be called off absolutely and without reserve. The mining industry dispute can then be settled. This is a fair arrangement, and it would be a thousand times better to accept it than to continue a struggle which can only increase misery and disaster the longer it lasts. A solution is within the grasp of the nation the instant that the Trade Union leaders are willing to abandon the General Strike.

I am a man of peace. I am longing and working and praying for peace, but I will not surrender the safety and the security of the British Constitution. You placed me in power 18 months ago by the largest majority accorded to any party for many, many years. Have I done anything to forfeit that confidence? Cannot you trust me to ensure a square deal to secure even justice between man and man?

TO ALL WORKERS IN ALL TRADES.

Additional Guarantees. Official.

Every man who does his duty by the country and remains at work or returns to work during the present crisis will be protected by the State from loss of trade union benefits, superannuation allowances, or pension. His Majesty's Government will take whatever steps are necessary in Parliament or otherwise for this purpose.

STANLEY BALDWIN.

POSTAL SERVICES.

Very Little Delay in Letter Deliveries.

The mail services as a whole are working satisfactorily. There is no actual stoppage on main routes, and when necessary mails are forwarded by road and the proportion sent by rail continues to increase.

Letters from London are being delivered in nearly all the towns in the midlands and the south of England on the day following posting, while letters from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow are reaching their destinations on the second day.

From to-day the services will be further expedited.

Are you on strike?

Have you been consulted by your Union?

Did you have any voice in the decision to strike?

A SHORT-LIVED STRIKE.

Catering Firm's Employees Return To Work.

The bakers, transport, and general workers of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Cadby Hall, London, who had answered the call of their union and came out on strike, have returned to work.

A personal letter was sent to each member of the staff concerned. Full protection throughout the strike and after was guaranteed, and the men were reminded that thousands of their fellow-workers were dependent on them for the supply of their bread.

On Saturday morning 38 of the 220 Lyons' teashops were closed in order that the waitresses, kitchenmaids, and other staff who have shown their loyalty by remaining on duty throughout the week might have a rest during the week-end.

COLLIER'S DEFERRED WAGES.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

BARNSLEY, Saturday.

Barnsley strikers and others are laughing at an incident dealing with the payment of deferred wages which is being made at practically every colliery. Most of the pits are several miles out of the town, and a number of colliers approached the manager of the Barnsley District and Traction Company and asked him if it were possible to run 'buses out to the collieries to enable them to collect their pay in comfort. He replied that as all his men had been called out on strike he had no 'buses to run. In other parts of the country pirate 'buses and their passengers are jealously watched.

The Yorkshire Miners' Association have decided that it will distribute strike pay next Thursday to its 130,000 members. The men will receive 20s. for the week, and boys up to eighteen 10s. for the week. Members will also receive 2s. for each child.

"NO EASY HOPE."

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
One life for each to give.
What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

RUDYARD KIPLING.

NEWS FROM THE DISTRICTS

Chief Trades Almost Normal.

INDUSTRY IN MIDLANDS.

Engineering Works Busy.

Encouraging week-end reports come from some of the chief industrial towns in the Midlands. Brief surveys of the position are given below:

LEICESTER.—The situation is almost normal. Production has been very little interfered with, and there has been no friction between the various unions and the employers. Full production is being maintained in the engineering trades, and no engineers have been called out with the exception of those on of one firm whose men came out on Tuesday but returned to work almost immediately. The boot and hosiery trades are working half-time by mutual arrangement. This restriction has been necessary owing to the anticipated difficulty of clearing stocks, and not to shortage of fuel or power. The hosiery trades at Loughborough are on full time with the exception of one firm, but the industries in and around Hinckley are on half time for the same reasons as those which apply at Leicester. Transport difficulties are being overcome and efficient volunteer services are running. The local paper is being printed, and *The British Gazette* is on sale at 9 a.m.

NOTTINGHAM.—A section of the engineers are on strike. Attempts were made to bring out the hosiery workers and the employees of the Raleigh Cycle Company. They were unsuccessful. Hose pipes were brought into play when attempts were made to bring out the workers at Players' tobacco factory. Lace firms are mainly closed, but this has been the case for some time owing to bad trade. Transport is at a standstill and the strikers are trying to prevent the working of the volunteer services. There has been a good deal of hooliganism, and one police round-up resulted in thirty-two arrests.

WORKING DAY AND NIGHT.

HULL.—Owing to the hold up of transport Hull is practically closed down both as a producing centre and as a port, but everything is quiet and the population orderly.

NEWARK.—Work goes on as usual, and at the works of Messrs. Ransome and Marles, the leading engineering firm, which employs over 2,000 men, and day and night shifts are being worked.

CHESTERFIELD.—Most of the engineering works are carrying on, and one of the largest firms, Messrs. Bryan Donkin, Ltd., is working full time.

LINCOLN.—Full time is being worked at most of the factories.

MANSFIELD.—Works are on half-time owing to the emergency rationing of fuel.

DERBY.—Some large works, including Messrs. Rolls Royce, closed down on Wednesday. Others are expected to close at the week-end owing to a decision of the moulders to come out.

SHEFFIELD.—The position is complicated owing to the fact that all the actual makers o fsteel are on strike. There are less than 5,000 strikers in Sheffield, but these are the producers of the raw material upon which the other industries of the city rely. Every day, therefore, sees a further number of men thrown out of work owing to the shortage of raw material and to the stoppage of transport.

DELIVERIES NORMAL.

Among other reports are the following: Messrs. Nobel Industries, Ltd., state that their factories at Ardeer (Scotland), Manchester, Stowmarket, and other places where very large numbers are employed, are going on quietly and satisfactorily. At the Birmingham Metal Works everything is running smoothly, and only about 7 per cent. of 4,000 men normally employed have absented themselves from work.

One of the largest manufacturing firms in the country, which produces articles of wide popular consumption, reports that at eleven out of nineteen depots in all parts of the country all the delivery vans are working, and deliveries are right up to date. Three of the principal depots have been able to extend the area of delivery.

SOUTH WALES.

In Cardiff there has been no repetition of the scenes of excitement that were witnessed on Thursday over the decision of the City Corporation to resume its 'bus and tramway service. The main streets have again been patrolled by mounted and foot police, but there have been no serious hostile demonstrations and for the first time since the strike the city has been provided with an almost normal tramway service.

An attempt to stop a 'bus in St. John-square, was defeated by the police and a striker was injured.

The tramway employees have ignored the notice of the Corporation that they should present themselves to receive their wages and at the same time return their uniforms. Their places have been filled by volunteers of whom there have been a great many more than were needed.

There has been an improvement in the railway service.

Throughout South Wales the arrangements for the supply and distribution of foodstuffs are working smoothly.

LORD BALFOUR DEFINES THE ISSUE.

Attempted Revolution—Its Purposes And Results.

"The Civilisation Of Which We Are Trustees."

Two hundred and thirty-eight years have passed since a revolution occurred in this country, whose object was to secure the supremacy of Parliamentary Government, and the traditional liberties of our people.

Through eight generations it has proved successful. But we are now threatened, it seems, with a revolution of a very dierent kind; and it behoves us seriously to consider what are its practical methods, what are its avowed objects, what would be its actual results were it unhappily to succeed.

Its metohsd are being practised before our eyes. They are to deprive the people of food, transport, employment, and a free Press.

The conveniences of civilised life, which have long been counted among its necessities, are in some cases to be immensely diminishd, in others to be brought to an end. Personal security is to be threatened. Industry is to be seriously hampered, even when it is not wholly stopped. Willing workers are to be kept in idleness; anxious purchasers are to be kept in want; perishable food is to rot in part; all the wheels of social life are to be clogged.

Such are the methods of the revolutionary movement; what, then, are its objects?

The nominal object is to maintain unchanged the existing condition of miners' remuneration as regards hours of work and rates of pay. Now there is no man who does not heartily share this desire; but neither is there any man who has read the Coal Mines Report who thinks it can be satisfied under existing conditions.

Were the revolution to succeed to-morrow the country would suffer, but the miner would not gain.

No revolution in Britain, however triumphant, is going to diminish foreign competition in neutral markets; no revolution is going to augment the demand for coal at home; no revolution is going to hasten the changes recommended by the Commission in the methods and organisation of the mining industry.

No revolution is going to compel a mineowner indefinitely to carry on his industry at a loss. Revolutionary methods would be completely powerless except for evil.

On the other hand, their power for evil is beyond calculation. All strikes and all lock-outs are costly both to employers and employed. But neither in fact, nor, I believe, in law, is the course advocated by the trade unions a strike in the proper sense of the term.

It is what I have called it—an attempted revolution. Were it to succeed the community would thenceforth be ruled not by Parliament, not by the Parliamentary Labour Party, not by the rank and file of the trades unions, not by the moderate members of the Trades Union Council, but by a relatively small body of extremists who regard trades unions not as the machinery for collective bargaining within our industrial system, but as a political instrument by which the industrial system itself may be utterly destroyed.

THE EFFECTS OF REVOLUTION.

Such a policy would, in the long run, be fatal to any country. On this country it would bring ruin—swift, complete, and irresistible.

We live on industry, and industry lives on credit aand enterprise. What credit, financial or political, what enterprise would remain to us were we driven by methods such as those I have described, to dispossess the people of their Parliamentary liberties, and to hand over our national heritage to be squandered amid incalculable suffering by violent and irresponsible doctrinaires?

From such a fate may the courage and resolution of our countrymen save the civilisation of which they are the trustees. BALFOUR.

APPEAL TO MOTORISTS.

Importance Of Concentrating On Transport Of Workers.

A renewed appeal is made to all motorists to confine the use of their cars to necessary objects, and among these the transport of people to and from their work must be included.

The unselfishness with which the owners of motor-cars have put themselves at the disposal of the public and facilitated the transport of those who have been impeded by the general striker is fully recognised by the authorities and the public.

INDIAN COTTON STEADY.

BOMBAY, May 7.

The British strike, if prolonged, will undoubtedly send up the value of the rupee. There were violent fluctuations to-day on the silver market, trading being very heavy, and an attempt at a corner was partially successful, the market being short of 1,200 bars. Cotton is surprisingly steady. The present Bombay stock is estimated at nearly 1,000,000 bales, and additional arrivals are expected to total 500,000.

The strike generally has had little effect in India, commercially or otherwise.—Exchange.

Facsimile of the front page of a four page official paper published during the strike. About 1/12 actual size

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former labeled as offering lifts to the pedestrian, with routes clearly marked. Saw the first of the special constables, some in plain clothes, but one mild old gent with pince nez in a uniform that did not fit him.

Yet life goes on automatically. Bill posters were at work near Chalk Farm with gaudy posters. A greengrocer tried to sell me strawberries brought from France this morning by airplane — 2/6 per lb.; they looked good. I compromised on a bundle of asparagus at 2/–. Discussing the alleged wrecking of buses the greengrocer observed: "It ain't 'ardly right. People's got to get 'ome, ain't they?"

One of the pickets on the office today was a mild boy who used to lift his hat to me. He did so again in spite of his irregular position.

Irregular newspapers are appearing everywhere. A woman shopkeeper in the Strand asked me if I had any news, since she was printing a paper at three. She was prepared to take down and print any rubbish I cared to invent on the spur of the moment.

One hears today that some Tube services are running on voluntary labor. Trains have been arriving from the Home Counties.

At the nursing home in the evening they believed that the "Daily Mail" offices had been burned down. This morning the matron, a slight, nervous little woman, observed to my wife: "O those miners! If I were in the government, I'd have them all shot." On my wife's demurring, she added, "Well, of course, I don't know what it's all about. I never see the papers."

Electric light still going.

Thursday, 6th May.

A bright day with a northwest wind has improved spirits all round.

The Finchley Road did not appear so busy this morning, as if the first panic had been stilled by custom. Newspapers of sorts were available; the "British Gazette" outside the fruiterer's as usual. At the Met. Station they were selling "Gazettes", Continental "Daily Mails" of yesterday, and the day's "Daily Mail", as produced by a photogravure process.

Avenue Road and Regent's Park were very quiet. I studied at leisure the baboons on their artificial terraces in the Zoo, the deer, the rheas, the hogs, etc. Outside a refreshment pavilion in the park they were spreading white tablecloths as usual. Many pedestrians walking quietly to town, some admiring and studying the formal garden plots. I overheard hereabouts that the taxi drivers were out: this perhaps accounts for the comparative quietness of the streets.

In Upper Regent Street saw numbers of general buses manned by volunteers, mostly stout lads of the student type. Each bus carries a constable in uniform and a special constable beside the driver, also a "special" on the rear platform beside the conductor. Many of these buses have had trouble — several wrecked, especially in tough neighborhoods and about the general garages. Private cars have been stopped and burned here and there. S. of "The Strand" came from Ealing in a bus that was stoned: windows broken.

Rumor still flies, but the appearance of authorized news sheets has made a difference. The "Times" prints much of last night's Parliament — a most interesting report; the paper was delivered at my office. S. had the official workers' paper — very, almost deliberately, temperate. Then the "Daily Mail" produced a printed sheet. I was asked sixpence for one in the Strand — and refused.

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Club talk less wild today. On the whole, less drink being consumed. Still it is next to impossible to work, and nobody tries very hard. I reach the office about eleven, leave it at twelve; return at half past three and leave again within half an hour.

Amazing vehicles are on the road nowadays. A fire engine took a load of people along the Strand yesterday. Now, however, the helpful owner of the private car is ubiquitous. The pedestrian coolly signals any empty car. Leaving the Club this evening with H. D., we conscripted a lady to drive us as far as Selfridge's. Hers was a spirited performance. At Selfridge's, a man with an antique car was taking passengers toward Golders Green — fare one shilling. We joined the party: two shopping women, a girl from an office, and four men. The driver told me that his shipping business was at a standstill, and that he had dug out this ancient car to turn an honest penny.

It appears that the evening rush hour is very much more intense than the morning. Many of us walk cheerfully in the morning; in the evening we are too tired. The number of sightseers at important points is noteworthy. Everybody is out to see the fun. The atmosphere is very much that of the first days of the war.

Food supplies apparently plentiful. No trouble in that direction yet. Many people believe that the general strike has failed already. As it has not yet failed definitely, this view seems worth recording.

J. L. at the Club today told us that £5 was taken at his theatre last night. F. V. M., an American citizen, volunteers on conscientious grounds for service on the L. N. E. R.

Trying to light a fire late this evening, I discovered in the house a complete lack of newspapers for the purpose. Thus the strike gets home!

Friday, 7th May.

A day of showers. I walked down as usual. Everything apparently calm. A small post waiting in the office. The Club at lunch time less full of rumor than before. Those that were in circulation were optimistic, speaking of a meeting at the House this afternoon.

Saw F. V. M. off by bicycle to Cambridge — 55 miles. The railway does not require him as an engine driver, their need being for signalmen.

Spent but a few minutes at the office in the afternoon, then proceeded home. My intention was to go by Tube (as run by volunteer labor) but the streets promised more amusement. Got a sort of Ford *char-à-bancs* to Selfridge's: fare sixpence from Charing Cross. At Orchard Street caught a general bus manned by volunteers. The driver proceeded carefully but not too slowly. Most of these volunteers are obviously of the student type, but not all. Two fearsome toughs, collarless and dirty, were conducting one bus we passed on the way. The journey was quiet, and one gets the impression that these services are becoming more frequent and stable. There is a queer quality in this British race: a sort of cool recklessness. It may be lack of imagination, but it is admirable in an emergency. Most people are helpful. One pleasant feature is the number of cars labeled as offering lifts to distant places — Barnet, St. Albans, Enfield, etc. I saw one marked "Oxford", and have been told of one marked "Portsmouth".

On the other hand there is a little profiteering: private cars marked "Taxi" and so on. But the balance of decency is considerably on the right side.

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Spirits are good all round, even high.

Local weekly newspapers — with non-union labor — are successfully appearing daily. The "Times" was out again today. The "British Gazette" plentiful. Irregular sheets numerous. The librarian at the Club has been moved to end his transcript of the wireless bulletin with a gallant "God Save the King!"

Most of us are still smoking, some drinking, too much. On the whole, however, everything is much calmer. Human adaptability rises to the occasion. H. S. off to Brighton by train. One old gentleman, assistant to our accountant, walks seven miles each way every day to business. He is 71 and consistently refuses lifts. This is his antique gesture of protest against these abnormalities.

A shop in Great Portland Street is offering second hand cars from £20 up to £90 — no license required in these days of stress.

* * * *

I was home early, wrote up this diary, and was then driven by curiosity into the streets again. The Finchley Road busy with homegoing crowds. A picket outside the Met. Station wore his war medals. What is the psychology of this?

A long and impressive convoy of petrol lorries, about forty of them, rolled past the nursing home in the dusk.

Saturday, 8th May.

The morning walk to town was as usual, but Regent's Park was found to be closed, presumably to be used as a depot of some kind. Buses were numerous, but I did not take one, though my left knee, wounded in Gallipoli, begins to give out.

At St. John's Wood encountered two armored cars moving slowly northward. Hansom cabs, relics of the nineties, were plying in Baker Street. Saw in Oxford Street a parson, complete with dog collar, driving a bus. Some buses are boarded and wire netted elaborately against attacks. The West End was lovely on this bright morning of May, and one cursed these irregularities.

Lunched at the Savage with J. J. B. Opinion tends to harden, and people now talk of a long, stern fight. Called later at the office for books, despite the protest of a timid porter. Got a bus from Charing Cross to Hyde Park Corner; the special constable in charge told me of dirty work at Hanwell garage the night before. Got a lift in the dickey of a lady's car up Park Lane to Marble Arch, passing Hyde Park where the milk lorries are parked in scores. Bought cigarettes in Oxford Street and was warned against a coming shortage. From Selfridge's got a bus to Finchley Road Met. and for the first time saw a special constable controlling traffic.

One buys at ludicrous prices any sort of news sheet that may be produced. Most of these are not worth the paper on which they are printed. Yet one goes on buying, hopefully. It is also apparent that many private cars are being used all day for joy riding by excited women. There is a good deal of febrile behavior about. I prophesy Armistice Night saturnalia when, and if, this trouble blows over.

Coming from the nursing home this afternoon encountered a little crowd round a prostrate youth who had been thrown accidentally from a brakeless bicycle. We were all very helpful and efficient in the crisis, such affairs being now part of everyday life.

At the nursing home again at night. In normal times Fitzjohn's Avenue carries in the evening a stream of rich

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cars laden with folks in evening dress. There are none now.

J. W. came in at 9:30. It was good to have the views of a cool, scientific American mind. He feels much as I do — that the general strike is essentially wrong and tyrannous. He has actually taken steps to volunteer. His strike story was of being driven home by an ugly old lady, who complained tearfully that nobody would accept lifts in her car.

It occurs to me to note how ludicrous is the spectacle of a man in a bowler hat driving a bus.

Sunday, 9th May.

Took things easy this fine May morning. Played with the baby, bathed and shaved at leisure, and went out at noon. At the Met. Station they were selling "Observers" and "Sunday Times", the latter very much more imposing than the former. The "British Worker" still appears.

The roads fairly busy with pleasure traffic. People in white trooping toward the tennis courts as usual. The buses are not running today. Their voluntary drivers certainly deserve a rest. Special constables everywhere, as if the regulars were enjoying a day off. Two specials, one in a bowler hat, controlling traffic at Swiss Cottage. They lacked the nerve of the regulars, and a circle of onlookers smiled at their endeavors, but things seemed to go smoothly. Traffic now controls itself in quite an admirable way. It is impressive to see the great food lorries rolling along continually.

Drank a glass of beer and bought a bottle of port in the Swiss Cottage. Called at Appenrodt's and bought a herring salad and a tin of sardines, being hors d'œuvres for such guests as I might have in the evening. Absolutely no shortage of dainties and luxuries of that kind. It all goes to show how very much less comprehensive than we thought are the effects of a general strike. The Labor paper is very temperate, even tame: the trained journalist can spot its hesitations. Government papers, on the other hand, are inclined to shout. Flatulent message to the "Sunday Times" from the ineffable "Jix". Can't he be suppressed under the Emergency Regulations?

To see E. in the afternoon and home at six in the Sabbath calm of Hampstead. The arrival of J. W. for supper and talk till midnight rounded off a quiet day.

Monday, 10th May.

No need to walk this morning. Buses manned by volunteers moved almost in procession up and down Finchley Road. Some boasted Union Jacks fluttering from the top decks; almost all bore facetious legends chalked on the sides. Fares have been standardized at the flat rate of 3d. for any distance — this saves me fourpence per day! The "British Gazette" was delivered at the house this morning.

The journey to town was not without its humor. Our driver contrived to stop his engine in a jam. It took him, the conductors, and the uniformed policeman to get it going again — all this amid the pitying smiles of the onlookers. One passenger's hat blew off, and the bus waited five minutes until it was recovered from the bonnet of a fast car that had carried it 200 yards up the road. At another stop, the bus behind bumped violently into our rear. There is an alarming tendency among the gayer spirits to race one another up and down Finchley Road. But we

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got to Selfridge's, where I changed for the Strand. The journey which normally takes thirty minutes occupied about an hour.

I found myself inclined to work today: another illustration of the adaptability of the human race. We have now taken the measure of these abnormalities. Wrote several letters, sorted out a fair post, called at the Bank, and so to the Club, wherein the atmosphere was steady and quiet for the most part. Left the Club at 3:15 with Stacy Aumonier, looked in at the office, then set out for home. A 13 bus took us all the way. The conductor, chaffed about his actuarial gifts, boasted that he had made a shilling as a result of Saturday's working.

There was no picket at the office today. Like the rest of us, the pickets have lost the first fine, careless rapture of the unusual. For myself, I find it difficult in writing this diary, after a week of the general strike, to isolate from my daily observations what is really abnormal.

Selfridge has installed loud speakers outside his place in Oxford Street. They bellow and blare in a feral sort of way all day, but I have not yet been able to follow their message.

J. J. B. was asked fourpence for a "Times" in the Strand today. In his gentle way, he advised the man to keep it till it should be worth a shilling. The jest was well received, and the paper changed hands at the regulation twopence.

Members of the new full time special constabulary were at work in the London Scottish drill hall today. Their drill, I am informed by an enthusiastic recruit, consists in belting each other's steel helmeted heads with truncheons.

A quiet visit to the home in the evening. And thus ends the first week of the general strike.

LATEST NEWS BULLETIN
BY RADIO

12TH MAY 1926. 1/15 P.M.

AT A MEETING WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AT 10, DOWNING STREET, MR. PUGH ANNOUNCED ON BEHALF OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS THAT THE GENERAL STRIKE IS BEING TERMINATED TODAY.

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS
About 1/8 actual size

Tuesday, 11th May.

The official paper, the "British Gazette", seems a poor product of modern journalism. It gives mainly opinions and a minimum of news, and the opinions are blatantly propagandist. Its botching of the Parliamentary reports is deplorable. The "Times", thank God, very finely maintains the traditions of our trade.

With practice the amateur bus drivers have become expert. The vehicle that took me to town this morning proceeded briskly. Police protection of drivers is now less conspicuous. I saw one youth alone on the driving seat of his chariot.

Rather busy in the office this morning, picking up the threads again. Did a job of book buying for Lord R. and heard at the publishing office that its principal had died. He was a distinguished man in his line, but there are no half column obituaries nowadays. Proceeding to lunch, found in the Club

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a disposition to regard the strike as broken and its settlement only a matter of time. This is probably just a psychological byproduct of the satisfactory restoration of public services. But it is true that strikers are tending to return to work. My own secretary rang up this morning to beg that she might be allowed to return.

For the first time in my life I had business at Selfridge's and took a crowded bus there. An ultra refined young lady assistant deplored "this awful lassitude". Coming out into Orchard Street found the homebound crowd large and ill served. It is distinctly noticeable that private car owners are not so generous and obliging as they were. The one bus that did pass in ten minutes had people standing on the top deck, its centre of gravity dangerously raised. For myself, I scrunged a lift in a handsome car to Swiss Cottage and proceeded to buy a camp bed, which, owing to strike demands, Selfridge's were unable to supply. So many people are sleeping in their offices.

A car coming down Finchley Road this evening carried a man with a bloody, bandaged head. The "Evening Standard" was on sale, the first evening of its appearance since the struggle began. A large load of beer was delivered at the Club today . . . and a street vender was hawking tortoises in Hampstead.

J. J. B. hired a motor bicycle and sidecar to take him to Euston this morning. We are wondering if he has got through to Glasgow safely.

The "Daily Mail" reports today that thousands of chair legs have arrived in London from High Wycombe; they are to be used as batons by the special constables.

Wednesday, 12th May.

The journey to town was uneventful, the office silent, but the lift attendant had it that the strike was on the point of settlement. Reaching the Club at noon, found this optimism confirmed. Men were prepared to bet that it would all be over by three.

And it was. Sitting at lunch, we were interrupted by the portentous intrusion of our diminutive librarian. In a throbbing voice he read out the wireless bulletin — that the general strike had been called off. Loud cheers.

But it was not easy to get home in the evening, though I found the volunteer Tube workers very slick and efficient. Writing this last entry of my diary on the morning of Thursday, I do not yet find myself disposed to shout too loudly. The general strike, if it has reacted on one average man very slightly, must inevitably have an unpleasant aftermath.

We shall see.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE CRIME WAVE

By Harry Elmer Barnes

FEW subjects occupy more space in contemporary literature than analyses of the crime wave, its extent, causes and possible remedies. Indeed, discussions of the crime wave, real or hypothetical, have almost become a special wave in themselves. A vast number of articles have been written on various aspects of the problem, and from widely different points of view. We have also been favored with many more or less serious books on the subject. The conditions under which convicted criminals are treated have been described at length by Tannenbaum, Fishman, Mrs. O'Hare, Miss Gordon, and Briggs. Suggestions as to desirable reformation in prison administration have been made by Osborne, Stutsman, and others. The criminal has been described from the standpoint of the detective and police officials by Henderson, Dougherty, and others, and has been subjected to technical psychological analysis in the books of Healy, Hoag and Williams, Glueck, M. H. Smith, Platt, Thomas, and Burt. Historical treatments of various aspects of prison administration and the criminal law have been provided in the works of Webb, Lewis, Klein, Robinson, and Phillipson. Systematic and comprehensive manuals covering the entire field of criminology have been produced by Parmelee, Sutherland, Gillin, and Parsons. These books all represent an effort to make available for the guidance of the social worker and the prison administrator the fairly well assured results of modern research in the natural and social sciences, in so far as these bear upon the causes and cure of anti-social conduct.

In addition, we have had a large number of relatively fierce articles defending the archaic methods of treating the criminal, and urging that the present alleged increase in criminality be met by an even more thorough application of the savage and repressive methods which have proved so disastrous a failure in the past. The viewpoint of such articles has also been embodied by the Honorable Richard Washburn Child in a recent book entitled "Battling the Criminal".

The conventional and accepted view of crime is that crime is a violation of a particular statute enforced in a given area at a given time. It is assumed that the criminal law forbids and penalizes all existing types of anti-social action. The criminal is viewed as the person who violates some statute contained in the criminal code. Specifically, the criminal class is viewed as identical with the class which has been convicted by due process of law and incarcerated in the various penal and correctional institutions. In other words, the criminals and convicts are regarded as identical classes with respect to personnel and numbers. From the standpoint of personality and the causation of behavior, the criminal is regarded as a free moral agent, perfectly capable of choosing for himself either social or anti-social forms of behavior. His conduct is

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held to be conditioned solely by a divinely implanted spark of conscience, and he is believed capable of freely deciding between good and evil, entirely independent of biological heredity or social environment.

The theories and practices underlying the apprehension and conviction of the criminal are the following: For the apprehension of the criminal we regard as adequate a police system which is admittedly a part of the contemporary political system, based upon partizan politics and party spoils. There is little or no provision for a highly specialized professional training for participation in the police service. The criminal, apprehended by this essentially non-professional group of public servants, is brought before a jury in order that the latter may ascertain the truth as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. It is believed that a wholly temporary body of untrained and inexperienced laymen will be able to scrutinize and weigh carefully the complicated and often unreliable evidence upon which the decision as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant must be based. In case a verdict of guilty is returned, the judge administers sentence according to a theory of law and a scheme of penalties which rests upon the assumption that an appropriate measure of punishment can be assigned to each convicted person solely upon the basis of the type of crime committed. In so many words, the effort is made to make the punishment fit the crime. The theory underlying this sentencing is one which holds that punishment is an effective instrument for bringing about the reformation of the criminal. The criminal being regarded as a free moral agent, it is held that punishment will prove to him the unwise nature of his previous tendency to will to do evil, and will induce him thereafter to will to behave in a strictly social and cooperative fashion.

Except for a small group of so called more serious criminals, in most states first degree murderers, the usual method of inflicting punishment at the present time is imprisonment for varying terms, depending upon the nature of the crime. The underlying notion of modern imprisonment is to make life in a penal institution so different from the normal life of freedom, and so cruel and unpleasant, that it will render the condition of the incarcerated convict an extremely repulsive and degrading one. It is hoped that making the convict unhappy and disheartened may break his spirit and generate an attitude of contrition and repentance. On this basis, a thoroughly abnormal type of life in a penal institution is believed to be the most efficient possible preparation for a normal, law abiding existence in organized society. Such are, in brief, the fundamental tenets of conventional criminal jurisprudence and penology. They are today accepted universally for application to the entire delinquent class in the United States, with the sole exception of certain selected groups of juvenile delinquents in a few of the more advanced metropolitan areas of the country.

The errors and inadequacies in the dogmas of this school of thought are many. In the first place, the scientific student of criminology insists that the definition of crime must be made broad enough to include all types of truly anti-social conduct. The present criminal code is in no sense a complete catalogue of all the anti-social behavior which goes on in contemporary society. The wrecking of banks and railroads by high finance is certainly more disastrous socially than

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the theft of a suit of clothes or a violation of the Mann Act. The operation of a factory with low wages and unhygienic working conditions is obviously worse in its effects upon society than the forging of a check or the violation of the pistol toting law. Indeed, some of the most notorious types of anti-social behavior are still so far from being included within the criminal code that they are actually esteemed as notable forms of gentlemanly behavior. Before there can be any thoroughly successful attack upon the crime problem, it will be necessary to work toward a situation where all forms of socially detrimental types of conduct will be proscribed by the criminal law. Otherwise even highly perfect methods for the apprehension and punishment of criminals would fail to deal with many of the greatest menaces to human society.

The conventional conception of the criminal as a perverse free moral agent must be repudiated on the basis of all the scientific findings of the last half century. We now know that every form of human conduct is strictly determined in each individual by the facts of his biological heredity and his social environment. The criminal is no more responsible for his conduct in a scientific sense than the most immaculate, law abiding citizen. Hence, the whole notion of punishment must disappear before the progress of modern thought in this field. It is as illogical and unscientific to punish a man for the commission of a crime as it would be to punish him for brain tumor or appendicitis. The criminal, whose anti-social behavior is a product of biological or social conditions, or a combination of both, is thus demonstrated to be a socio-medical problem, to be treated by experts in such a fashion as to reduce to a minimum his potential danger to society, and to increase to the maximum his potential utility in society.

Further, it is quite evident that the tendency to identify the criminal class with the convict class is hopelessly inadequate and inaccurate. As we have already pointed out, many of the more serious types of anti-social conduct are not classified as crimes, and the perpetrators of such actions would not even be accused of crime, much less arrested and convicted. Then, only a varying portion of those who actually commit crime are ever arrested. Of those arrested and accused of crime only a fraction are ultimately convicted. Hence, the convict class is only the least intelligent and less fortunate minority among those who are actually guilty of anti-social action.

The American police are for the most part a technically untrained group drawn from an average or lower than average level of society, and hopelessly involved in the partizan politics of the municipality. Only in rare cases, under such highly trained and efficient police chiefs as August Vollmer, are the police likely to be as intelligent or well equipped as the more intelligent and dangerous class of criminals. We may cheerfully grant that in most cases we get more than we actually pay for from our police departments, but this is no adequate solution of the problem. If we must pay larger salaries for better police protection, we should quickly recognize that it is poor economy to save at the expense of public safety and social protection. It is true that the police must obtain a large part of their training in actual service, but this fact should not prevent our recognizing the necessity of getting the ablest types available to enter upon this form of professional

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service, or the desirability of giving them the highest possible degree of technical training both before and during their actual service in the system. In a real sense the improvement of the police and public detective system is a most indispensable phase of the program of crime repression, for unless we apprehend the criminals there is no possibility of executing any humane and scientific scheme for treating or segregating the anti-social classes.

Even more inefficient than the police system is the modern courtroom procedure, based upon the jury system and the traditional rules of evidence. The jury system operates upon the assumption that a body of twelve untrained laymen, usually of less than average ability, can arrive at an accurate and unanimous decision upon the basis of complicated and difficult evidence, often incomplete and indecisive in its nature. Modern science tells us, on the contrary, that it would be difficult for even a group of experts to arrive unanimously at a scientific verdict upon the basis of better than average evidence. Further, modern psychological studies of the witness prove the distressing unreliability of the testimony of even well trained and unquestionably honest witnesses of an act committed in the full light of day. Then, the rules of evidence which prevail in the modern courtroom are not scientifically designed to bring out the truth directly and completely, but are a mosaic of antiquated efforts made at different times to correct abuses or establish new privileges in the administration of justice. Even where the rules of evidence prove wise and salutary in a particular case, there is no guarantee that the jury will honor or obey the rulings of the presiding judge in such matters. For[redacted] it is frequently tru[redacted] outcome of a trial accordi[redacted]he conventional procedure is scarcely more likely to be in accord with the relevant facts than the results of the ancient ordeal of trial by battle.

Again, modern criminology denies that the question of guilt or innocence of the crime charged can be the sole basis for the desirable procedure in regard to the accused. The nature of the personality of the accused, as revealed by medical, psychological, and sociological investigation, may well be of greater importance than the question of the commission of a particular crime. Indeed, the question of guilt is primarily significant only in so far as it casts some light on the personality of the accused and the desirable mode of treating him. Likewise, the modern criminologist completely repudiates the basic assumption of modern criminal jurisprudence that the sentencing judge should or can make the punishment fit the crime. Rather, the only rational objective is to make the treatment fit the criminal. This a conventional judge can never do, since the treatment which any individual criminal should receive is a technical problem, involving a greater variety of complicated scientific knowledge than is required to diagnose or treat the most complex and obstinate physical malady.

Modern criminology also denies the assumption that punishment by means of the existing prison system can be made an adequate instrument for reforming the criminal and protecting society. The exponents of the present prison system proceed on the theory that a defective personality can be prepared for normal, law abiding existence through temporary incarceration under conditions as far removed as possible from the life of man in society

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outside the walls. This is an assumption as [illegible] and scientifically as preposterous, as the contention that an Olympic swimmer might be adequately prepared for the international contest by gymnastics performed on the sands of the Sahara Desert. Instead of fitting the prisoner for normal living on discharge, the modern prison system tends to render even more abnormal and unfit an already sadly maladjusted individual. It would be difficult to imagine anything more effective than our modern system of prison discipline for the purpose of rendering even normal individuals unfit for a life of freedom, to say nothing of the imperfect and unfortunate material upon which the prison system operates. It is obvious that certain individuals convicted of crime are of a sort which cannot be reformed by any known means; these should be permanently segregated until death. The reformable element can be prepared for a life of freedom only by giving them experimental training in a prison society modeled after the ideals which are sought in life outside the walls.

It is the fundamental thesis of this article that any significant plan for the reduction of law breaking must be of that comprehensive type which will achieve permanent results, and at the same time have certain elements which can be put into immediate operation. One could completely eliminate law breaking by arresting the entire population and putting it into temporary custody, but no such scheme would be any guarantee that the crime rate would be lower a decade hence. Such an inclusive scheme as we have in mind here falls under three main headings: (1) preventive measures; (2) more adequate provisions for the apprehension and conviction of the criminal; and (3) improved measures for effecting the reformation of the convicted criminal.

The first important phase of any scheme for the prevention of crime must be found in the provision for a complete and accurate collection of criminal statistics. There can be no intelligent attack upon the crime problem which is not founded upon a thorough knowledge of the relevant facts about the number, types, and frequency of the crimes committed, as well as of the number of convictions and recommitments.

Next in order we would place those biological or eugenic provisions which would introduce all practicable measures to insure that future generations shall be, as far as possible, well born. Adequate means must be provided for the prevention of the marriage of those congenitally defective, or else some equally effective plan must be worked out for the sterilization of defectives. While modern psychological science is establishing the fact that mental disease, rather than mental defect, is a chief cause of criminal conduct, there is no doubt of the existence of a large body of defective criminals who are a potential menace to the community, and will remain such until an efficient scheme of negative eugenics can actually be put into operation.

If the first stage in preventing criminality is to see that the human individual is well born, the next requirement is the provision for adequate education. We are not here interested in suggesting a scheme for revolutionizing the school system of the United States, but any educational system which is to render effective service in preventing criminality must provide: (1) intelligent instruction in the ideals of American citizenship; (2) an inculcation of the necessity for obedience to

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law in any orderly society; (3) sufficient manual or vocational education to provide every able bodied citizen with the means of making a livelihood; and (4) efficient methods of aiding backward children who might otherwise become easy victims of idleness and criminal suggestion.

Fourth we would put adequate provision for personal hygiene and proper housing and recreation. There should be compulsory examination of children to discover, and if possible to remove, various physical lesions or defects likely to produce unhealthy and inefficient modes of life, with the resulting increase of susceptibility to criminal temptation. Such clinics should not only provide aid in the removal of physical defects; they should also furnish adequate psychiatric treatment for "problem children" whose eccentricities constitute all too often the breeding ground or initial stages of criminal behavior. Demoralizing living conditions in the slum areas should be eliminated as rapidly as possible.

Pending this achievement, large reliance should be placed upon municipal recreational facilities designed to remove the inhabitants of such areas from their degrading homes and to inculcate in them through healthy sports the fundamental principles of both cooperation and competitive enterprise. Above all, an effort should be made to divert the youth of the slum areas from their life in street gangs into these recreational centres. In other words, we should supplement formal education as far as possible by social education, and do everything which we can to give the individual a stimulating and healthy social environment.

While many Socialists err in contending that poverty is almost the sole cause of crime, there can be no doubt that economic factors exert a large influence in producing criminal conduct. One of the best methods of preventing anti-social modes of making a livelihood is to train each individual to maintain a self supporting existence through some trade or profession. Not only must the individual be prepared to work efficiently; he must have an opportunity to do so. Here appears the field of service for employment agencies and other instrumentalities for putting the potential worker in touch with the sources of demand for his services. The principles of economic cooperation and good will should be instilled to the highest possible degree in order to reduce the prevalence and duration of strikes and other causes of unemployment and industrial unrest. Unemployment insurance should be widely introduced to prevent overt temptation to criminal action during periods of economic depression, and the fundamental principles of thrift should be introduced both through education and savings institutions.

Again, normal and law abiding social behavior being essentially a matter of adequate adjustment to the social environment, every step should be taken to reduce these difficulties of individual and cultural adjustment. The problem of the repression of crime very directly involves the question of immigration. Without in any way committing ourselves to a theory of the superiority of any particular race, we can easily see that it is desirable to limit immigration to that minimum which can be efficiently assimilated to the American population and culture. In addition to numerical limitation, provision should be made for a rigorous selection on a physical and intellectual basis, which would insure our getting the very highest types from foreign countries.

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Finally, recognizing the enormous psychological power of imitation and suggestion, we would recommend as the last phase of preventive measures the curbing of the exhibition of crimes in the moving pictures, as well as the publishing of lurid and attractive accounts of successful crimes in the newspapers. In distributing space devoted to crimes in the press more attention should be given to the arrest, conviction, and sentencing of criminals and less to portraying the details of the crime itself. Everything consistent with the truth should be utilized in the way of making crime, as described in the public press, as unattractive and hazardous as possible.

Whether one looks upon the criminal law chiefly from the standpoint of deterrence or of reformation, there can be no doubt that certainty of apprehension and conviction for criminal behavior is the primary and most indispensable item in securing immediate reduction in the volume and variety of crime.

In the matter of the efficient apprehension of criminals, the first essential is the provision of an honest and expert police system. The police system must as far as possible be taken out of politics and made an expert profession based upon adequate specialized training. The police should develop as rapidly as possible that professional attitude and efficiency characteristic of such types of officials as the Canadian Mounted Police. In their war upon crime they should be provided with the most up to date scientific equipment, thoroughly on a par with any of the resources of modern science which may be exploited by the criminals themselves. Promotion in the police system should depend entirely upon demonstrated efficiency and achievement in the repression of crime. The energies of the department should be reserved as far as possible for the discovery and apprehension of the more serious types of criminals. The police should not be encouraged to devote their attention to the prevention of petty and trivial misdemeanors, but should rather bestow their forces upon the prevention of serious crimes, and the apprehension of the perpetrators. Too often at the present time the police are devoting their attention to the closing of night clubs and to the suppression of crap games and petting parties, while a safe is being blown or a murder committed in the same locality. This objective would in part be realized by the repeal of a great many foolish and useless laws creating a large number of petty offenses, the infraction of which more or less invariably absorbs the attention of the police. The police department must, of course, have every scientific device available for the adequate recording of criminals, and it must include within its organization the best possible detective system which exploits every known potentiality of science, technology, and psychology.

Assurance of apprehension and arrest must be paralleled by relative certainty of the conviction of the guilty. It does little good to fill our detention jails with arrested suspects, if the majority of these are to be turned loose, whether guilty or innocent, through defects in our court system. The most important modification of criminal jurisprudence now immediately demanded is a sweeping reconstruction of the jury system. The untrained lay jury should be at once eliminated, and in its place we should have permanent boards of paid experts especially trained in various branches of criminal science, and giving all of their time to such jury service. As a

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first step we should at once cease referring the question of insanity to the discussion of a jury. There should be far reaching changes in court procedure relating to the technical rules of evidence, so that the relevant facts as to guilt or innocence may be freely and intelligently presented, and miscarriages of justice through petty legal technicalities reduced to the lowest possible degree.

Expert biological, psychological, and social advice should be available to the sentencing judge, in order that the sentence may be made to fit the criminal rather than the crime. This would prevent potentially highly dangerous offenders, who had on any particular occasion committed only a petty offense, from being turned loose upon the community after serving a short sentence. The judge, with such intelligent advice, should be enabled to make use of the indeterminate sentence in order to keep in custody dangerous criminal types until their reformation is assured or, if it is not possible, until their demise. Without intelligent and adequate segregation and treatment of offenders, the results of the efficient apprehension and conviction of criminals will be largely wasted.

Unless we are willing to hold in segregation until their death all convicted criminals, irrespective of the offense which they have committed, we must either see to it that the convicted criminal is upon his release less inclined toward crime than when committed, or we must admit the entire system of criminal repression to be in a high degree a failure. Our present institutions obviously fail to achieve this result of reforming the criminal. Instead of reforming their inmates, they are in reality instruments for the training of more efficient and determined criminals. The hierarchy of penal institutions greatly resembles the hierarchy in our school system. The typical criminal gets his elementary schooling in crime in a juvenile reform school, takes his collegiate degree in a reformatory, and perfects his post-graduate work in a state prison under the direction and in the seminars of the most expert and experienced teachers.

We would suggest the following reforms in our correctional and penal institutions: In the first place, these correctional institutions should be regarded as primarily places for such treatment of the criminal types as will return them to society both more determined and better equipped to lead a law abiding existence. The jails should be entirely places of detention, and in no sense institutions for the reception of convicted criminals. There should be no promiscuous association of accused first offenders and veteran convicts. Those convicted of petty offenses should, as far as possible, be kept out of penal institutions and handled through fines, probation, psychiatric clinics, and social guidance. This rule would apply to all except potentially dangerous individuals, such as the mentally defective and abnormal, or hardened criminals who happen to be apprehended for petty offenses. These latter types must, of course, be segregated and treated until cured or until death. Those convicted of more serious crimes should be sent to institutions where they will be properly examined, classified, and subjected to appropriate treatment. The object sought should be the complete reformation of the reformable types, and the permanent segregation of the non-reformable, irrespective of the crimes committed. Such a course would prevent the turning back into society each month of scores of hardened and skilful criminals whose prison sentences

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have only served to make them more determined to commit crime and more capable in the act.

It is obvious that an institution designed to achieve reformation must be manned by non-political and trained experts, comparable to the staff of physicians and nurses in the best hospitals. Inasmuch as many, if not most, criminals are the victims of inadequate social training, there should be sufficient provision for social reeducation in the fundamental principles of social responsibility, as taught by the system of rewards and punishments. Such an end may be achieved either by inmate self government or some better method if any can be devised.

It should be recognized, however, that physical and mental health and a determination to lead a law abiding existence will be of little consequence unless the individual is able to maintain himself through honest labor. Hence, those prisoners not possessing a trade or profession should be adequately trained before being given their freedom. The unusual difficulties associated with securing employment which confront the released prisoner should be overcome by the provision of public and private agencies whose business it shall be to secure steady employment for the released prisoner. The problem of readjustment after release, together with desirable social protection against premature release, should be cared for by the development of a really efficient parole system, manned by well trained and socially minded experts. They should carry on their activities between that extreme carelessness and indifference which characterizes the present parole system and that inquisitorial supervision which paralyzes the efforts of the individual in his determination upon reformation.

If we can make penal and correctional institutions more and more efficient instruments of reformation or permanent segregation, we shall cut off one of the most important sources of the production of criminals, and render socially effective any improved type of criminal jurisprudence and criminal procedure.

SOLITUDES

By John Hall Wheelock

MY heart is a dark forest where no voice is heard,
Nor sound of foot by day or night — nor echo, borne
Down the long aisles and shadowy arches, of a horn,
Trembling — nor cry of beast, nor call of any bird.

But always through the deep solitudes a grieving wind
Moves like the voice of a vast prayer; it is your love
Lifting and bending leaf and bough — while, far above,
One thought soars like a hawk in the heaven of my mind.

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

GAROET. At this season of the year — which, the month being March, I must call spring, though it is never anything in Java but a more or less rainy midsummer — at this season, the hill station of Garoet is like Paradise from dawn till lunch time and like Scotland all the afternoon. You wake up each morning to find the sky pale blue, the row of jagged volcanoes opposite your bedroom window all rosy with sunrise, the valley in the foreground miraculously green. All morning a process of cloud making goes on. White mountains of vapor, more fantastically shaped even than the rocks of Java, build themselves up behind the volcanoes, rise higher and ever higher into the sky, throw off white islands from their summits to float out into the welkin — until at last after a marvelous drama of light and shadow, a slow soundless pageant of ineffable illuminations and solemn quenchings, the whole sky is overcast with vapors that, from being white and sunlit, have almost suddenly turned grey, and the whole scene below is lifeless and sad. Punctually, at about two o'clock, the first drops fall, and from that time forward the rain comes pouring down with undiminished violence till far into the night. The valley, the volcanoes, the near palms and bamboos, disappear behind grey veils of water. It is almost cold. Looking out from your veranda, you might believe that you were sitting somewhere on the Moor of Rannoch.

But what matters Rannoch all the afternoon, if you may walk in Eden all the morning? Eden indeed; for the whole impossibly beautiful land is one great garden — but a garden on which, alas, the curse of work has fallen most heavily. Tourists in Paradise admire; but the gardeners labor incessantly. The tourists' white skinned cousins duly see to that.

At Garoet we walked out each morning among the paradisiacal parterres. Every slope was terraced and planted with rice; and at this season all the terraces were flooded. Flights upon flights of watery steps climbed from the valleys up the hillsides. Lovingly they followed each contour of the hill, making visible and, as it were, underlining artistically the advance and recession of the curving slopes. Some of the terraces shone, within their little retaining walls of clay, like mirrors of colorless glass. In some the rice had already sprouted and the surface of the water reflected innumerable shoots of emerald. In little torrents, from the mouth of bamboo conduits, the water poured and splashed.

But not all the fields were under water. In some they were growing sugar cane. In some they had just cut the maize. We walked by little paths up and down through the mountainous garden. Enormous butterflies, their brown wings eyed with staring purple; butterflies metallically blue; orange and swallow tailed; or richly funereal, as though they had been cut out of black velvet, passed and repassed with the strong swift flight of birds. In the hedges, the hibiscus

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flowers hung open mouthed, and their long pistils lolled like red and furry tongues. A bush covered with little flowers, star shaped and many colored, blossomed along every path. But brighter than the butterflies and the flowers were the Javanese. Gaudy in their batik, and fantastically patterned, they passed along the paths, they stood working in the fields. The country swarmed with them. And every two or three furlongs we would walk into a village — a hundred little houses made of bamboo and thatch and woven matting, perched on long stilts above their artificial fish ponds (for almost every house in Java has its muddy pool) and teeming with copper colored life. Suspended from the tops of long bamboos, the tame birds twittered in their cages. And in larger cages, raised only a few feet above the ground, we could see through the rattan bars not birds, but — astonishingly — tall piebald sheep, one woolly prisoner to each cage.

I have never seen any country more densely populous than Java. There are places within thirty miles of London where one may walk for half an hour without meeting a soul and almost without seeing a house. But in Java one is never out of sight of man and his works. The fields are full of industrious laborers. No village seems to be more than ten minutes' walk from its nearest neighbors. Authentically paradisiacal, the landscape is very far from being a "bowery loneliness". By comparison with Java, Surrey seems underpopulated. And for once, statistics confirm personal impressions. The best part of forty million people live on the island — the population of crowded Italy in a mountainous land of half its area.

When, in the afternoons, the rain came down and I had time to do something besides gasp with admiration at the fabulous and entirely unbelievable beauty of the landscape, I could not help thinking about this portentous populousness. I remembered those lines of Byron's — if Byron indeed it was who wrote that in every sense "curious" poem, "Don Leon" — those classical lines, in which the whole theory of overpopulation is so briefly and brutally summed up:

> Come, MALTHUS, and in Ciceronian prose
> Show how a rutting Population grows,
> Until the produce of the Soil is spent
> And Brats expire for lack of Aliment.

How soon the brats will start expiring in Java, I cannot say. Into what is perhaps the most fertile country in the world, they are already importing food. But that means very little. Agricultural methods may be improved; new lands opened up. In the future, who knows? Java may support eighty or a hundred instead of a mere forty millions.

What interests me in the general problem is the particular case of the child of talent born in the lowest strata of an excessive population. What are his chances of living, in the first place; of developing and extrinsicating his talent, in the second? Brats, *tout court,* constitute the stuff of which our world is made. They may expire, but unless they do so on such an enormous scale as to imperil the whole fabric of society, it will make no difference to the world. Brats of talent, on the other hand, have it in them to change the world in one way or another. The suppression of their talent, by death or by the unpropitious circumstances of life, deprives the world of part of its vital principle of growth and change.

The lot of a human being born in the basements of any population, whether excessive or small, is at the best of times unenviable. Layer upon

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layer of organized society lies above him; he is buried alive under a living tombstone whose interest it is to keep him buried. In the West, where the standard of living is relatively high, where the State is rich and humanitarianism is one of the principles of government, the brat of talent is given certain chances. The State provides certain educational levers and pulleys for lifting the tombstone. The child of talent — at any rate, if his talent happens to be of the examination passing variety — can worm his way up quite early in life from the pit into which he was born.

But in the East universal primary education does not exist, the State is not run on humanitarian principles, and, even if it were, would be too poor to provide the brats of talent with the costly machinery for lifting the tombstone. Nor, perhaps, are the brats even conscious of a desire to climb out of their grave. The bands of ancient custom are wound round them like a shroud; they cannot move, they do not wish to struggle. And then, consider the weight of the tombstone. In China, in India, it lies like a pyramid upon them. Even if he should survive infancy — and in an oriental city anything from three to nine hundred out of every thousand children die before completing their first year — how can the brat of talent hope, unaided, to lift the pyramid? Choirs of mute Miltons, whole regiments of guiltless Cromwells, are without doubt at this moment quietly putrefying in the living graves of China and lower caste India.

Java, like all the other Malayan countries, evolved no civilization of its own, and its barbarous record, so different from the splendid histories of China and India, does not authorize us to believe it fertile in men of talent. Still who knows what genius may not by chance be buried under its thick layers of population? In the pyramid above the grave of talent there are the best part of forty million stones.

Buitenzorg. There are days in our northern winter, still days, windless, sunless, and from morning to evening twilight uniformly illumined under a white-grey sky, days when the whole bare country seems to glow, or to be just on the point of glowing, with an intensity of suppressed color. It is as though a brown and earthy light were striving to break from under the clods of every plowland; the green of the winter grass is a sulking emerald; and the leafless trees and hedges, which seem at a first glance merely black, are seen by the more discerning eye as the all but opaque lanterns through which a strange, strong, quivering radiance of deepest plum color is almost vainly shining.

In the Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg, I found myself unexpectedly reminded—in spite of the pervasive greenness, the palms, the fantastic flowers — of a winter scene in England. For the strong sullen illumination, which I have tried to describe and which is so characteristic of our December landscapes, is the same as that which lay on these tropical gardens. Under the white dead sky, the colors, potentially so much stronger than any that are seen in our more rarefied landscapes, shone with a dark intensity, muffled yet violent, as though resentful of their suppression. We walked enchanted, but in a kind of horror, under huge trees, heavy with a foliage that seemed as though darkly and morbidly suffused with the excess of colored life within each leaf.

And when at last the sun came out, how unrestrainedly, with what a savage

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and immoderate exultation, the gardens responded to its greeting! The hard and shiny leaves reflected the light as though they had been made of metal, and burnished. On every tree there hung, according to the shape, the size and growth of its leaves, a multitude of shining sequins, of scythes and scimitars, of daggers and little ingots, a hundred various forms of colorless and dazzling sunshine. And where the leaves did not look toward the sun, their color, stripped by the light of all the veils which the clouds had wrapped about it, glared out in all its intensity: the violent blue-tinged emerald of equatorial foliage.

There is a certain type of ingenious mind, to which the function of decorative and applied art is simply and solely to make one object look like another and fundamentally different object. Wordsworth's Needlecase in the Form of a Harp is classical. The perverse ingenuity of man has begotten and is still begetting monsters as silly.

Personally, I have a weakness for these absurdities. I love the stucco that mimics marble, the washstands in the form of harpsichords, the biscuit boxes that look like Shakespeare's Complete Works tied together with an embroidered ribbon. My affection for these things prepared me to feel a special admiration for the flora of the equator. For the special and peculiar charm of tropical botany is that you can never be quite sure that it isn't zoology, or arts and crafts, or primitive religion. There are lilies in Malaya whose petals have become attenuated to writhing tentacles, so that they dangle on their stalks like perfumed spiders. There are palms whose fruits are vegetable porcupines. Dessert in Java is an affair of scarlet sea urchins and baked potatoes: open the first—it contains the semblance of a plover's egg, hard boiled and peeled of its shell; and the potato proves to be full of a purplish custard flavored with sherry, turpentine, and chocolate. There are orchids in Singapore that might be pigeons, and others from which one recoils instinctively as though from the head of a snake. The gardens of the equator are full of shrubs that bloom with votive offerings to the Great Mother, and are fruited with colored Easter eggs, lingams, and swastikas. There are trees whose stems are fantastically buttressed to look like specimens of a late and decadent architecture; banyans pillared like the nave of a basilica; *Fici Elasticæ* that trail the ropes and halters of a torture chamber. There are red varnished leaves and leaves of a shiny purple that look as though they were made of American cloth or patent leather. There are leaves out of pink blotting paper; leaves mottled like the cover of a school notebook; leaves whose green is piped with lines of white or rose in a manner so sketchily elegant, so daring, so characteristically "modern" that they are manifestly samples of the very latest furniture fabrics from Paris.

At Sea. At sea I succumb to my besetting vice of reading. To such an extent that the sand fringed, palm crowned islands; the immense marmoreal clouds that seem forever poised, a sculptor's delirium, on the dividing line between chaos and accomplished form; the sunsets of Bengal lights and emeralds, of primroses and ice cream, of blood and lamp black; the dawns, when an almost inky sea, reflecting the eastern roses from its blue-black surface, turns the color of wine; the stars in the ink black sky, the nightly flashings of far away storms beneath the horizon, the

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green phosphorescence on the water — all the lovely incidents of tropical seafaring float slowly past me, almost unobserved. I am absorbed in the ship's library.

Ships' libraries, I suppose, are bought either by length or by weight. Stories of prime fiction, yards of romance, fill the shelves. The chief steward's key releases from their glass cages books which, on land, one never sees, one hardly dreams of. Books about cow punchers and sweet American heroines, all in the Great Open Air; more serious and touching novels about heroes who are misunderstood, who have appearances against them and are suspected, oh! quite unjustly, of cohabiting with pure young ladies and who are too virtuously proud to explain until they, the heroines, and everyone else concerned have been put to the greatest possible inconvenience; sociological novels about the Modern Girl, the Poor, Night Life in London and a Decent Day's Work for a Decent Day's Wage; innumerable nondescript tales that end, instead of beginning, with long slow kisses and arrangements for the wedding. Amazing works! Drifting through the tropics, I read them at the rate of three a day and found the process a liberal education.

Sometimes, surprisingly, one finds a real book, buried like a hard and precious pebble in the spiritual mud of the ship's library. A real book. The discovery comes as a shock. One feels like stout Cortez, or Robinson Crusoe confronted by the footprints, or Dr. Paley, when he picked up that symbolical half-hunter in the desert. What is it? How did it get there? By accident or design? In certain cases the questions admit of speciously satisfying answers. Those George Eliots, for example, so common in the eastern seas — those can be easily accounted for by the hypothesis of a new edition, overprinted and remaindered. And perhaps the mere cheapness of the Everyman volumes would explain more than one appearance of Macaulay's History. Nor should one be too much astonished at finding Anatole France on the ships of the Rotterdam Lloyd; for the Dutch are polyglots and believe in culture. Miraculously so, as I discovered earlier in my wanderings. In Kashmir I met a young and charming Dutch lady who had just returned from a six months' journey of exploration in Chinese Turkestan. We were introduced, entered into conversation; she began talking, judiciously and in a flawless English, about my last novel. I was extremely gratified; but at the same time I was overwhelmed. If ever I go to Chinese Turkestan, I shall return, I am afraid, as deeply ignorant of contemporary Dutch fiction as I was before I started. But if the presence of "Thaïs" among the Dutch was explicable, the presence of Edmund Gosse's "Diversions of a Man of Letters" in the library of a small Australian vessel was almost terrifyingly unaccountable; and how did the "Howards End" of E. M. Forster introduce itself into the coastwise traffic of Burma and Malaya? How was it that Mark Rutherford became a passenger from Sandakan to Zamboanga? And why, oh why was Bishop Berkeley traveling from Singapore with his almost eponymous namesake of "The Rosary"? After the first disquieting bewilderment, I accepted the books with thankfulness and, whenever I needed a little holiday from my studies in popular fiction, turned to them for rest and refreshment.

Among the genuine books which I discovered imbedded in a ship's library

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was Henry Ford's "My Life and Work". I had never read it; I began and was fascinated. It is easy enough, in a book, to apply destructive common sense to the existing fabric of social organization and then, with the aid of constructive common sense, build up the scattered pieces into a more seemly whole. Unsystematically and in a small way, I have done the thing myself. I know how easy it is. But when Ford started to apply common sense to the existing methods of industry and business he did it, not in a book, but in real life. It was only when he had smashed and rebuilt in practice that he decided to expound in a book the theory of his enormous success.

It was somewhere between the tropics and the equator that I read the book. In these seas, and to one fresh from India and Indian "spirituality", Indian dirt and religion, Ford seems a greater man than Buddha. In Europe, on the other hand, and still more, no doubt, in America, the Way of Gautama has all the appearance of a way to salvation. One is all for religion, until one visits a really religious country. There, one is all for drains, machinery, and the minimum wage. To travel is to discover that everybody is wrong. The philosophies, the civilizations, which seem, at a distance, so superior to those current at home, all prove on a close inspection to be, in their own way, just as hopelessly imperfect. That knowledge, which only travel can give, is worth, it seems to me, all the trouble, all the discomfort and expense of a circumnavigation.

MIDNIGHT

By David Morton

THE earth is sleeping, here, without a sound,
So very still that not a breath will stir,
And starlight, thin and silver, over the ground,
Is like a spell upon the sleep of her.
A quiet wind had come with quiet singing,
Over the twilight trees, among the grasses,
Dropping a drowsy music down, and bringing
Hush that is deeper for a song that passes.

The earth is lovely, lovely on this night,
Wearing her darkness like a queenly gown,
So delicately silvered in this light,
Where stars have never done with, gazing down
On one so quiet and so darkly fair
With this thin light upon her breast and hair.

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A WOMAN'S APPROACH TO ECONOMICS

By Gertrude Mathews Shelby

WOMEN have small chance deliberately to approach economics. They are plunged in. "The science of man's activities devoted to obtaining the material means for the satisfaction of his wants" — so is economics defined in two new, competent volumes by three professors, Fairchild, Furniss, and Buck, entitled "Elementary Economics". Ask any woman about satisfying man's wants; it is no delicate jest with her. To satisfy human needs with goods, services, land, or money is an occupation in which men have no monopoly. No less than men must women struggle with the perpetual factor of price. Yet women usually have, to aid them, but crude ideas of economic science. They have been so untaught that relatively few perceive the inevitable connections between their households, their jobs, their votes, their ethics, and fundamentals which render understandable cause, effect, and the eternal problem of price. Herein lies our greatest current failure in education.

Besides constituting half the human race, women are natural if unscientific economists. The humble parts they generally play are dull drudgery for want of a large view. "The social science of how things happen", dealing directly with life, may be absorbingly interesting. Yet most high school pupils graduate without any clear understanding of its first principles. Since the majority do not finish even high school, general lack of comprehension of dynamic, changing human economics is not surprising.

Ignorance is none the less tragic, and women suffer most for want of intelligent self direction of their activities on "man's" behalf. Although as much as men women need economic training, they seldom demand it. That in itself is a reflection on our educational methods. Correctly aimed, teaching should create inquirers, reasoners. Of course our compulsory school system, considering the unmelted contents of our national pot, is so taxed that any educational failure may be comprehended if not condoned.

Results are nevertheless appalling. Instead of turning out students with developed logical faculty, we produce millions of "carbon copies". To get credits students have small choice but to absorb economic Fundamentalism. To save trouble most pedagogues adhere to the book method, not requiring "shop work", when economics above all subjects should be clinically taught. The only way to grasp the full facts is to focus on living institutions. The only way to combat our overweening individualism is to promote group study by the project method. Each necessary activity offers its own approach to general principles and practice. Groups from any economics class might advantageously spend half their time investigating or working on farm or river, in factory, bank, mine, or market. So long as schools adhere mainly to books and dry or static theory, we shall continue to produce educational sponges, easily wrung out when free of school. So long as we fail to cultivate and approve above all challenge,

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speculation, and logic, we shall continue to produce economic pawns instead of functioning citizens.

Occupied with the close up of her family's needs, a woman may glimpse world trade from the hand embroidered baby dress from the Philippines, or the kimono from Japan. From the angle of the sugar bowl, she may snatch an idea concerning agriculture and real wealth, while discussion of Cuban affairs, percolating through some review, suggests the economic bearing of sugar on politics. The coal strike, or a local transportation tie up, may thrust her household into discomfort, rouse her ire, and force her reluctant consideration of complex puzzles of labor, industry, and finance. As for the woman to whom the household is not of prime importance, give a factory hand or a débutante such a book as "Fundamental Thoughts in Economics" by Gustav Cassel, a scholarly, abstruse work for advanced students, and after one glance either girl would elect ignorant parasitism or even a life in assorted sin rather than one of understanding virtue.

The very symbols have been made hateful: i.e., the simple words "producer" and "consumer". In his refreshing and most readable — if radical — book, "The Economic Illusion", Arthur Bertram complains that people would rather nearly starve than study economics. "Perhaps they have tried and got nothing but a headache. . . . As soon as they see the word economics they sheer off like a yachtsman who sees a snag looming ahead. . . . This word usually portends that they will soon be amongst the rocks of Capital, Rent, Interest, Demand and Supply, Currency, Gold Reserves, Credit Power, Increment of Association, World Markets, etc."

As dead dogma we get from schools and most books a science which, learned directly in conjunction with field and waterfall, labor and living society, is full of genuine satisfactions. Usually mummified theory is rammed down the poor reader in form as disagreeable as cod liver oil, when it might be as palatable as goose liver pâté. Moldy terminology and pedagogical cruelty have scared women, particularly, away from a science built of the very stuff in which they deal, human relationships, the practical affairs connected with income and outgo, and above all the hope of a better chance for their children. Women, instead of being developed into tremendous assets through larger understanding of the Plan of Things as They Are (without suppression of alternatives, the poorest of psychological tricks), have largely been carried as heavy liabilities.

They themselves do not yet fully realize their own possibilities as social organizers and enterprisers. The housewife is usually a complete blank if you question her concerning her own economic importance. Yet, says Mr. Bertram, "the purest instance of a producer is that of a housewife in her home, for she takes the raw materials of her industry and applies the necessary labor to them, never for the purpose of making merchandise of them but to feed and clothe her family." Paint beside the ignorance of her producer's position the picture of women's singularly unappreciated power as consumers, and you have the confused blurb which explains their pitiful inertia in the hands of skilful exploiters.

Ingenious, pragmatic to a fault, women had to develop in their age-long subservience to men both involved methods and concentrated determination to get what they wanted. For enterprise and government they lack few if any potential qualities. They

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gain steadily in confidence and judgment with experience. Recall the change in their status in business and industry in twenty, or even three, years. Women no longer do factory work in the home, they manage factories themselves. They no longer merely deposit in banks, they direct them. They not only vote, they govern. As they have learned to differentiate between tabloid intellectual doses of so called science usually received in college, and the actual practices of the industrial world, they have become increasingly powerful. That is, they have realized what E. A. Filene in "The Way Out" calls "the dangerous duality" between book and custom which goes far to prove "the futility of textbooks" and the inadequacy of teaching methods.

The real gain through the feministic fever which possesses us lies chiefly in the new and ardent search of women for what is *so* — their *seeking* attitude. The majority of women start from the starting place, home; there, like charity, economics begins. Many women standing in their front doors, on the threshold of new power, look out on the roads to business, government, religion, which start or end with home, and express the desire: "Wish I knew what the whole thing was about. . . ."

For those whose desire crystallizes into *intention*, intelligently, even fascinatingly written books are now available. For a woman with any self directing capacity there is reading, often enjoyable as novels sometimes are, to show the Great Plan by which her husband's salary, her daughter's job, the price of food, shelter, and clothing, have come to be what they are. Or, more serenely perhaps, she may gain from the very onion in the kitchen garden, the rubber of the flivver's tires, the tobacco in cigarette or pipe, delightful presentations of certain other facets of political economy.

"Cargoes and Harvests" by Donald Peattie is a book of true economic romances deserving high praise. Economic botany is here the means by which the reader approaches the business world. Mr. Peattie, who analyzes plant power as of similar importance to water power, fuel, sea, man, or brain power, also adds to any person's pleasurable sense of the world he lives in. He makes you reflect upon the trees in your house, and those other trees transformed into the fuel you burn. Homely things become dramatic by this treatment. Any child will better relish peeling the potatoes for dinner if she knows the tale of how they came to this country, or how the "laughing potato" of Ireland came to a "potato murrain" with tragic human results. The book abounds with quaintness. Read of the young Colonial girl of Charleston, Eliza Lucas, who introduced indigo to this country and proved we could grow our own vegetable dyes. Look at a pepper shaker and realize that pepper was once worth its weight in silver; that when Alaric, the Goth, captured Rome, he demanded two thousand pounds of pepper as an important part of his tribute. "In mediæval England rents were sometimes paid in pepper. . . . Kings presented pepper to each other. . . ."

Without laying down dull precepts concerning need and supply, Mr. Peattie shows how exploration, race wars, and bitter conquests have been promoted by plant resources. Like the best travel, the book abounds with tales of historic adventure. Nor does it merely touch the past. "If it be true", the author suggests, "that the Japanese cast covetous eyes upon the Philippines, it is probably not . . . that they wish to expand their crowded

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population. . . . What the Japanese may well want is a grip on the sugar fields, the rice paddies and the cocoanut groves . . . not to mention the precious tropical timbers, the gums and resins of the Philippine woods." No thoughtful mother who had a son in the war but would better comprehend the connection between plant power and world conflicts by reading such a volume as this.

How a great woman approached the basic study of society is recounted in probably the most brilliant book on women and economics appearing in some years, "My Apprenticeship" by Beatrice Webb. This is not a biography *per se*, but an account of her discovery of science, philosophy, and economics in her persistent effort to find her way to the high service which at last gave her a unique position in England, in which advisership to the Labor government was but incidental. As Beatrice Webb (Mrs. Sidney Webb) she has become a sociologist and economist of note by virtue of that very seeking attitude which now, thirty years after the close of the period she describes, is the most hopeful current phase of feminism.

A rich and favored daughter of that British captain of industry who was once president of our Grand Trunk Railroad, Beatrice Potter as a child looked at the world from the supposed vantage ground of fashion, to which was added an uncommon family culture. One of nine children, she was nevertheless deeply lonely. Herbert Spencer was much at the house, and there grew up an avid friendship. From her voluminous diaries, she reproduces passages which form a glowing picture of the philosopher. One gathers that she absorbed from his companionship certain methods of inquiry, speculation, and reasoning which are the real tools of any education — the very thing commonly drilled out of Americans. It appears that she escaped that sort of blurred blotter reproduction of dogma and learned to think. Subservient acquiescence was not Spencer's own method, and he was not to get it from Beatrice. With incandescent curiosity and impartiality that obliterated prejudice, she challenged everything she met, beginning with her own religion.

The appealing and poignant variety of religious experience recounted in this book attests the strong-burning spirit which was often discouraged but never daunted in its search. What she wanted was, first of all, a philosophy which would support her, and then, knowledge of the best way to use her forceful powers to some fine — and for years unknown — end. It is the story of but thirty two years of her life — she is over sixty now — but it is an heroic recital of devout self culture, divorced from exhibitionism. Her self discipline included rising at five thirty, so that she might study for three hours before breakfast whatever subject was most provocative.

A beautiful girl, she made the usual début. She danced, she was gay. She met her mother's ill health with the tenderest filial dutifulness. After the mother's death Beatrice became the loyal confidante and secretary of her father, interested in business and affairs in many parts of the world. Without the silly suppression customary in American biography, she analyzes his utilitarian ethics and, while showing perfect respect and devotion, with blazing and logical honesty exposes and repudiates the errors in the assumptions of that day.

Having closely observed power in different forms, wealth, position, religion, scientific materialism, she spent

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her real life in a struggle to find herself. She was rising to a consciousness of her own force — but how to apply it? To any "industrious apprentice" who has been over even part of the same ground, her great quality shows through her delicate conscience, her deep emotional longings, her high minded and feeling candor. Had she been sure that she could carve out a career of especial usefulness, perhaps the conflict between two personalities within her might have been less melodramatic. But she had been trained to nothing in particular.

As a normal woman, should she seek personal happiness in "love given and taken within the framework of a successful marriage"? To unite the life of love and the life of reason thirty years ago was exceedingly difficult for any woman. Should she keep the liberty to exercise "the right to the free activity of a 'clear and analytic' mind"?

It was an "insurgent spirit and defiant intellect" that ultimately led her to discover how to utilize her large abilities in industrial research. Acting upon a pure whimsy, she pretended to be a farmer's daughter in order to go with an old nurse to visit relatives in the industrial town of Bacup. She plunged deep into real poverty. She saw how the workers were getting first aid from the cooperative movement, then in its infancy and offering a safe non-political alternative for the competitive system.

Later she went into the London slums as a rent collector, and worked in sweat shops, in order to carry on social investigation. With true instinct and what might have appeared inverted ambition, she delved down into wells of misery and brought up from this actual world information about the extent and degree of poverty that challenged economists of that elder day. She gained new conceptions, found new relations. Her thoughtful reflections make the book of much worth, a first hand human document on wealth and scarcity.

Early in her career she did a brilliant piece of analysis on the cooperative movement in England. As cooperation steadily girdled the globe, her study was reprinted in many languages. To the social investigator no less than the "industrious apprentice" to economics, the book is packed from cover to cover with suggestions ranging from how to interview to an original paper on the theory of price. But, above all, it is human.

Just before the end of this first period of her life she found a husband who would give her both the life of love and the life of reason. To accept him, she had to give up the high privilege of becoming Spencer's literary executor. Since Sidney Webb was a Socialist, Spencer "didn't think it would do". She did not hesitate at this sacrifice, nor did it break the friendship between her and Spencer, to whom she was devoted till his death.

It is our friend Mencken who holds that the field of the sciences offers civilized recreation. No "imperial equipment", says he, is required to gain amateur devotees of science happiness of the highest order. Like the other sciences he cites, economics may be "an intensely amusing sport". Adventures in its bailiwick may arise from such differing sources as land ownership, industry, agriculture, banking, or travel. I do not mean travel undertaken as spacial acrobatics — "a round trip which takes in 25 cities in 60 days" — but approached with some consciousness of economic geography. The practical implications of mountains and river basins, of archipelagoes

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and ships, of climate, and of populations fighting to gain outlets to the sea, are absorbed but half consciously by most of us. For the person bent on civilized recreation, who wants scientific background, there are such excellent books now to be had as the revised edition of Charles C. Colby's "Source Book for the Economic Geography of North America".

As for banking, it has fascination for the amateur economist, from the humble passbook to the frequently unphilosophical behavior of Mr. and Mrs. Crœsus. For the woman who has money to invest, Elizabeth Fraser's brisk and entertaining volume called "A Woman and Her Money" outlines another angle of approach to economics. Learning the four principles of investment which govern income from securities, the reader will get, behind the discussion of stocks and bonds, clear pictures of business America, throwing into relief the complex but always interesting pattern of the financial world.

In so far as women tend to share the spirit of Aristotle, who regarded economics, ethics, and philosophy as inextricable, they have, I believe, a fine contribution to make to the world of work. A woman with housekeeping training is likely to examine the back as well as the front of a thing. On the whole I think women would rather that the relationships of human beings rising out of their means of livelihood should be just; at any rate, their fresh consciences are not calloused to all the accepted injustices, and, with inventiveness, they are possibly capable of getting a better result without necessarily spending more money. School a woman by enough adventures in the world's laboratory, whether the particular apparatus she uses is a kitchen, a motor car, or the river that flows to the sea, and, rich or poor, she will acquire culture that will not rub off because it is real. Then, in pursuit of facts and of the best means to use what she knows, she, like Beatrice Webb, may enjoy "climbing her own little tree in her own little way".

Elementary Economics. By Fred R. Fairchild, Edgar S. Furniss, and Norman S. Buck. The Macmillan Company.
Fundamental Thoughts in Economics. By Gustav Cassel. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
The Economic Illusion. By Arthur Bertram. Thomas Seltzer.
The Way Out. By E. A. Filene. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Cargoes and Harvests. By Donald Culross Peattie. D. Appleton and Company.
My Apprenticeship. By Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green and Company.
Source Book for the Economic Geography of North America. By Charles C. Colby. The University of Chicago Press.
A Woman and Her Money. By Elizabeth Fraser. George H. Doran Company.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART X

The instalments of Mr. Burke's atmospheric novel which have been appearing in THE BOOKMAN *have necessarily been greatly shortened to meet space requirements; but it has been the attempt of the editors to retain as much as is possible of the quality of this unusual and distinctive piece of highly organized prose.*

THAT square mile of London enclosed by Regent Street, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Charing Cross Road, and called Soho, has been always cultivated by the minor artist and by the bright young people from the suburbs and the provinces; and today it continues to hold them by cynical display of Paris and Latin vivacity. It persists by a sort of discreet showmanship. By its situation — in the West End but not of the West End — it commands the custom of that large class that is glad to accept the next-best-thing, and by its manner it attracts those who want the shadow of the tourist's Paris, where you may dine at a French restaurant and give your orders in English. Fifty years ago, the cafés were just cafés, opened to serve the needs of the French and Italian residents of the quarter; and they did not know that they were quaint or bohemian or picturesque. But then the minor artists discovered them; the press discovered them; and, later, the provincials discovered them; and that was the end of their privacy.

In one of these agreeable pretenses at the Montparnasse atmosphere Christopher and Pamela Silvernight were pretending to lunch. Actually, they were hating the lunch and each other. The spirit had gone out of them, as it had gone out of the café, and they were weary with the weariness of the very young. Christopher could still see the physical beauty of Pamela, the fine line and sharp color, and recognize it as beauty; and it stirred him no more than the decorations of the café. For three years that beauty had been so much part of him that when he was not near it he had a vague sense of having lost a limb. For three years the thought of Victoria Road had lit a lamp in his heart. All in that quarter, save that road, had been empty of spirit and cold to the eye; and that road was beatified because she had daily passed through it and her shadow had fallen there.

At the beginning he had worshiped, feeling, as lovesick youth delights to feel, unworthy to touch her hand, and yearning to do something meet for her glory. Whether he loved her, or was merely in love with her, he did not ask himself. He knew only that the thing had happened to him, and that its bruises and benedictions were alike beautiful; and he lived his days in splendid melancholy. Beyond Connie, he knew nothing of girls, and around this Kensington child he hung all that he had perceived of human virtue and the purified passion of mortality. There was the ignoble world in which he lived and struggled and got stained; and there was Pamela, the one beauti-

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ful idea to which he clung. Nothing was to soil it; nothing of his own world was to come near it.

And yet, all through the affair, he was conscious of a feeling that he tried hard to appease: the feeling of having put a right hand foot into a left hand shoe. For, during those three years he had been growing, and growing, all the time, away from Pamela. Slowly the gleam and glory with which he had encircled her had dimmed, and now it was fast fading into stillness and shadow. He had seen her shrill soul, and it said nothing and meant nothing. The affair was over, and the knowledge of that brought relief, as though a weight upon his head had been lifted. The head was bruised, and still ached, but he was entering the long level ease of the convalescent. The ache was passing and would not come back.

Christopher was now twenty and of man's bulk and build. His black bush of hair capped a dark shrewd face from whose eyes the poet still peeped. His manner was easy, and a comfortable salary and good clothes gave him assurance. The thrip'ny back street cinema had set him on a facile road of progress, and in three stages, backed by Perrinchief, he had achieved the leadership of a West End cinema orchestra. He looked prosperous and he looked important, but the droop of the mouth slighted the prosperity and gainsaid the importance. He knew that he was achieving nothing but a comfortable living; traveling nowhere but in a dusty circle.

Pamela sat erect, consciously beautiful, receiving regally the glances of the typists, commercial travelers, and bank clerks who maintain Soho's bohemia. Christopher had dismissed their affair from his mind, and would have talked only of outside matters; but she would not leave it.

"It wouldn't really have been any good, would it?"

"No. Of course not."

"We never really matched. I felt it all along. All those little things — little differences — irritations — I could feel you drawing away from me all the time. And I was wanting you to. We both thought it was genuine, I believe, but it wasn't. Just an artificial projection of our want to love somebody. And we met just at that time and developed it until it seemed genuine."

"Quite likely."

"Well, I'm glad we were able to bring it to an end like this. I felt I couldn't have gone on much longer. I'm glad we didn't actually fall in love, and then have to part with all sorts of upsets and resentments and injuries."

"Yes."

"Still, we'll meet occasionally, won't we?"

"Oh, yes, I daresay."

"Anyway, I shall hear about you from old Perrinchief. I'm sure you're going to do something big. I don't know what, but I've got that feeling. Hope it hasn't bothered you at all or interfered with your work. It *was* getting rather unbearable, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I know we both felt it. I did, and I could feel it in you. . . . Well, it's awfully jolly to settle it like this. So much better than going on and going on, when a thing's half dead, and both want to end it and neither's got the pluck to say so. . . . I wonder who you'll fall in love with next?"

"I wonder."

"You'll probably have a few fall in love with you. Musicians as good as you can't escape it. I wonder whether your next will be like me. Probably not. You'll fly to the opposite. Probably some really clever girl — that's what'd suit you. Or perhaps

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some little mouse of a girl from Islington. I'd like to see her when she does arrive."

"I'll send you a free pass when I'm exhibiting her."

"Don't be narky, now. But you never did understand women."

"Well, I'm only twenty. Will you have your usual liqueur — Cointreau?"

"Rather! As this is the last meeting I want to have all the old things. To do it properly, I'd have liked to go to the restaurant where you and I first had lunch, and to have had just what we had then. Remember it? The Gourmets."

"I never thought of doing that."

"No, you wouldn't."

"Was it the Gourmets?"

"Well! You might be polite enough to *pretend* to remember, even if you don't. And you ought to have thought of finishing where we began and having a copy of the first meal. But you don't seem to have any sense of artistic fitness."

"No? Depends on one's views of art."

"Don't grin at me like that. It's one of the things about you that always made me furious. I could never tell what you were thinking about when you put that grin on, but I always felt you *were* thinking. And thinking something waspy, too. Going to the cinema this afternoon?"

"Not until six. The second can take the afternoon show."

"Oh, well, I'm going along to pick up some of the bunch at Glebe Place."

"Right. Ready?"

"Rather sudden, aren't you? I hoped you might have had a nice parting speech ready."

"Never thought of it. No good at speeches anyway."

"All right, Mister Business-like. I'm ready."

They stood for a second or two on the pavement, jostled by passers. They turned with hands out and frank smiles.

"Goodby, Pam. All the best of everything."

"By-by, old boy. Look me up when you feel like it."

"Righto."

He looked after his old love and breathed heavily. Then, with "The damned little fool!" his figure became clean and alert, his face took the light of a prisoned schoolboy released to play, and he went happily through Wardour Street to Oxford Street and his town home. He walked with long strides, arms swinging, shoulders swaying.

"The Sun in Splendour" saw him now on Sundays only. To be near his daily work and to have quiet for his private work, he had taken two rooms in Berners Street. Prosperity had permitted it, and his father had urged it. With the shaking off of Pamela he saw before him a calm and continued period of work, and went with zest toward his writing table.

As he passed up Wardour Street on the eastern side a girl came down a staircase on the western side: a girl of seventeen with some note that caused people to turn and look at her. The note was that in a city of bobbed hair she had long hair, and not plain long hair but slender copper curls that flamed against her green frock. Directly opposite her Christopher stopped to stare at some "stills" in the window of a film firm: he had not yet conquered his childish habit of staring. She stood a moment on the curb, saw Christopher, looked to right and left of this congested byway, and was halfway across and within six feet of him, when she darted back. A Rolls-Royce meeting a lorry from the opposite direction

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blocked her way. Car and lorry finessed for some seconds to pass each other. The girl with the curls moved down the street and crossed behind the Rolls-Royce. As she came from behind it, she looked toward the window of the film office. The pavement was empty. In the moment of her crossing Christopher had moved up the street and crossed behind the lorry. The girl shook her curls from her shoulder and went about her errand.

Christopher passed on and, skipping to the pavement to avoid the approaching Rolls-Royce, he cannoned off a lamp post into Perrinchief. Perrinchief grabbed him and cried "Hullo-hullo-hullo-hullo!" in one phrase. "Just-the-man-I-want-to-see."

They stood paired on the Oxford Street corner — the dark, bulky young man and the slim, eager, thin haired young man. Perrinchief's very figure broadcast Success — the sort of Success that Schools of Efficiency preach. He was mercurial; always in a hurry and always breathless. His face told the tale of one living at high pressure, and enjoying it; feeding well, and, in his own vague phrase, "getting every ounce out of life".

"Frightfully busy, old bloke. Absolutely tied by the leg. Got a thousand things to do, but I wanted to see you. Care to do a bit of deviling for me? Just been to see a picture here — they wanted me to set it, but they won't pay my price and won't let me do it my way — original stuff. Want it done in the ordinary old way — snippets from this and that. I told 'em I knew a good man who could do it well and would do it at their price. There's fifty quid in it. Interest you?"

"Don't think it would, thanks. Hacking in a cinema orchestra's low-down enough without —"

"Well, of all the damned fools! Why, there's a hundred fellows within half a mile of us who'd jump at the chance."

"Let 'em jump. Hacks need to be good jumpers."

"Y' know, the way you talk you make me mad. Here am I doing what I can do to get you on, and . . . Hacking, eh? And who the hell are you that you shouldn't hack, eh? Mister bally Bela Bartok, I suppose."

"Well, Cheesemonger, now that I've got a job that keeps me, I want to get down to my real work. And do something good. I've finished those Impressions for Strings I was doing. I tried 'em over at the cinema the other afternoon, and they went quite well. I want to keep on with chamber music."

"Did they? Do you? Good. Well, now put 'em on top of the bathroom cupboard and leave 'em there and get down to something worthwhile. They may be very good Impressions, but they won't make a sharp enough impression to set anybody signing checks for you. So don't you think it, my lad. I've had a closer view of this game than you have. What's the most you can hope for?—get Wood to do it at the Promenades. And what'll that do for you?"

"Well, you get a hearing. And if the stuff's any good you get the beginning of a reputation."

"Yes, you get a three line notice from the one or two critics who took the trouble to go that night; and as for the reputation, you can't keep London flats going on a reputation. You, in your position, have got to earn every penny you spend, every meal you eat. Well then, a reputation for serious work won't be much good to you. Other way about, my boy. You can probably do good sound stuff that would be popular as well as good, but the people with money — and they're the people

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you want to watch — the people who're commissioning work — they'd be afraid of you. Say 'Queen's Hall' to them and they think 'Highbrow'. Yes, they do. They can't discriminate A from a bull's foot. And if you told 'em you'd had stuff done at Queen's Hall they'd be awfully polite and say they're on the lookout for really good and original work for their next show — something fresh and new — and they'd like to have a chat with you some time when they're less busy; and then they'd turn round and hand the job over to one of the hangers on of their own bunch whom they can trust for what *they* call good stuff."

"Well, let 'em. I'm not interested in theatre music."

"All right. Carry on and hold your cinema job down tight. Because if you're going to do the work you want to do, and at the same time live, you'll be spending your whole life there, Mister Mozart-Stravinsky-Wagner. . . . Tinkety-tonk!"

With a wag of the hand to Christopher, he held one finger to a crawling taxi, shouted an address, jumped in before it had stopped, and was bowled away. Christopher walked to his rooms with a mental smile at the coarse grain of other people. He was set in his path and assured of its direction; and if at any corner he hesitated, there was always de Florent ready to fingerpost him. By his faith in his ideals he could smile at Pamela's attempt to instruct him and at the scoffing of Perrinchief.

Six months later he was not smiling. The smile went to Perrinchief, and the ideals folded their wings and wept.

The girl with the ginger curls pursued her errand in Wardour Street and returned to the shop from which she had come. She did not go up the stairs, but passed to the back through a muster of five hundred mournful ghosts of silk and fur suspended from five hundred coat hangers. Their shapes made the shop dim and their second hand estate made the air sad and fusty. At midnight one could have sworn that they breathed and were charged with the faint presence of bodies and limbs that once had filled them. At first the girl had been sensitive to their oppression, but she was now familiar with them and could pass through their ranks in the dark and let them flick her head, and see them as nothing but old clothes. She passed through them now to the dun depths of the rear of the shop, where, screened from the street by a curtain of furs and scarves, whose intervals gave her, unseen, a clear view of any customer, sat Ivy.

The shop had many competitors within the circle. Cast Off Clothing and Tailors' Misfits is a line of trade that attracts the Judaic element; it is a safe and steady illustration of Large Profits and Quick Returns. But Ivy's shop had a side line in which competitors were not so many, and by its aid she was able to meet the competition by reduced prices, and to make the best of both lines. The shop was Mr. Sid Stace's inspiration. The collapse of the motor business had set him to look about for something equally sound, but quieter; and the second hand line promised both. At the time his business affairs reached this corner, his personal affairs also reached a corner. The flash and matey Ivy had shown signs of change. Her spirits ceased to effervesce. Her street wit was not so ready, and when he turned to her after a hard day for the cackle and high pitched laughter and animal display which was his recreation, he found her not so brisk and forward. Ever since

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she'd got hold of that bally kid she had been like that; and after a few peremptory commands to her to buck up and be a sport and show a bit of life — and no response to these commands — he wearied. He announced to his friends that he was Through with her. He had No Time for her. But he found a use for her.

He was sentimental, as many ruffians are, and he could not completely throw down a girl who had served his lighter hours these ten years. He therefore placated sentiment with a business deal. Instead of throwing her down he set her up. There was a second hand business going in Wardour Street. A good manageress could make it a useful thing, and he had the good manageress in his pocket. With her wheedling manner, her talent for keen bargaining and her hard sense, it was just the rough and tumble job for her; and without thinking twice he dismissed her, without rancor, from his personal life and transferred her to his business life; to the satisfaction of both. Ivy, because it was a respectable job; Sid Stace because he had at once settled a ticklish situation and done himself a bit of good. There were other points. One was that he could trust Ivy with his side line; the shop would make an excellent branch in that quarter, and she already knew how to run the side line. Mr. Stace made a book. He had half a dozen receiving and paying out depots in the near suburbs and had long wanted a central branch. A shop in Soho would be a good investment, and it was. Its regular business showed a reasonable profit week by week; and every day up to two o'clock its muffled interior buzzed with the orders of its irregular customers, given in tones that were neither full voice nor honest whisper, but took the quality of the shop itself. So that this one stone killed three, and possibly four, birds.

The extra bird was that kid. Mr. Stace had his eye on her; and, apart from his general sentiment against throwing Ivy down, he was moved to fix her in some business under his control, because then he would not lose sight of the kid. After ten years of Ivy he felt the appeal of youth. This splendid bit of youth would, he felt, be an Easy Mark. Red hair . . . It was only a matter of waiting until the kid's birthday clock struck sixteen, and then . . .

The clock had long since struck and Connie was well into her eighteenth year. One could understand her appeal to the dulled senses of Sid Stace. She was all youth and color. She walked with a lilt; the ardor of the colt was in every step; and her mignon figure of five feet three inches was lit by a face which, though commonplace, was as clear as a child's and was crowned with fire.

For nearly three years she had lived with Ivy on the very edge of things. unpleasant yet savagely guarded from all whisper or touch of them. During that time she had had many jobs — tobacconist's shop, hat shaping, label sticking, chocolate packing — but now was set in a job that was her heaven; cloakroom assistant at Queen's Hall, which meant hours of music.

She came to Ivy in her shrouded recess. "I say, Ivy — who d'you think I've just seen?"

"Well, how should I know? Eight million people you might a-seen, silly."

"I saw Chris. The Islington boy. Just outside here."

"Oh, him, eh? Did you?"

"Yes."

"Speak to him?"

"Er — no. I was in a hurry. I just saw him looking in a window, but I didn't stop."

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"Did he see you?"

"No. I was behind him."

"What a pity. Why didn't you speak to him?"

"Oh, well, I was in a hurry. And nothing to say."

"Why the excitement, then?"

"Eh? Oh, well — I — I haven't seen him for more'n two years. It was quite a surprise. He *has* grown. Quite big now. And black hair — bunches of it. Looked quite important. Not a bit what he used to be."

"No — they never are when you meet 'em years later."

"No." Connie sat down and looked at nothing, as though beaten with thoughts that would not find expression. Ivy looked at her, and Ivy's eyes held a dull streak of foreboding.

She was indeed changed from Sid Stace's Ivy. The strident voice had eased. The rasping manners were muted. The virago was still there, and sometimes peeped out, and her talk was often as coarse as it had been, but no coarser than second hand cloaks and bookmaking business demanded. Since Connie had tumbled into her arms in the Isle of Dogs, she had known what she had always wanted: something to cherish and to live up to; something that was dependent upon her; and she pursued this new ideal with the fervor of the zealot. Almost she kept Connie under a glass case. Knowing all that she did of the lewd and ugly side of life, she determined that Connie should be shielded from it, and was both lioness and hen in her watch over her charge. She barred her from all contact with her own life, and although Connie knew very well what that life had been and was, she respected the conspiracy. Each knew that the other knew, but each maintained the palpable deception; no word was spoken or hint given. Ivy never allowed her to touch the bookmaking business, to receive money or write a slip. That was one of the corners of life that Connie was not to know.

And now, just as she was set in active content, here was Connie all worked up about a boy. Ivy had forgotten about boys. She had been seeing Connie as still eleven or twelve; now she remembered that she was seventeen, and that there would be boys; and that something would certainly come of it, and Connie would, in the natural way of things, give her arm to the boy and trip out of Wardour Street and out of her life. The thought of loneliness rose up with a hundred fangs and bit her here and there. Nothing to live for; nothing to work for; nothing to get up in the morning for; no background; nothing but loneliness, an unendurable loneliness which she would have to kill in the old way. But until then she would play her part, so that she could hand over to the boy a girl that he, too, would want to cherish.

Mr. Sid Stace's "eye" was still on Connie, and it had fed other senses and the senses were sharpened. Late one afternoon he came to the shop with the casual air that the too wily assume when they are bent on serious business. He was as unprepossessing as his record. He was lean and loose, with a foxy jaw and ferret's eyes; but he was not conscious of the benefits or drawbacks of profiles; he was conscious only of business and of getting his end of a bargain. He was going to get it now.

Having gone over Ivy's receipts, he turned to go, looked about, and asked, "Where's the kid?"

"Upstairs. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Dull afternoon. Nothing doing. Thought she might like to come to the pictures."

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"She don't care for pictures."

"Well, first house of the Holborn, perhaps."

"Won't have time. Due at the Hall at half past seven."

"Well, take 'er to the Corner House for tea."

"What you want to take a kid like her to tea for?"

"Jealous, eh? Well, I'd just like to."

"Oh. . . . Well, she's got a boy already for that sort of thing. Boy of her own age."

"Oh? Hadn't heard about it."

"No. Why should you hear about it?"

"Ah — why should I? Why should I?" He snapped at her with an amiable and lazy grin. "Why should anyone? You keep that kid locked up like she was a prize terrier. Won't let anyone come near 'er or speak to 'er. Even lie about it. Other day, when I wanted to see 'er you said she was out, and I see 'er come out o' the shop before I turned the corner. What's the idea?"

"No idea. Only . . . Well, I don't want 'er to get mixed up with the lot round here. They're none o' the best for a kid."

"No. P'raps they ain't. But I ain't one o' the crowd round 'ere. Who is this boy of 'ers?"

"You wouldn't know 'im. Nice quiet boy. Clever, too. Musician."

"Oh. Good luck to 'im. Still, 's 'e any reason why Connie shouldn't 'ave a cup o' tea wi' me?"

" 'Ow d'yeh know she wants to?"

"Well, 'ow *can* I know if I don't arst 'er. And 'ow can I arst 'er when you keep 'er behind yer feathers like an old 'en?"

"No, but —"

"What?"

"Well, it ain't proper. She's too young to come out with a feller of your age. And the sort o' life you're mixed up in."

"Proper? Shurrup. Talking like Ninety five. And too young? Too young be blowed. And the sort o' life I'm mixed up in. . . . Well, I 'ave to be for business. I shouldn't let 'er meet any of that crowd. Don't you worry. . . . Come on, now. Where is she? I'll go up and arst 'er." He moved to the staircase. Ivy jumped up and with a melodramatic movement shot in front of him.

"Here! 'Alf a mo', Sid."

"Why — what's the matter? Speak to 'er if I like, can't I?"

"No — not up there."

"Not up there, eh? Whose shop is this, eh? Who pays the rent, eh?"

"Those are our rooms. Private."

"Private, eh? We *are* getting fancy-ways, ain't we? And who pays for 'em?"

"That's nothing to do with it. Those are our rooms and not for you to pry about in."

"Well, damn it, call 'er down then."

"Not while you're swearing."

"What? Swearing? Call that swearing? You — that useter make even me turn green? Yeh silly runt. 'Ow long you been taking a blinkin' Bible Class?"

Ivy had acid on her tongue. "I'm not going to call 'er down while you talk like that. And prob'ly not anyway, however you talk. You're not going up to 'er, and she's not going out wi' you."

"Oh? Who says so?"

"I say so."

"You, eh? You? And who er you to say that — eh? What's it t' do wi' you? Kid's seventeen now. She's 'er own master. She can please 'erself, can't she?"

"Yes she can. And she will when I

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tell 'er. She'd no more talk to you or go out with you than she'd . . . Don't be silly, Sid. Can't yeh see she's not your sort? Can't yeh see she's outside us? She's not the sort you want."

"Ain't she? You talk as though she was some duke's daughter. She's only one of ourselves. Anyway, I bet I'd soon make 'er one of our sort. Give me an afternoon and evening. Girls is all the same. Specially the quiet ones."

Ivy had so far held herself in. Suddenly, she made a choking noise; then spoke calmly. "Sid! You cut that right out. Cut out that talk and cut out the idea. See? Connie and you? I'd see you damned first."

He stood over her and mocked her. "Oh? Really? Would you? Oh, indeed. Oh. . . . Well, I usually get what I want, and if I want to 'ave 'er, you bet I'll 'ave 'er. See?"

"Oh, will you? Eh? Well, you won't. You can put your shirt on *that* if you want a safety bet."

"Thanks. I won't, won't I? And who's going to stop me?"

Ivy leaned across a pile of coats and thrust her lower jaw at him. The pose of defiance made her ludicrous, but she was ice and fury, outside herself. "I am. I will. You come here with that filth-talk about Her. Trying to get me to be your pimp. For Her. Her I've looked after and — Now, Sid — you bung off."

He laughed. "Look 'ere, old girl, you'll be getting the sack if you ain't careful. Bung off, eh? Bung off? Nice way to talk to the boss. Bung out of 'is own shop. Who give yeh this job? I did. Who's going to give y' another? Only Gawd knows."

"Don't you worry about me, my boy. I can look after meself. And Connie, too. If you want a manageress to run yer shop and take yer bets and be yer pimp as well — then find 'er and send 'er along and I'll clear out."

"And where to I'd like to know?"

"That's my business. . . . .

"You come mucking round Connie, and job or no job, there's police, remember."

"Oh! What's this? Eh? What's that you said?" He hid disturbance under truculence.

"I said there's police."

He drawled a long "O-o-oh! That's yer game is it? That's the way yeh pay me back. Going to be a nark, eh?"

Ivy returned his truculence.

"Don't you say that, Sid. Don't you dare say that about me. You know me well enough. I never put no one away. And never would. But if you want to make me do it, then mucking about with Her's the quickest way. See?"

He waved her fury away with affable hands and strolled round the shop. "All-right, all-right, all-right. Needn't get yer shirt out over a bit o' fun. If that's the way yeh feel about it, we'll drop it. There ain't any girl that's worth a row."

"Well, I didn't start the row. Only your talking like that about Her. She's going straight, and I'm going to see she does."

"All-right, all-right, all-right. Fergit it."

"Well, I got a temper, y' know."

"About ten years late with that bit o' news. Don't take everybody as seriously as yeh take yesself. Then yeh'll save yer temper fer when it's wanted. Gawd knows I don't want it. Shan't be along again till Monday night. Tell 'em all I'll settle then. So long!" He went off with an airy laugh, as though a little joke had failed; but a few days later Ivy's temper was warranted and needed.

He made his next visit before the Monday he had named. He came at

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midday on the Friday, and found Connie at home and Ivy absent. A shilling or two laid out to one of his runners had provided a watchman to report such a conjunction whenever it happened.

He passed through the showroom of coats and costumes, closed both doors, and came to Connie in the back room. For a while he talked of nothing. Then he talked of girls, and asked how "He" was getting on, and when had she seen Him last. And then he rallied her in a clubfooted way. And then he patted her face. And then he squeezed her arm, with jocular reference to the number of times it had been squeezed, and what a lot of it a really pretty girl had to put up with. Once the topic was started he pursued it and developed it, and as Connie edged away from him and made cold answers to his innuendoes, he pursued her, still talking. Through the twilight of the second hand they peered at each other — Pan and nymph in a metropolitan forest of the skins of beautiful swift animals. Then he turned his attention to a fur cloak, hanging on one of the upper hooks, and wanted to examine it. He asked her to get it down. As she reached up to get it, he came behind her, and took her waist, and his face was pressed against hers. She dropped the cloak and gave him a push with both hands that sent him staggering; and she followed the push with white face and blazing eyes. But he was used to these moves in the game, and looked back with a smile. "Gosh, you look fine now. You look a little vixen, you do. Like a little vixen I met one night in the East End. Just such a one as you."

He stood back a second or two, appreciating the tense bent figure and the fighting eyes. He breathed softly, "My God, you beauty!" Then swooped at her. He bound both her arms within his, and held her to him, and bore her backward against a pile of coats and skirts. Her foot slipped and she sank onto the pile. Then, as his face bent over hers, something soft brushed her face and there was a sudden darkness.

The darkness lasted a second only; then it passed and she was free; and scrambling up she saw the struggling figure of Sid Stace, with head and shoulders imprisoned in a fur coat, and Ivy holding the coat tightly about him. Thick profanity came from under the coat, but Ivy had him in a hard grip. She turned to Connie and spoke casually, as though asking her to go out and buy some cigarettes. "Kick the back of his knee, kid. Kick the back of his knee. Kick hard. . . . Ah! That's it." Connie kicked, and the fur cloak dropped suddenly to the ground, with Ivy above it. But Ivy was not equal to the wiry writhing strength of Sid Stace. With a few wrestles he got his arms free; then his head free; then tossed Ivy from his back, got up, and stood looking down at her. He grinned and made his collar easy. "That was tricky, that was. But silly. Don't try that game until you've 'ad a bit more practice, old girl."

Ivy got up and stretched her arm to the door. "Get out. Sid — get out. Outside. Quick."

"'Alf a mo'. 'Alf a mo'. Somebody's going to get out of 'ere, but it won't be me. My shop, remember. We'll settle that bit o' business first. You can make up yer book and pack off. That's what you can do. See? And the sooner you do it, the better."

Ivy had no answer for him.

He went on: "Mucking about like that, yeh great fool. Might 'ave 'urt me seriously."

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Then the temper came out. "'Urt you? 'Urt you? My God, if I could. You—" She forgot Connie, and followed the "you" with a stream of words that belonged to three years ago. "I warned yeh. I told you what'd happen if you come mucking about round 'ere after Her. I told yeh. You won't get near Her while I'm here."

"While you're 'ere, eh? You. You'll interfere, will yeh? You'll play the virtuous mother, eh? This ain't your game. Why don't yeh stick to yer proper job 'stead o' trying to play virtuous mother? Like a lot o' people, you are — too big for yer boots — trying to be what you never was and what you wasn't meant to be. You come the Respectable Stunt, eh? You — why, yeh damned old worn out whore, you—"

A steel coat hanger took him across the mouth with the full force of her arm; and she followed the coat hanger with a grip on his throat.

Connie cried, "Ivy! Ivy! Don't!" but Ivy saw only Sid Stace. "Saying them things to me. *You* say them things to me!"

Sid Stace uttered six commanding staccato phrases. "Leggo. Leggo. Leggo-yeh-fool. Stoppit. I'll 'urt yeh. I'll 'urt yeh."

"Say them things to me!"

He choked and gasped. "Leggo. I warn yeh. Leggo. Else I'll 'ave t'urt yeh." He spoke through a cut mouth. "Will — yeh — leggo!"

"Ivy! Ivy! Don't! Let him go. You'll choke him!" She had him down on a chair pressing him. For a space he struggled with her. Then the hand that had been holding her off went to his breast pocket. Mutters came from him, "Spoil — your — beauty — what yeh — got left." With a sudden wrench of his neck, he pulled back from her and then lunged forward, with a sweep of the arm to her cheek. The lunge sent her backward. She saw the arm coming and put out her hand to strike it down. It grazed her hand and went just below the cheek to the side of the neck.

Ten seconds later Wardour Street was startled by a cry. As twenty faces turned whitely to the shop that had sent the cry, Connie ran out, covering her eyes, and cowering. Behind her came Sid Stace. He looked right and left, turned to the left, where few people were, and ran. An officious somebody raised a shout, "Stoppim! Stoppim!" As he reached a passage leading to Dean Street a foot shot out and tripped him. He plunged forward and fell. Four hands grabbed him and wrestled with him. A constable strolled to them. People poured into the shop and out again.

Ten minutes later the police had seized and closed the shop. A mass of people stood round it, staring at it. An officer came out and muttered something to the man on duty outside. Those nearest hoarsely passed the news to the back. "She's dead. In there. Back o' the shop. Just died, he said."

(To be continued)

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A SHIP BEFORE THE WIND

By Lawrence Lee

With a Sketch by Harvey Peake

SOME women move like ships across the world,
Like masts that rock against a flight of stars,
Their beauty as a cloud of sails unfurled
Upon a lonely firmament of spars.
Like ships from misty reaches of the sea
They stand in sudden wonder without hail,
And youth leaps as a rising wind in me
To shake to straining fulness some white sail.

Fly on, stately young ship of my desire —
Swift ship that winds may touch but not possess —
For, though pursuing gales may never tire,
They only serve to speed the thing they press,
Being as wings, tipped with a golden fire,
That bear you like a grey gull from distress.

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THE LONDONER

A Change of Fashion in Novelettes—"The Ringer" and the Highbrows, with Prediction of the Renascence of the Novel—H. G. Wells's Preface—New Novels of the Autumn Season—The Literary Taste of Nurses

LONDON, *August* 1, 1926.

IT may be remembered that the other month I was speculating upon the subject of the vagaries of popular taste. I kept very much at that time to the more "polite" forms of our literature, because the instigation came from a quarter in which polite literature is of importance. I gave the inquiry, however, a slightly more vulgar turn by alluding to "best sellers", which of course are read only for purposes of derision by the intelligentsia. But since that date I have been going further afield upon my own account, and I have discovered a most peculiar thing. In my young days the more refined novelettes dealt with such things as legacies which entailed the marriage of two young strangers who conveniently fell in love with each other, the love affairs of governesses who married into the peerage, the unconsummated marriage, followed by strange performances on the part of the innocent young wives, and so on. The more vulgar novelettes were imitations of "Lady Audley's Secret". They contained foreign villains with dashing manners and beady black eyes, who said "*Sapristi!*" and "*Tiens!*" etc., and who were duly discomfited in the last chapter. It is long since I have seen a novelette, and I had supposed that the convention of Charles Garvice was still the rage. It is true that I have from time to time seen posters depicting young persons in their nightdresses, and dark, villainous men plotting in the background — "A Wife in Name Only", and so on. My own brother (who is not a writer) was once even commissioned to write some such story, the editor of one of these papers having heard that I was a writer of novels and having supposed that my brother was myself. But during the last few days I have made a couple of finds which lead me to realize that even in the field of the novelette there have been strange movements of late years. Whether the influence of James Joyce has reached the novelette, I shall leave my readers to determine; but the fact is that novelettes have become much more realistic than they were. They have come into line with the most modern movements of the human imagination. Something stronger than the old innocent play with sex is now required. Strange, but true. Listen to these two items, which I guarantee to be genuine. First of all, an advertisement of a new serial story in a weekly periodical intended for workgirls:

The Opening Chapters of a Throbbing Romance and Stirring Drama 'Neath Blue Italian Skies

THE FORBIDDEN BRIDE

An English girl — alone among a strange people, in a strange land! A girl misjudged, cast out by those who should have protected her. To Eileen Murray, before she left her English home, sunny Italy had seemed a land of romance, of glorious adventure. She found both — but not as she had pictured them. For romance came to her in the person of a wonderful lover, mysterious and handsome, and cruel, who clasped her in his masterful arms — adven-

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ture, too, for Fate entangled Eileen in a web of peril, of sinister intrigue, of dreadful treachery, from which it seemed impossible that she could escape.

There is a thrill in every line of this Great Story, which begins only in ——'s Paper.

Have not things changed? Does anybody not recognize that there is all the difference between this and the milk and water tales of the past? But read what follows. In this we come straight home to real life, to the immediate thoughts of the readers of a paper called "The Family Journal". Read on:

"MARRIED FOR HER SAVINGS!"

New Readers Start Here:

BESS WILSON, a handsome widow who keeps the Coffee Pot inn, has two admirers. One of them, JIM COBBS, is a worthy soul who loves her for herself alone. The other is STEVE CULLEY, glib-tongued and plausible, who wants to marry Bess for her BUSINESS and her SAVINGS. Both men are widowers.

Jim's daughter, BETTY, is engaged to Steve's son, BEN. They quarrel when pretty Betty discovers that Ben is aiding his father to marry Mrs. Wilson for her money alone.

The widow has an adopted daughter, POLLY FINCH, who is as pretty as a doll, but cunning and self-seeking by nature. She tells Ben that the inn and the land will belong to her when she marries. On this understanding Ben promptly starts courting her. Ignorant of this, Steve proposes to Bess, and she accepts him after previously rejecting poor Jim.

Steve and Bess are married, and then Bess receives a legacy of three thousand pounds from her late husband, Bob Wilson.

To Steve's disgust Bess declares her intention of giving the money to Bob's poor relations.

In response to Bess' advertisement, CORA WILSON, Bob's sister, a worthless woman who has just been released from prison, journeys to Vinesbury. Before she reaches the Coffee Pot inn, Steve meets her. He agrees to help her get a large sum from Bess, and the pair will share the money.

Polly, after a little spying, concludes that Cora and Steve are in love with each other. She goes to see Cora Wilson, who says that if only Polly will help her to make trouble between Steve and his wife, he will run away with her—Cora!

Polly steals Bess' cheque book, and gives it to Cora Wilson, who forges a cheque for fifteen-hundred pounds, which she gives to Steve Culley to cash.

The cheque book is found in Steve's pocket — by arrangement! Bess discovers the forged cheque, and accuses Steve of being in league with Cora Wilson. He denies it, and, in attempting to catch Cora, is carried away with her to London!

And here I must disappoint the reader. I can give him no further details of the story. But what I have quoted will be enough to make all who can follow such creative efforts understand what a mighty change has come over the fiction market. This story, mean and distorted though it is, has closer affinity with the thoughts of its readers than had the old style dope about the aristocracy. It indicates a change in popular taste. No longer the Lady Ermyntrude and Lord Alastair, but plain Ben, Bess, and Jim. No longer the bigamous Countess, or the disputed succession, with jewels, caskets, night vigils, and the like; but the urgent mercenary concerns of the very types which compose the class of reader to whom the story is addressed. The glittering coronet is gone. In place of it is the story — "The Forbidden Bride" — which uses the working girl's hunger for a savage lover and her longing for foreign adventure; or the story of the keeper of an inn who is wooed for her savings. What writer in the past would have dared to make the heroine of his novelette a widow, and an innkeeper? I was going to say, what writer of novelettes would have dared to *marry* his heroine early in the book? What is there nowadays to prevent the serialization of "La Cousine Bette" in one of these popular journals? Only, I suppose, the fact that it is old fashioned. It seems to me that these various considerations, with some others which I do not want to occupy space in developing, are a better indication of changed taste and changed

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fiction "requirements" than any which have previously been mentioned. Before them, the question whether this or that member of the intelligentsia is a "popular" writer or a "fashionable" writer simply fades into nothingness. To be really fashionable, one should write such stories as "The Forbidden Bride" and "Married for her Savings". These stories would not be written if there were not a direct demand for them. A fashionable writer for the select few is a different matter. His reputation is made very largely by the insistent dinner table gossip of the polite classes, by the excited harangues of those who think to gain credit by setting the taste among their immediate and susceptible comrades in imaginative and inventive sterility. He can be a fashion with the few, and not be known at all to the many. But the stories I have described in words taken from the editorial synopses represent the real fashion of the moment, the real taste of readers who read because they want diversion. They represent so marked a change that I think it worthwhile to have dwelt so long upon their significance.

* * * *

Another feature of modern letters which strikes me as interesting is the extraordinary success in London of Edgar Wallace's crime drama, "The Ringer". As an assiduous reader of Mr. Wallace's very variable novels, I determined to see this play, which is extremely amusing and very expert. To my astonishment, I learned on inquiry at the box office that the only places available in the theatre for several days ahead were those contained in a box — the worst places possible for viewing a drama in which it is essential that one should be able to see every corner of the stage. I did, finally, manage to get a couple of seats at the back of the dress circle, and at last found myself in the theatre, which was crowded. I learned there that many people returned to see the play night after night. It is not incredible, since the acting is particularly good, and the play affords opportunity for several distinguished studies on the part of some of our more versatile players. That it will run for a considerable time I have no doubt. But what amazes me is that it is being enthusiastically praised by several really highbrow critics. I suspect that it gives these gentlemen just the sort of stimulant which their low vitality demands. I will go further. I think there is a decided tendency upon the part of the highbrows to assume a lowbrow cast, and to grow enthusiastic about what in their hearts they would ordinarily despise. I have never made any pretense of being a highbrow, and I do myself feel that this sort of play is better and more amusing than much of the drama which is performed upon Sunday evenings for those who fancy being bored by a three hours' traffic of the stage. But I cannot help feeling how very peculiar it is that lowbrow literature should be becoming the fashion with the highbrows. We are seeing all sorts of confessions among the intelligentsia that what they really love above all things is the detective story. I regard this as affectation. But I regard it also as a distinct sign that the tide is beginning to turn. Unless I am mistaken we are likely to have even more of this sort of thing in the immediate future. I think that in another few years we may well see the present formless collections of sterile documentations of human nature as unpopular and as much discredited as they have been fashionable during the postwar period. All the saner critics

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are now welcoming those novels which "tell a story". Trollope is coming back, and is enjoying quite a vogue. Sensational stories are being read by those who a few years ago would have laughed at them. If I am right — and I have said nothing without having all sorts of small evidences in support of the belief — there is likely to be a good time ahead for those who can tell stories, who can create character, who can do something more than string together a number of chapters about sexual complexes. That revival in the novel about which so many writers have written such a lot of nonsense in the past may really be at hand. For intellectualism has very little to offer the majority of readers — in the form of fiction. We all admire brains, but not in our novels, where hearts are more in place. If I were the publishers who (as I said a month or two back) are in doubt as to where their best sellers of the future are coming from, I should bank upon the novel which is first and foremost a story of events arising from the conflict between human wills. To the man who will have the courage to tell such a story — such a story as Trollope wrote, but with the inevitable changes dictated by the greater honesty of modern notions of moral life — I believe the future is open. I do not say that the writers of the moment will change their methods. I do not see how they can honestly do so. But there are in America, perhaps more than in England, opportunities for real stories against interesting backgrounds; and if we could induce the young writers to do a little less experimenting with sterile form, and a little more in the matter of invention and creative imagination, we might produce a kind of novel which would give to the present age a new significance in literature. For a new drama I think there is less hope, though even here there seems to me to be a clear indication that the play which has invention and character may be produced, to the exclusion of the technical experiments, the debates, and the sophisticated hashes of old theatrical stunts. It is not for nothing that Edgar Wallace, whose work varies terribly in quality, even upon his own lines, is becoming the most widely read of English novelists. He tells a story. If those who can write better than Mr. Wallace would follow their noses, they would — I do not say equal Mr. Wallace's sales, for that ought not to enter into their calculations — reestablish the novel as a truly popular form of art. Enormous harm has been done lately by snobbery, by frigid and unimaginative concern with form to the exclusion of other values, or with the purely intellectual or pathological aspects of modern civilization. All this can be swept away, and the novel can be recreated as a living force.

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Last Sunday the "Observer" did a thing which I do not remember ever to have seen done before by an English periodical. It printed the preface to a novel which is not to appear for another two or three months. The book, of course, to which the preface has been written is none other than "The World of William Clissold", that immense novel by H. G. Wells which we are all waiting to see with so much eagerness. What a preface it is! It is written with the utmost freedom, and Mr. Wells writes of himself all through it as "Mr. Wells". This was an inspired idea, for it immediately robs the preface of all trace of egotism. In the course of the preface, Mr. Wells proceeds to protest forcibly against the general assumption that his works are autobiographical, that the ideas of his

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principal characters are *his* ideas, and so on. It is quite true that there has grown up a habit of regarding certain characters as mouthpieces of Mr. Wells, just as it is a habit with some critics to represent the authors of books about which they are writing as having some particular purpose whenever they say something that attracts the attention of one of these too clever people. Critics, that is, are apt to regard such men as Mr. Wells as non-artists. There was never a greater mistake. Mr. Wells moves most readily (in his books) among some classes of people. His heroes have often been scientists because he is thus enabled most easily to support their characters with essential detail. Any suggestion that these heroes, because they are scientists, are mere projections of Mr. Wells must obviously be fallacious, because while every novelist is bounded in his drawing of character by his own comprehension, the calling followed by his characters is to him relatively of minor importance. Critics as a rule are not persons of very rich imagination. Their imagination is of a thinner type which seems to need the support of other men's minds before it can function. Too often, it never functions at all but is replaced (the critics being no wiser) by a curious sort of ungenerous cunning, which leads the critics to make unwarrantable assumptions regarding the mind, aims, morals, sincerity, and practice of the author whom they are treating. Every author has suffered from this limitation of the sympathetic imagination. Mr. Wells has suffered more than most of his kind. His personality is so well known, and has been so much discussed, that this is probably unavoidable. It is the first act of the professional reviewer, in sitting down to write of a book which he has read, to recall all he has ever heard in gossip regarding the writer of this book. Mr. Wells has been much gossiped about. Full of vitality as he is, and disturbing to all complacency and all fixed ideas, he must be a most tempting subject to the professional gossip and to that even more dangerous type, the amateur. In consequence, as Mr. Wells must be aware, more is supposed to be known about Mr. Wells by others than Mr. Wells himself knows. And one of the things which all reviewers take for granted about Mr. Wells is that he always draws portraits, of himself and other people. It is very sad that it should be necessary for him to take notice of these defects in his critics, but the preface is especially called for in the case of his present book. He says:

> This time may we have a truce to such artless tributes to the novelist's art? It was William Clissold, an entirely fictitious character, who thought out most of the problems of his life and made belated love to his fictitious Clementina in a fictitious *mas* in Provence, and in spite of the entirely imaginary wreckage of an automobile in the road to Thorenc the author survives. It is no good to look for that stone, with its simple inscription, in the Magagnosc cemetery. To the best of his knowledge and belief the author has never been buried anywhere. . . . All novelists use actual experiences in their work. They must know things before they tell about them. But all novelists rearrange, sublimate, intensify. One turns over the sketch-book of one's memories and uses what one needs. One takes a lifted eyebrow here and a mimosa in flower there. The imagination discovers a certain congruity between some actual situation and some constructive necessity, and works in as much of the situation as it needs. But it alters and rearranges without scruple. The eyebrow is not a portrait; the parallelism of a situation is not a report. Surely there is enough to read in this book without reading between the lines.

Not every novelist, perhaps, would subscribe to some of Mr. Wells's statements as to the general practice of novelists; but there never was an appeal which it was so necessary in

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these days to make. This is the more so in view of the fact that by the author's own admission "The World of William Clissold" contains real people under their own names, so that we shall have before us in its pages — with luck — the genuine portrait of a man against a background which for once is a genuine picture of the times in which we live. No novel for many years, I am sure, is going to make as much talk as this new one by Mr. Wells.

* * * *

Mr. Wells's novel and the new novel by Arnold Bennett seem to represent the cream of the autumn fiction list. Mr. Galsworthy's new book, "The Silver Spoon", is announced for this month, and so it will be on the stands before these words are printed. The first volume of "William Clissold" is to be published in England in September, the second in October, and the third in November. Mr. Bennett's book, "Lord Raingo", will presumably be out in October. If what I hear of this last is true, it will be one of Mr. Bennett's major works; but even if it is not, the subject is one which is sure to attract great attention. I understand that the book deals with the life of Lord Beaverbrook, or that it is at least to some extent founded upon the personalities of Lord Beaverbrook and his father, a Scottish Presbyterian minister. Lord Beaverbrook, as I was saying two or three months ago, is a man who is much loved by some people, and as strongly disliked by others. Recently Mr. Bennett wrote to the papers about him (strictly speaking, to one paper, "The Nation and the Athenæum"), expressing great admiration, and incidentally correcting the view that Lord Beaverbrook is an uncultured boor who has no understanding of literature. Mr. Bennett said that on the contrary Lord Beaverbrook was very widely read, that he read a great deal at the present time, and that he was a Biblical expert. It will be interesting to see — if Mr. Bennett shows us the fact — how these qualifications link up with the "Daily Express" and the "Sunday Express", which are Lord Beaverbrook's principal newspaper organs in this country. To proceed with the distinguished novels of the autumn, we may expect Mr. Walpole's "Harmer John", which I confidently believe to have better prospects of wide acceptance by all sections of the reading public than any other book he has written. The theme of it — speaking quite roughly — is religious. Apart from these books, owing to the fact that I write while everybody is holiday-making, and before even the earliest releases of information regarding the autumn season, the outlook is delightfully vague. Some English authors are in London, but there are more Americans. Most of the English, apart from such returned travelers as Aldous Huxley, who is still full of his recent journeyings upon the face of the earth, are living out of London, in the country, where for a wonder there is a little summer warmth.

* * * *

One word more. I have discovered that a lady has been annoyed by something I wrote here a short time back regarding the literary taste of nurses. In the ordinary way I do not think any good purpose is served by controversy, and in any case the object of these notes is not the annoyance of any persons. But this lady challenges my statement regarding nurses, and says that it must be based upon an acquaintance with not more than half a dozen or a dozen members of that most admirable class.

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She also suggests that my ribaldry was due to spleen, which I think is unworthy of her. But in self defense, perhaps I may tell the injured lady that owing to various physical mishaps I have at different times been incarcerated in three private hospitals, that I have been a regular, almost daily, visitor at two others over a period of years, and that quite a number of friends of mine have also contributed facts to my collection. Directly and familiarly, I must have known not fewer than thirty nurses, and slightly or indirectly about a couple of dozen more. As nurses, and as individuals, these women have nearly all been superb. But in the matter of literary taste, the less said about them the better. The lady who protested is of course not an English nurse, and I do not pretend to know anything at all about the American variety. I think, on the other hand, that I am entitled to say that of all the English nurses I have known, personally or by report, not one has ever been more than simple minded in the matter of literature. Perhaps the lady does not know that in England nurses are paid lower wages than housemaids, and that the amount of leisure time which they enjoy is scandalously inadequate. I wish it were otherwise.

SIMON PURE

VALEDICTION

By Fabyan Mathey

SOMETIME quite near I go to join the dead,
I feel the end's approach and hear its tread;
I know not when nor how, but only this:
That death will find me glad, and my last kiss
Will weave among the stars a wild delight,
A pattern of disdain to merge with night.

I soon shall go, and then will pass my pain,
No more this loneliness and passion vain;
Let all rejoice that I have found my rest,
Let one not know that I have loved her best,
More than my own pen, more than all my songs,
More than the earth to which my dust belongs.

And when I go I leave no wish but one:
In moonlight's tresses, visible to none,
And nude and shameless, tossed by laughter's wave,
Let two young lovers dance upon my grave.

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THE NEW YORKER

Rahman Bey, the Human Pincushion — A Chill Night at the Neighborhood Playhouse — The American Girl Glorified Once More — A French Film and a German — Our Error

SOMETHING new has come to the theatre in the person of Fakir Rahman Bey, an Egyptian, who demonstrates the principles of his curious science. His program consisted of such choice bits as Body Rigidity, Thought Reading, and Burial Alive. He also inserted daggers, needles and nails into portions of his person and permitted heavy stones to be broken on his stomach. We were fascinated, for these things actually did happen. Dr. Hereward Carrington, sometime associated with mediums, introduced the fakir in a speech which had a veneer of science. Rahman Bey, like other teachers, hopes to cure the world by an application of his fakirism. Whether or not the ability to run a needle through your neck without pain is going to make living endurable we cannot say, but from the aspect of a sideshow Rahman Bey is superb. One can work up a beautiful sadistic glow by ordaining, as a fractional part of the audience, that the fakir shall be buried alive for eleven minutes — every shovelful of sand cast on his coffin confers the weight of godlike powers. If Rahman Bey is the master of life and death, he very considerately shares that privilege with his audience. Our own theory is that Rahman Bey has very little to do with the wonders performed upon his person. To us he seemed a rather handsome, negative young man with neither the character nor the power to will when he should sleep or when he should wake. For the mysteries that happen, if mysteries they are, we believe one of his alleged assistants is responsible. This inconspicuous man watched Rahman Bey with piercing gaze; he was always close at hand during the experiments; he it was who led the stumbling fakir from the stage and inserted daggers in his biceps. We could believe that he was hypnotizing the fakir as deliberately as the fakir himself soothed a rabbit into rigidity. But we were not one of those to investigate at close range on the stage, being content to accept it for what it was — the sort of thing that made Mr. Barnum famous. See the greatest show on earth. Rahman Bey! Gets buried alive. Sleeps on swords and juggles with Death. Right this way, ladies and gents. Right this way!

Nothing else entertained us quite so much. The Neighborhood Playhouse put on its annual "Grand Street Follies" and once again we walked a mile or so to find an elevated railroad that would take us there. We have a very soft spot in our critical heart for the Neighborhood Playhouse; we admire the genuine talent found there and we like the way it is displayed. But this time we feel that the organization has done us dirt. Our chief plaint lies in the fact that we had never seen a "Grand Street Follies". One year we were somewhere in Europe and the next we were gallivanting around the Equator, but even in these unlikely places rumors of the excellence of the productions reached us. Nothing, so the tales went, had ever been produced on

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Broadway quite so amusing, and so we were all prepared to see something really exceptional. Either rumor lied as usual, or else this current production is not quite up to scratch, because we found much of it hard sledding indeed. Perhaps that is appropriate, since the North Pole is selected for most of the scenes. At any rate, Eskimos wailing their native songs amid the icebergs and Yankee promoters dropping in on them from passing airplanes left us chilled and discouraged before the first curtain. Albert Carroll was wasted as a clown, the ensemble lagged, and only Paula Trueman seemed to us completely lovely. This young woman has the most beautiful hands and feet we have ever seen; she moves them with consummate grace — a nice artistry that combines abandon with reserve. What she does is not important; just to sit and watch her, unthinking, is pleasure enough. One bit written by Milt Gross in his famous "Nize Baby" manner rocked the house to side splitting laughter, and there was an entertaining parody on "Uncle Tom's Cabin", done with a Russian décor that seemed to us oddly like the pictures of Miguel Covarrubias, but with these blood warming exceptions "The Grand Street Follies" proved but a frosty evening.

Florenz Ziegfeld, after his customary backing and filling, again glorified the American girl in a revue called "No Foolin'", which name was later changed to "Glorifying the American Girl" — perhaps a wise move since this label has become a trademark as widely recognized as Campbell's or Mennin's. Emphasis for this season is laid on purity. Mr. Ziegfeld evidently feels the present type of revue is brazen; and if the pot after scouring itself a bit wants to call attention to the color of the kettle, we for one are content. The result is happy, and gives the audience an opportunity to admire pretty costumes rather than pretty bodies. After all there is a sameness about the latter, which were created more or less on identical lines, Darwin to the contrary, but there is an admirable variation to the art of the couturière. The jokes too are well covered, and it would take a mind steeped in suggestive thoughts to discover the dirt hidden there, if any. This revue maker has the gift of beauty not always shared by his contemporaries; Ziegfeld creates a picture of loveliness which others vainly seek to improve on by elaboration. "Dans la Boule Lumineuse" and "The Goddess of Feathers" remain in our memory as particularly gorgeous spectacles, and we think that Greta Nissen dancing in "Mlle. Bluebeard" gives the best pantomime of the year. It's a good show, clean, cool, and colorful.

This month, openings in the spoken drama being few, we turned to the movies for an evening or so of entertainment. The first to draw us was the American opening of "Les Misérables", which was offered at Carnegie Hall to a specially invited audience presumably chosen for its sympathetic interest in Victor Hugo's work, or the French nation, or perhaps the Universal Pictures Corporation. When we entered the hall we felt as if this were an occasion such as the welcoming of Joffre or celebrating the victory on the Marne. French and American flags floated from every box and balcony — actually they hung limp in the frightful heat, but the effect was martial. The orchestra played the "Marseillaise" at great length, and one was always standing up for a national anthem. So much for the setting. Our impression of the picture itself was that it was inadequate, that the motion

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picture camera in spite of its great strides is as yet unable to film at its full value a work like "Les Misérables", which is after all primarily a great philosophical treatise rather than a novel. But we are unable accurately to judge. From where we sat in a box far on the side the screen was so distorted as to give the impression of people sliding or climbing precariously over decks in a rough sea, and the faces of the actors had an irritating habit of elongating and narrowing in a manner that quite outdid all the frightful masks that Lon Chaney ever adopted. This or the heat made us somewhat seasick, so we sat with closed eyes during part of the showing, and therefore may have missed something very fine. It must be recorded that the audience showed its appreciation by tumultuous applause, but that may have been the Gallic temperament; we heard more French spoken around us than we have ever heard on the rue de Rivoli.

The following night we went to see "Variety", the praise of which has become so persistent that we could not very well ignore it. We were repaid for our trouble. This film, made by UFA, the great German organization, stirred us as nothing has since "The Big Parade". Actually it seemed to us a finer picture because Ewald André Dupont, the director, did not have the massed effects to work with that King Vidor utilized so well, and it is an axiom that emotion can be obtained from any moving body — soldiers on the march to charging cattle. There is genius in the story of this ballyhoo man of a Hamburg sideshow, his struggle to escape from that sordid life with his mistress, and the tragic end they make of it together. If this piece is a box office success, as it seems to be at its first showing in New York, then it overturns all the notions of movie magnates as to what the public wants. The powers that be had better consider again the scripts they are wont to welcome with joy. There is absolutely no sentimentality in "Variety", and no palliative is offered for the starkness of the story. The girl is frankly a bad woman; she runs with men other than her accredited lover because she wants to — nobody betrays her. The deserted wife is mercifully not shown bending over the cradle of her abandoned child, although there is one, and the man has no super qualities. He is simply a dazed, blundering human caught in the grip of a great passion. All the actors are admirable, with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti particularly fine, but it is to the photography that the laurels should go. Everything is utilized, and we learn that feet may be more expressive than faces and that a man's back may

THE DRAMA SHELF

"In a Garden" by Philip Barry (Doran). The beautifully phrased play of a wife who grew tragically weary of cleverness.

"The Lamplighter" by Charles Dickens (Appleton). A picturesque little volume containing a one act farce, and the short story from which its creator evolved it.

"The House in the Wood" by Alice W. Alden (Old Tower Press, Chicago). Adventures of children among fairies, pirates, and royal folk. Suitable for outdoor presentation.

"Every One Has His Fault" by Mrs. Inchbald (Oxford). Another in the series of delightful little reprints of English comedies of the eighteenth century.

"Theatre Practice" by Stark Young (Scribner). Interesting comment on such phases of the theatre as acting, directing, illusion, costumes. Illustrated by photographs.

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show more despair than all the tear filled eyes that ever streamed across the silver screen. Really a great picture.

In a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN we committed a deplorable error. We compared Walter Hampden's playing of Manson in "The Servant in the House" to that of Forbes-Robertson in the same part. Now the error lies in the fact that Sir Johnston never played the part of Manson, which was written specially for Mr. Hampden by Charles Rann Kennedy. Naturally under the circumstances Mr. Hampden might reasonably feel aggrieved. We offer him our sincere apologies for the mistake, which probably upsets us far more than it does him, since we were the one to blunder. What happened of course was that we confused "The Servant in the House" with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back", since the leading parts of the two are somewhat similar.

LARRY BARRETTO

INTERIM

By Babette Deutsch

SUMMER again, and summer again going, —
Old twisted leaves underfoot, a rainy haired cloud
Above the tall corn, and a damp wind blowing
Through the rich green where the first rust is showing
On trees no longer proud.

How many summers since we sat together,
Watching the drift of cloud and leaf, and spoke,
In voices veiled like the veiled wistful weather,
Of the pull at the heart, when ungiven love is the tether . . .
And then the tether broke.

So now we sit together and are not shaken
By the dark pulse, or the dark dividing fear.
We have given, and forgiven, as we have assaulted and taken
The utmost claustral places. Now what touch can awaken
Leafage trodden under, year on year?

Autumn not yet come, and summer quietly going, —
This present bleakness speaks of an hour when the bright
Blood shall torture us with its frozen flowing;
Yet now love is a coal that grief is sullenly blowing:
We shall have our fire for the night.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

JULIET IS TWENTY — Jane Abbott — *Lippincott.* The adventures of the adorable Juliet between twenty and twenty one — the conventional romance, but less sticky than most.

OVERHEARD — Ruby M. Ayres — *Doran.* From the chance overheard remark, lives are changed, hearts are broken.

THE BLUE WINDOW — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* Lovely Hildegarde finds a simple and strong heart better to lean on than all of the glittering society of the east.

*WALLS OF GLASS — Larry Barretto — *Little, Brown.* Swift moving narrative and expert characterization combined in a picture of small town life. (*See page 93.*)

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* With a playwright for a hero, this finder of lost historical moments reconstructs court life in the eighteenth century.

HANGMAN'S HOUSE — Donn Byrne — *Century.* A little more Irish than ever before. Donn Byrne's latest is also gayer, more gallant, more everything that a thoroughly Celtic romance should be.

*THE SILVER STALLION — James Branch Cabell — *McBride.* More love and word mystery and entanglement along the happy byways of Poictesme.

*THE INCREDULITY OF FATHER BROWN — G. K. Chesterton — *Dodd, Mead.* Every story proves Mr. Chesterton to be more adroit and Father Brown more lovable. (*See page 92.*)

PROSE AND CONS — Irvin S. Cobb — *Doran.* Hither and yon with a great humorist.

THE TENTS OF JACOB — Hyman Cohen — *McBride.* Close, sympathetic study is evident in this story of daily life among villagers in the Russian pale.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS — Homer Croy — *Harper.* Pike Peters, as humorous as his name, sees Paris.

THE BLACK HUNTER — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Anne St. Denis, David, Doctor Coué, and complete Curwood cast and plot in Quebec, 1750.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* An unusual father and son story, highly charged with sentiment.

*AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* He might have been president but he chose the electric chair.

THE WORM OUROBOROS — E. R. Eddison — *A. and C. Boni.* A lengthy fantasy that probably holds some charm for the ultra initiate, but for the average not much but bewilderment.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A brilliant picture of how it feels to have or to have been a notoriously unfaithful wife.

AFTER NOON — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* One of these well bred young men turns mother, and ceases in the course of time to be a widower.

THE HIGH ADVENTURE — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* Adventure and detection speed another Farnol hero along another English highway.

*SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Another mother stands triumphant against the turbulent background of the Mississippi. (*See page 91.*)

MARCHESTER ROYAL — J. S. Fletcher — *Doran.* A mystery, and excellently spun.

O GENTEEL LADY! — Esther Forbes — *Houghton Mifflin.* Crinolines and stays failed to curb the spirit of this most modern

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young lady who dwelt in Boston during the reign of Dr. Holmes.

MASTERSON — Gilbert Frankau — *Harper.* Propaganda for virility executed by a sentimentalist.

THE RED CONFESSOR — Nathan Gallizier — *Doubleday, Page.* Rome in the days of Benvenuto Cellini is the scene of this picturesque romance.

*THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Another page in the Forsyte Saga, more entertaining than "The White Monkey". (*See page 92.*)

*UNCHANGING QUEST — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A remarkable love story against a remarkable panoramic background.

GLASS HOUSES — Eleanor Gizycka — *Minton, Balch.* A few stones thrown definitely but gracefully at American society.

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING — Ernest Hemingway — *Scribner.* A parody novel full of sly digs at current literary manners and personalities.

RICHARD, MYRTLE AND I — Stephen Hudson — *Knopf.* Another of Mr. Hudson's masterly analyses of the artist and the materialist at war within a man.

THE OLD HOME TOWN — Rupert Hughes — *Harper.* Clever and dramatic story of a town during the strain of sudden growth.

THREE KINGDOMS — Storm Jameson — *Knopf.* The modern woman acutely displayed in all her perplexity.

TOM FOOL — F. Tennyson Jesse — *Knopf.* The legendary figure of Tom Fool, dreamer and adventurer on the sea, is here projected into a stirring tale.

THE GREAT VALLEY — Mary Johnston — *Little, Brown.* Beautifully presented historical tale of early Virginia pioneers.

MANTRAP — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* The great realist plays an amusing game of tiddlywinks in the north woods.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* A glimpse beneath the blondine, or the soul of a professionally out of work lady.

THE WRONG LETTER — Walter S. Masterman — *Dutton.* Up to the very last chapter not a shadow of suspicion falls on the real murderer.

*THUNDER ON THE LEFT — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Page.* A bitter picture of how our dreams don't come true.

*PIG IRON — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* A realistic panorama displaying the hollow rewards of success.

THE BLACK FLEMINGS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Not far from the House of Seven Gables is Wastewater, the scene of this really enchanting, if light, romance.

PRODIGALS OF MONTE CARLO — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* A love story mixed this time with the swift adventure.

*WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* Humble life in the west beautifully portrayed in a really remarkable first novel.

*THE RED LEDGER — Frank L. Packard — *Doran.* Original, fascinating, the best story Mr. Packard has written in years.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Proof positive that the essential masculine fails to change through the years.

TOMORROW'S TANGLE — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* A swiftly flowing story of a woman's difficulties in love and her triumphs in work.

*DAPHNE BRUNO — Ernest Raymond — *Doran.* An amazing contrasting study of mother and daughter. Two generations, two codes, two loves.

THE BAT — Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood — *Doran.* Masterly representation of this masterly mystery.

TEEFTALLOW — T. S. Stribling — *Doubleday, Page.* More literature of the soil — Tennessee soil this time.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING — Sylvia Thompson — *Little, Brown.* A miscellany of post-war strictures and strivings.

KING OF DREAMS — J. R. Warmington — *Doran.* A religious novel with all the colorful Biblical trappings.

THE WONDERING MOON — George Weston — *Dodd, Mead.* Neither the young love nor the mystery element of this light summer yarn will prove a strain on the vacation reader.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Still the outstanding adventure of them all.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. *"The Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant. Out only a short time and worth the attention of all men interested in their own ideas related to thought as a whole.*

2. *"The Lay Anthony" by Joseph Hergesheimer. An idyllic novel by one of our first prose artists.*

3. *"Mountain Blood" by Joseph Hergesheimer. Stirring and turbulent, less embroidered than most of Hergesheimer.*

4. *"Linda Condon" by Joseph Hergesheimer. Fine and poignant characterization.*

5. *"Balisand" by Joseph Hergesheimer. His latest and almost his best. You cannot do better these days then to reread Hergesheimer.*

The New Tales

"YOU must read only for your own pleasure", said the doctor as he surveyed my annoying case of midsummer influenza. "Good", thought I. But what books for my own pleasure? For at least once in my life I became an honest critic — with myself honest, at any rate. I threw out a book by a well known lady author which will be read with delight by twenty five per cent of BOOKMAN readers. "Not for me this trip, *Madame*", I shouted ghoulishly. I threw out all the books from publishers bearing some such legend as this: "Our big first novel of the autumn. This young man's work is imperfect but we are anxious to know if you agree with us that it has an underlying power that will bring it to the attention of the many." For a time I read Hergesheimer, delightedly, devotedly. I reread "The Lay Anthony", as lovely a novel as has ever seen light in America; then "Linda Condon", a technical performance of rare intelligence; then "Mountain Blood", "Tubal Cain", "Wild Oranges"—a revel in Hergesheimer. And such a revel I most heartily recommend, as you see above. Time came when it must be the new ones, but when I picked, I picked the authors whose *technique* was sure to be steady, who *were* novelists. No experiments this week, thank you. I am *reading for pleasure.*

Miss Ferber's Mississippi

"SHOW BOAT" (Doubleday, Page) is magnificent. It is a definite advance in minor characterization and in atmospheric writing over "So Big". The main characters are fine, too, although it is difficult to rival a Selina De Jong even with a Magnolia Ravenal, with whom Selina would have had much in common. Miss Ferber's documentation of her story of theatre days down the rivers of mid-America is admirable. This is a book particularly notable for the small scene, the memorable wave of the hand, the magnificent dress, the unforgetable gesture. Edna Ferber builds now like Dickens. Her rarest moments are still, however, her own. There will be much discussion, I fancy, of the manners of this novel, which will probably be called mannerisms. The

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time scheme, for one thing, is puzzling to me, but that is part of the story and it may be that Miss Ferber would not gain her effect so splendidly did she not make use of motion picture placing of scenes. The other trick is more annoying to me than to most people. She mentions by name so many living people I don't like that I am brought up against the fact that perhaps in life I shouldn't like her imaginary characters as much as she's making me like them. It would take much more than Edna Ferber's art to make Woollcott a hero to me, but then, she does mention Ethel Barrymore, which is some consolation. Anyhow, Miss Ferber has written a noteworthy book, constantly interesting, amazingly colorful, a better book than "So Big". The greatness of the Mississippi is here, too — even if the main theme of her story does occasionally escape her in her absorption with glitteringly and beautifully detailed trivialities.

The Forsytes Come Tripping

FLEUR and Michael are again gracile, alluring, utterly foolish, in a novel the plot details of which are as ridiculous as those of any recent attempt of major importance. They do not matter. It is a novel, this "The Silver Spoon" (Scribner), of brisk incident and gay remark, of social satire and political analysis (the latter I find readable but utterly impossible to fathom), a swifter moving story than "The White Monkey". From one who only moderately enjoyed the Forsytes, I am rapidly becoming a sitter at the feet at least of Soames. The characterization of him is unbelievably good. Here is a book to be read by all cultivated people everywhere, for it is charming, urbane, witty. The technique will never annoy you. Its effect of marginalia on the pages of the present is fascinating. Apparently we are to have an American volume of the saga, since Jon has married in the Carolinas. It is eagerly awaited by at least one reader — and then, of course, there's Christopher with his silver spoon. He's coming along, too. Long live the Forsytes from generation to generation!

The Most Sophisticated Mysteries

IF I've ever read a better short mystery than "The Doom of the Darnaways" or "The Curse of the Golden Cross", I have forgotten it. Perhaps it was a "Father Brown" story of older vintage. Anyway, Chesterton, when he turns to these yarns, is always magnificent. A new volume of them should be cause for rejoicing along the length and breadth of the land. To be sure, they are a bit thick with propaganda, some of them, and had not the first part of "The Incredulity of Father Brown" (Dodd, Mead) been so fine, I should have been tempted to scrap this excellent book after reading the last story. Or do I take that story too seriously? It is hard to know how to take G. K. Chesterton's propaganda. I much prefer him at his mystic and colorful best. What a superb atmosphere of spirit horror he builds up in "The Arrow of Heaven"; and as for Father Brown himself, he is one of those fictional characters so nearly perfect that they are difficult to consider as fictional. Where Sherlock Holmes always seemed to me to smell a little of grease paint, the only odor I can detect on Father Brown is that of sanctity — and then only when sanctity is properly defined.

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Three Rousing Cheers!

LARRY BARRETTO'S third novel, "Walls of Glass" (Little, Brown), is well done in every sense of the word. It is as interesting a story as I have read in many months; more constantly interesting, in fact, than the other novels by better known authors reviewed in these pages. His characterization is brilliant, his narrative technique amazing for swiftness and economy — only very occasionally does his dialogue flag a trifle. It seems to me that this novel places him well ahead of current story tellers of our generation. Without the flashy brilliance of Fitzgerald, he has a steady humanity that should gain him a wider public. Without the absorption in detail of Louis Bromfield, he has a directness which is most unusual and appealing. He reminds me of Tarkington, somehow, when Tarkington was younger by a number of years. It is a Tarkington relieved of the dangerous inclination to pick an easy incident for helping along the plot, although Barretto is not above the use of the coincidence now and then. First and foremost, in this story of a brave woman and her son, of small town snobbery and race track glamour, Barretto proves himself to be a first class novelist, a novelist who can write a story in which the characters are given us richly dimensioned on pages where the story does not lag. — *J. F.*

THE HIGH WORDS

By Lynn Riggs

ALOOF, the words
From mouth to mouth
Wing high
North and south.

In the blue air
Slowly they rise,
Above the wind
And the cloud-ice.

They never wait
For them that fall;
Their shadows are long
As their flight is tall.

In a certain place
At last they speak
To one alone
On a mountain peak.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

IN DIVERS MODES

By Llewellyn Jones

IT is probably through no accident that so many doctors have been good poets, for poetry is something like surgery. The surgeon's kindness is of no avail unless he has technique: and technique is always deliberate and cold blooded. In poetry what the public loosely calls "inspiration" gets nowhither unless the poet is a master of his craft. Robert Bridges, the English poet laureate, is not only the greatest living craftsman in verse but he is the only great craftsman who has shared his technique with the world. Generally the prosodist is not a poet but a man with a "theory" as to what constitutes rhythm — and in the light of it, a captious critic of what the poet does.

In his "New Verse" Mr. Bridges has not only given us a collection of beautiful poems — or rather three collections, each representing a different mode of versifying — but he has given us a demonstration that his own contributions to prosody are sound. Disregarding his ideas about quantitative metres (a vexed subject), Mr. Bridges says that English verse is of two kinds: that based on syllable counting and that based on the counting of accents. Milton, according to Mr. Bridges, by a system of strict syllable counting — admitting extra syllables only where he could account for them by "elision" — was able to write blank verse which had great rhythmic freedom because the accents could fall wherever they would — almost as freely as in prose. Now Mr. Bridges has taken a longer line — of twelve syllables — and by treating it in the same manner has acquired a rhythmic freedom and a music which are new to English verse. He says in a preface that his system may give the free verse writers what they have been seeking: evidently a prosody which will differentiate their lines from prose. Of course these lines have to be read as Mr. Bridges intended them to be: that is, in feet of two syllables each (except where there is elision), or else they become accentual verses or prose lines. Here is an easy sample, the first stanza of a noble poem, "The Psalm":

While Northward the hot sun was sinking
o'er the trees
As we sat pleasantly talking in the meadow,
The swell of a rich music suddenly on our
ears
Gush'd thru' the wide-flung doors, where
village-folk in church
Stood to their evening psalm praising God
together —
And when it came to close, paused, and
broke forth anew.

The chances are ten to one that, on first reading, the newcomer to this verse will misread the second line. It is not, as it would be if this were accentual verse, a line of four or five beats, each marked by a speech stress. It is rather:

As we / sat pleas / antly / talking / in the /
meadow.

Working on this firm basis, Mr. Bridges can do anything he pleases, even to inverting the accent of his last foot — which all the textbooks censure severely:

In solitude bewailing and in sad silence.

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But the chief interest of this collection is not a technical one: in it will be found both philosophical and lyrical poetry which shows Mr. Bridges at his undiminished best.

In "The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese" we have brought together the best work of one of our finest singers — poems familiar to readers of her Mosher editions and some new ones. There is "Tears" with its vision of

> How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
> Homer his sight, David his little lad . . .

and there are some beautiful new lyrics, fine spun, spiritual, but as concretely symbolized as the greatest realist could wish:

> And through the dwindling of the light
> And clear unto the town
> Was heard the blunt, rich, huddled sound
> Of the apples dropping down.

Vachel Lindsay's "Going-to-the-Stars" is another hieroglyphically illustrated record of a sojourn in Glacier Park, this time with Mrs. Lindsay instead of Stephen Graham. There is jazz, and a long and picturesque curse on the saxophone, a political poem giving Andrew Jackson his just homage, and some unexpected touches like:

> Only boys keep their cheeks dry.
> Only boys are afraid to cry.
> Men thank God for tears,
> Alone with the memory of their dead
> Alone with lost years.

That we are all tired of hearing people sing "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart" should not prejudice us against the late Robert Cameron Rogers, whose collected poems have been reissued. He wrote romantic tales — that of King David pouring out to God the water brought him by his three "mighty men" is perhaps the best known — classical vignettes, and poems of the cowboy. These and his lyrics are well done, crisp, and moving, but the jacket writer went too far when he put Rogers on a par with Moody and Emily Dickinson.

New Verse. By Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press.
The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese. George H. Doran Company.
Going-to-the-Stars. By Vachel Lindsay. D. Appleton and Company.
The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers. Dial Press.

FIRST AID IN ART

By Robert Cortes Holliday

THERE are, apparently, a great many people who would like to know something about art. They go in remarkable throngs to the museums, where their faces wear an earnest expression, frequently somewhat strained. They move from one picture directly to the next with a conscientious intention of thoroughness. They pack lecture rooms there, and they enter the rapidly multiplying courses on the subject in schools and colleges. They, multitudes of them, presumably buy the books which are regularly got up for their purchase, volumes of first aid, so to say, to the appreciation of pictures and other objects of art, and purporting to lead the reader on by an "easy" and "practical" process to a full comprehension of intricate mystery. They, most people who cultivate an interest in the arts, are extremely anxious to be *right*. And, it may be observed, a great many of these people believe implicitly anything on the subject which they see in print. "See what it says" in the book.

Something ought to be done about this matter. Just what, it is not so easy to determine. A good deal is being done, of course, by way of talks at museums and through other agencies

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of public instruction; in some instances, competently enough. But I mean, in particular, concerning the books. What, for one thing, should be broadcast is the admonishment to these hungry minds to be exceedingly wary as to the books they take up. Bright people no longer take a patent medicine because it says thus and so on the label; they first find out something about it. Go easy with an art book until you have a pretty good line on the author. And then don't swallow it whole; receive it as interesting if true. Above all, *eschew it if it's dull;* it is, then, very probably stupid, or worse. Authentic art criticism is alive, tingling.

Read with your eyes open. Art books are often handsome affairs; so are gold bricks. Size up an art writer just as you would size up anybody else: take the measure of his human qualities. Well, an extraordinary flock of volumes, setting up as mentors for the elementary student, the humble minded person seeking to improve himself, is just now upon us; and Mr. Wells is outlining the whole story, offhand, as a syndicated serial newspaper feature. Become a connoisseur by fifteen minutes a day.

What is wrong with this picture? In case one wants to know when dining out, "Great Works of Art and What Makes Them Great" by one F. W. Ruckstull, "Sculptor, Lecturer and Editor", tells you; 557 pages, 209 illustrations, good price. In the large advertisement, the caption under one cut reads: "Why this picture by Raphael is 'great'"; under another: "Why this painting by Velasquez is merely 'clever'." Whew! A testimonial to the volume comes from one E. Wake Cook, "London, Ideal Landscape Painter". Whose ideal, is not apparent.

These books for the mind beginning to inquire about art are various, and the moment brings one volume for grateful surprise. For something like twenty years the type of handy manual of art history has been Reinach's "Apollo". "Art Through the Ages: An Introduction to Its History and Significance" by Helen Gardner, in charge of instruction in the history of art, Art Institute of Chicago, is a better book of its kind. For what it is, there is, humanly speaking, no fault to be found with it, in writing or manufacture or price: a comely guidebook and felicitous volume of reference for general civilized use. An especial point is its extensive citation of works of art in our own museums, now becoming so creditable.

Two new titles in the popular series of monographs called "Masters of Modern Art", begun a couple of years ago, are "Corot" by Marc Lafargue and "Van Gogh" by Paul Colin. This is in format a pleasant little series; the illustrations, generous in number, are engaging reproductions. The text of the different volumes, however, is very uneven in merit. Written throughout by Frenchmen, the ten or so volumes now issued give an interesting view of the state of contemporary popular art criticism in France. It is not, altogether, what you might expect. The Camille Mauclair volume on Monet is of course a model of beauty, clarity, knowledge, and insight.

More often these essays are quite without the qualities which we customarily think of in literature as French traits, lucidity and precision of thought or style. The "Corot", for example, is a rhapsodic exercise in sentimentalism. You are struck at once, to color the figure somewhat, by the two outstanding earmarks of bad writing about art: a continual jingle of names of artists who

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have no more actual bearing on the case than a caterpillar, and an aimless sprinkle of poetry quotations. The illustrations here have value in their emphasis upon Corot's figure painting, which lately has taken a new position in authoritative critical favor. The "Van Gogh" is a pretty good biographical sketch of a life stranger than Gauguin's; though in his sympathy the writer considerably overestimates a painter whose rank, after all, will be that of a moderately competent impressionist.

So far we have glanced at books wherein the attention is focused upon art itself and artists. There is another kind which concerns itself directly with the mind of the reader. The handsome and sizable volume, "The Art in Painting" by Albert C. Barnes, goes in for psychology (the psychology not of the artist but of the student), "æsthetics, and the principles of education and scientific method". "The æsthetic experience" is the theme. The treatise essays to erect a "system" for this. Regular courses embodying the "method" have, it seems, been installed at Columbia University and the University of Pennsylvania, and it is followed also in classes conducted in numerous public galleries, including the Louvre and the Metropolitan Museum. At the Barnes Foundation, Merion, Pennsylvania, the plan is applied in classes for "teachers of art, painters, writers and non-professional people". The general premises set forth are sound enough.

Systems, however, for beating the races or anything else are always to be looked in the mouth. There is something rule of thumb about this scheme. It has a tendency to plot out everything but the point. The book is in a school teacher manner; it has no accent of style, no glow. Here arises a very important matter. We should demand that a writer on literary style be himself a stylist. And a man cannot communicate the life and beauty in painting through words themselves without a glimmer of life or beauty. Here, lest I do violence to his most earnest intention, I hasten to record that this writer is not academic in the way of the conventionalists; indeed, some of the best parts of his book are his diatribes against "academic art criticism". In fact, his leanings are somewhat idiosyncratic. With an air of crushing finality, he passes a multitude of judgments which are, I should say, exceedingly arbitrary. In taste, among the moderns, he seems to run overmuch to a chap named Cézanne. In a book which sets out to trace the "essential continuity" in the history of painting, and which has a full page reproduction of a William Glackens, there is no mention of John H. Twachtman, or, indeed, of the Ten American Painters.

All in all, it's a wise child that can snatch culture out of a book. Here is "Why We Look at Pictures", by one Carl H. P. Thurston, author, as the jacket states, of "The Art of Looking at Pictures", etc. A fat volume in a muddle headed style; if the author could talk straight very likely he wouldn't sound so wise to the simple. Presumably, he feels that he is "writing". His vocabulary is very high hat: "æsthetics" (five times on a page), "concept", "sensitizing", etc., etc. Also, everywhere you look: Granacci, Bugiardini, Giorgione, Masaccio — such up stage stuff. By way of being human, smirky humor. Altogether, a wad of thrilling glimpses into the obvious and profound penetration to the inessential. "Especially recommended" for reading is this list: Ruskin, Berenson, Croce, Willard Huntington Wright, and, "for

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anyone who reads German", Lipps and Lange. Ye gods!

Art Through the Ages. By Helen Gardner. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
Van Gogh. By Paul Colin. Dodd, Mead and Company.
Corot. By Marc Lafargue. Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Art in Painting. By Albert C. Barnes. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
Why We Look at Pictures. By Carl H. P. Thurston. Dodd, Mead and Company.

MUSIC APPRECIATION AS YOU LIKE IT

By Frederick H. Martens

APPRECIATION in music, as in other things, is a matter of individual viewpoint; of preference, sentiment, environment, and heredity. It may be fundamentalist, modernist, ritualist, iconoclastic, geographic, or academic. If we go to the appreciator as he is revealed in some recent books we may grow confused as well as wise.

Professor Davison is the appreciator dogmatic. In his "Music Education in America" he laments like a Jeremiah among the ruins of our music-educational system, and declares our musical appreciation is all at sea. From "frothy" cantatas like Gounod's "Gallia" to "Broadway's sophisticated emanations", those "jazz and 'comic songs', always snickering and slapping one on the back", he curses the Assyrians. But aside from the fact that many of Professor Davison's premises are erroneous, dogmatism and denunciation without real constructive suggestion do not get far. Yet there is unconscious humor. The Harvard Glee Club is shown highhatting about the land with a repertoire of "only 'classical or serious' music"; and yet (perhaps on the principle of not letting its right lung know what its left lung doeth) it carries in a black bag a program of "lighter music and college songs", many belonging to the very types at which the Professor gnashed music-educational teeth in preceding chapters. But of course, these things which "snicker and slap one on the back" are sung only sub rosa, as it were. "Only . . . at luncheons usually exclusively for Harvard men, and pre-football concerts does the club use music of the college variety!" Perhaps the singers resemble Rappacini's daughter of Hawthorne's tale in that, having been steeped in the poison of snicker song from sophomore years, they preserve their serious appreciation where others might lose it.

Turning from Professor Davison to a very different dogmatist, Paul Whiteman, we find his "Jazz" a genial, entertainingly written autobiography, and a vivid, colorful exposition of its subject. A picture shows the author Sousaphoning on the green, a chubby Whiteman baby sitting in the instrument's bell as a mute. But Paul is blowing too seriously, too *ex cathedra*. Those who can appreciate jazz as well as Josquin Desprès, and Kern as well Chopin, will enjoy his book. Yet why must he grow solemn as soon as appreciation comes to the fore? Paul, whose rendering of "Mama Loves Papa" brings a snicker of pure joy, is not content to let our joy be unrefined. No, we must appreciate jazz because "jazz represents America's first *serious* contribution to music" (O shades of MacDowell!) and "jazz is not just a frivolous, passing fad of the day". We must not enjoy jazz on its own merits of rhythm, color, virility. No, appreciation must be real and earnest. The snicker must be idealistically motivated and its family tree traced back to early jungle aristocrats. W. C. Handy's "Blues", an anthology of jazz music from the first woad stain to

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an excerpt from Gershwin's brilliant Concerto (the Andante with a 1926 derby muting the bell), we like because it just backslaps us happily, and bids us go ahead and enjoy (or appreciate), and its indigo daddy and Abbe Niles are content to syncopate in music and text without dogmatizing.

Percy Scholes, in two recent books, stands for appreciation from a legitimate yet definitely commercial angle. The commercial equation makes for tolerance on the basis of the greatest sale to the greatest number, and "The Appreciation of Music by Means of the Duo-Art", a reproducing piano, was written for Britishers, "plain, simple people who [like Americans] like music but are a little bewildered by its complexity". "Everybody's Guide to Radio Music" is a good appreciation primer for the many; and the author's easy, undogmatic little discussions of "good and bad music" really should make many enjoy both kinds more. Those who pronounce in the original, incidentally, will also appreciate phonetic transliterations in the "Guide", such as: "*Feeg*-arr-oh", "Coo-*see* fan *toot*-aye", "Dee *Tsow*-ver-fle(r)te(r)", "Poo-*chee*-nee", "*Hoomp*-er-dinck", and others.

Neville D'Esterre's theories of appreciation, reflected in "Music and Its Creators", are the results of a sensitive, intelligent amateur's self training. He proves far more constructive than the autocrat of the glee club table. Though he frowns on the "saxophone, most idiotically monotonous of instruments", and finds that instead of being "America's first serious contribution to music" jazz shows MacDowell lived in vain and "portrays the feverish, stereotype mediocrity of modern American life", Mr. D'Esterre has tolerance: ". . . there is more hope of salvation for him who plunges recklessly through 'any old tune' than the earnest person who in an indiscriminate manner renders the works of Schumann, Gounod, Debussy and Chaminade."

Jazz is dismissed in toto by J. Lawrence Erb with a brief reflection anent the futility of chasing "after the latest effusion from some Broadway tune-factory". Yet his "Music Appreciation for the Student", intended for the hip flasked youth of our high schools and for music lovers in general, should (together with Scholes's "Guide to Radio Music") do considerable good. Why? Because it makes intelligent enjoyment the first consideration in appreciation, and does so by way of a logical, connected, and interesting presentation of its subject.

Appreciation, like creation, should be free and unfettered. Its first business is to enjoy. Consciously, intelligently, if possible; but naturally, free from dogma, musical theology, shibboleths. It should react to every phase and every facet of art, and neither its Archibald Davisons nor Paul Whitemans should take it too seriously.

Paul, speaking of his orchestra, says: "If one wants thunder and lightning, rain, hail, pistol shots, cuckoo calls, the cackling of a chicken or the crying of a baby, one relies upon the trap player. . . ." By all means let us have them if we like them, but let us have chicken cackle and baby cry without solemn motivation. And above all, don't let us be two-family men of appreciation, with Mrs. Palestrina traveling with us in public, while the little snicker wife skulks guiltily in the Cambridge shadows, waiting for one of those luncheons "exclusively for Harvard men".

Music Education in America. By Archibald T. Davison. Harper and Brothers.
Jazz. By Paul Whiteman and Mary Mar-

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garet McBride. J. H. Sears and Company.
Blues. Edited by W. C. Handy. Albert and Charles Boni.
The Appreciation of Music by Means of the Duo-Art. By Percy A. Scholes. Oxford University Press.
Everybody's Guide to Radio Music. By Percy A. Scholes. Oxford University Press.
Music and Its Creators. By Neville D'Esterre. The Adelphi Company.
Music Appreciation for the Student. By J. Lawrence Erb. G. Schirmer.

THE HEART OF JEFFERSON

By Claude G. Bowers

IT is significant that the concerted efforts of publicists and reactionary historians of the Federalist school to pull Thomas Jefferson from his pedestal and to besmear his reputation and belittle his philosophy received a notable impetus soon after the Civil War. It was at the time that privilege for industrialists and financiers became the order of the day. Out of this new order sprang the great fortunes, due to the legalized use of the instrumentalities of government by the few in the economic exploitation of the many. It was against just such a policy that Jefferson hurled his thunderbolts during the formative days of the republic, and against it that he formulated his philosophy. Even in his day there were Chambers of Commerce taking orders from Hamilton as they do today from Mellon, and it is not on record that any of these bodies that frequently wined and dined Hamilton ever had Jefferson as an honored guest. There was certainly an economic basis for the Homeric quarrel between the "father of American democracy" and the Federalists. This has been vividly shown by Professor Beard in his "Economic Origin of Jeffersonian Democracy".

Now comes Albert Jay Nock, former editor of "The Freeman", an economist and a brilliant stylist, with his "Jefferson", to give us an economic interpretation of that career. It is more in the nature of an illuminating essay than a biography, for the writer is evidently impatient of politics, and he deals more with what Jefferson thought than with what he did. It is a biography of his mind. It is more than that — it is an illumination of his heart. Mr. Nock has thoroughly mastered Jefferson's philosophy by an exhaustive study of his letters and papers. He emerges distinctly as the champion of the producers against the exploiters, acting on the philosophy of Hamilton. The idolater of Jefferson may take exception to Mr. Nock's idea that he did not always understand the conspiracies of the exploiters, but sensed their significance and instinctively moved against them. The author certainly fails to appreciate his subject's consummate genius as a political leader, propagandist, organizer, and drill master, but after all he is not concerned with that phase. He has given us instead a novelty in the way of an economic interpretation, plausibly and brilliantly presented, seeking to do for Jefferson himself what Professor Beard did for Jeffersonian Democracy, and succeeding admirably.

Mr. Nock is evidently less interested in the Jefferson of the battlefield than with the Jefferson of the workshop and the closet — the thinker, dreamer, inventor, investigator, architect, musician, utilitarian, farmer. No American of outstanding political importance has ever approached him in his range of interest and knowledge, and in intellectuality he has had no equal among the Presidents. The glare of his political career has blinded the public to the cultural brilliance of the man, to the ineffable charm of his personality.

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The man of the violin, the lover of books, of flowers and plants and trees, who became infatuated with masterpieces of architecture and studied the art until he become a thorough connoisseur, who could be equally fascinated with a statue or a picture or a new device in machinery, is too little known.

Naturally enough this is the very phase that would appeal to Mr. Nock, who has illuminated it brilliantly and charmingly. It is a most attractive personality that walks through these pages.

It is possible to quarrel with the author on several points, but that would be ungracious and would settle nothing. His poise, fairness, frankness, and evident desire to set down the exact truth disarms all criticism. He is a realist and his description of Washington is an illustration of his courage. Hamilton is deprived of the halo of mythology. And yet there is nothing suggestive of the mere iconoclast, nothing of the professional satirist, nothing ultra smart to mar the pleasure of the reader in search of the truth. Jefferson is not deified; in fact, there are times when we are prone to suspect that the author has found deficiencies that did not exist, or has attached too much importance to some that did.

This very detachment, however, increases the value of the study. The style is Mr. Nock's, and that is compliment enough. It moves along gracefully, beautifully, with no straining after bizarre effects, no dragging in of epigrams for the sake of the epigram. Mr. Nock set out to give us a study of Jefferson that would illuminate both his personality and philosophy, and he has achieved a distinctive success.

Jefferson. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

EVOKING AN AGE

By Alice Beal Parsons

OLD letters share the poignant immediacy of the picture papers whose wealth of information about human passion and strife only a strong-minded person can permanently resist. Many are the sidewise furtive glances cast at photographs of the actual man who killed his grandmother or strangled his wife or discovered a cancer cure. The persons and things they feature may not be the ones we should most like to see. We might be more interested in the face of André Gide on the day he sold his library than in that of John Robinson who embezzled to support two wives. But granted that the selection is not to our fancy, still we glue our eyes to those living faces caught at their moments of intensest life. For life is one thing and any reporter's reaction to it is quite another. To one wishing to know an individual —to a poet, let us say, or a process server or a patron of a marriage broker or a psychologist — a photograph is worth pages of the most subtle and minute description.

And what a photograph is to that revealing mask we call the face letters are to the soul. They reveal personality as the most skilful artist cannot. Yet all hot and smoking with life as they are, the tabloids of history can be enjoyed openly. Instead of losing caste by owning a predilection for them, one gains it. And the fact immediately arouses suspicion. Can it be that they are hard reading, a difficult dissipation?

This second selection from the great mass of Fugger News-Letters centres about the last thirty five years of the reign of Elizabeth, that Jezebel of the north, the archpriestess of the devil, the unconquerable. What documents could be more interesting than actual

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letters written during her reign? And to make the dissipation of their perusal greater, this is the first time they have ever been printed from the faded old sheets sent to Count Philip Edward Fugger by those numerous correspondents of his, business agents, Dutch captains, Catholic refugees, soldiers of fortune, who have been called the forerunners of the modern editor. To be sure, they often fail to give us the selection of news we might have preferred. No light is thrown on those hidden corners of Elizabeth's complex character that have been the despair of the scrupulous historian, and the opportunity of the imaginative and prejudiced one. We could have spared a few accounts of cargoes lost at sea and possible bankruptcies — vital as this information was to the great Catholic merchant to whom it was addressed — for more homely details of daily life. But this is only to say that these are news letters, instead of the sifted selected narrative of the historian.

Any possible difficulty in catching their significance is not due to this circumstance nor to the fact that after following a thread of story through pages we find it suddenly dropped without comment, just as in the papers today. It is not accounted for by the translator's decision to render into colloquial modern English the old German and Latin and Spanish of the originals, sacrificing for a valuable impression of timeliness something of their flavor, and a little confusing the reader as to the chronology of customs. It is due rather to the fact that the personalities of the writers of the letters are for the most part completely negligible, Count Philip being more interested in their news than in themselves. At first glance the documents do not seem to give those revealing intimate glimpses that have made me liken the decorous joys of reading old letters to the illicit joys of the tabloid. Many a reader who comes to them with the modern lust for the secrets of personality will lay them down disappointed, the loser for his haste. For after all character is there, and gradually it rises out of the letters and overspreads them. But it is the character of an age, instead of an individual. Or rather of two ages. The Renaissance with its zest, its interest in personality strangely coupled with its scanty respect for human life, its Machiavellism, its enthusiasm for learning, its love of beauty . . . this age of the Renaissance colliding with the fanaticism, the cruelty, and the spiritual ardor of the Reformation. The spirit of this pregnant period rises out of the letters. We find ourselves at home in it, moving in it.

From its nature the information is often hearsay, often prejudiced or unintelligent. But it tells us what the people of the day thought was happening, what they hoped and feared and did. It shows them moving through the daily life of a great age that without such letters our imagination could never competently recapture. And it leaves no doubt as to the preeminence in the minds of the people of her own time of that Queen who summed up the age in her own gallant, subtle, tempestuous, inscrutable person, and who rode its whirlwinds without fear.

The Fugger News-Letters. Second Series. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. Translated by L. S. R. Byrne. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER'S "The Conquest of New England by the Immigrant" (Putnam) deals with the decadence of the "Mayflower" seed and the conquest of its original stamping ground by Europe's "immigrant hordes". It is biologically an unsound special plea, presented, as such things often are, with considerable eloquence and fervor of conviction, and flying sentimentally in the face of natural law. The Paul Revere of an unscientific hobby, the author calls loudly upon the youth of the stern and Plymouth-Rock-bound coast to stage a "miraculous comeback" which will prevent New England from turning into "a little Europe with all its festering immoralities and bizarre theories". To a Bostonian any theory not hatched out in the Hub may be "bizarre". But "festering immoralities"? Our newspapers prove they are by no means the exclusive property of the vile immigrant. Yet why waste words? Biologically speaking, racial groups, like individual families, decay or are absorbed when they have done their bit. The hands of the race clock do not turn backward in their flight. The snobbishness of mind which implies that an ancestral coming over in the "Mayflower" is tantamount to a descendent guarantee of personal moral purity, while passage in a modern liner steerage implies the reverse, is equaled only by the vanity of an appeal to procreate as a solemn duty of Brahmin blood. It is only fair to add that the book is sincere and interesting; to those who have some idea of how nature works out her racial problems, it is even highly entertaining.

It is problematical whether the faculty of good taste may be cultivated by even the most extensive reading of *loci critici*. Intending and practising reviewers, nevertheless, who are none too sure of their sense and judgment in a pinch, might do worse than peruse and ponder the horrid lapses from right reason and common humanity embalmed in "Notorious Literary Attacks" (Boni, Liveright), edited by Albert Mordell. Here we may read that Leigh Hunt "cannot utter a dedication, or even a note, without betraying the Shibboleth of low birth and low habits", that Shelley "perverts all the gifts of his nature, and does all the injury, both public and private, which his faculties enable him to perpetrate", that Charlotte Brontë in "Jane Eyre" is guilty of "that highest moral offense a novel writer can commit, that of making an unworthy character interesting in the eyes of the reader", and more to the same or worse effect about Hazlitt, Coleridge, Byron, Carlyle, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Dickens, Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, Whitman, Hardy, and Stevenson. Lang's piece on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and Henley's famous "R. L. S." are the only two articles which still command doubtful respect among so misguided a mass of obtuseness and dishonesty. Mr. Mordell's lengthy introduction is a helpful and judicious guide through the morass of evil motived, ignorant, and generally distressing criticism which he has reprinted. His task was well worth undertaking, since most of the material is of historical interest and has up to the present time been inaccessible.

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J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton has rendered a real service by his collection of "The Best Letters of Thomas Jefferson" (Houghton Mifflin). No other American publicist has left such a rich mine of information illuminative of his position on principles and policies, but this very richness has had its disadvantage. It is not everyone who can find the time to read through twenty volumes. Professor Hamilton has selected with fine discrimination the more important letters, making possible an intelligent interpretation of Jefferson through perusal. Those written during the Constitutional convention, and immediately afterward, offer a complete refutation of the popular impression created by partizan historians that he was hostile to that document. In these eighty one letters we have a white light thrown on Jefferson's mind and heart.

Sir Oliver Lodge has published a series of lectures which he gave at Charing Cross Hospital and at Christ Church, Westminster, under the title "Evolution and Creation" (Doran). His style is ideal for setting forth recent progress for the layman. Because of his own preeminence as a physicist, he is at his best in discussing cosmical evolution, but his chapters on the evolution of man stress the spiritual and intellectual progress of humanity. He shows that no disrespect to the Creator lies in the assumption that gradual evolution was the process by which the entire universe came into being, and he establishes his thesis that the new scientific creed is one of optimism and reverence.

In this age of short cuts, readers are relying more and more upon anthologists to place before them a mental diet. One of the most interesting of these collections is "The Gipsy Patteran" by Joseph Ellner (Richards), for it deals with the wandering folk who have captured the world's imagination, and the stories in it move about as freely in time and space as their heroes do upon the broad highway. Among the authors represented are Paul Kester, Maxim Gorky, Jean Richepin, Don Pedro de Alarcon, William Shays, Louise Rice, and Cervantes. Stories have been chosen only by those who have a real insight into gipsy life, and the author contributes a scholarly and interesting introduction to the Romany chals.

If you want to know just what is "The Gang Age" of which Paul Hanly Furfey writes, read "Tom Sawyer", study Skinny and his associates as drawn by Ding, or visit a Boy Scout encampment. Doctor Furfey's book (Macmillan) is a serious study of this pre-adolescent perpetual motion and perpetual problem machine. The author has associated intimately with boys, read a tremendous amount about them, and managed to digest the result. Despite the fact that the pages are as full of citation and references as a tract, they are good reading and sound advice.

If one can learn law by the case system, why not apply the method to short story writing? Such would seem to be the idea of F. M. Perry, professor of English; "Story-Writing: Lessons from the Masters" (Holt) is the result. Plenty of persons who do not wish to be lawyers find meat in legal textbooks, because the cases are absorbing to read. Even if one has no hope of writing for "The Saturday Evening Post", one will find Professor Perry's excerpts and criticism interesting. The "masters" referred to in the title are Poe, O.

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Henry, the Russian realists, Conrad, Henry James, Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Richardson, Katherine Mansfield, Michael Arlen, and the old English ballad writers.

Thomas E. Watson the scholarly historian will survive Tom Watson the demagogue. "Napoleon" by the late Senator from Georgia has been reissued (Dodd, Mead). Watson appears to have read almost all the material on his hero. He is just, albeit partizan. He contends that posterity will vindicate the great Corsican adventurer. He shows that Napoleon was no worse than his contemporary enemies and that he was the central figure in the overthrow of the old order of vested privilege.

It is a pleasant and inviting repast that Michael Monahan prepares for the reader in "Nemesis" (Frank-Maurice); but at the same time it is a repast that provides but little nourishment. The writer is concerned only with the lighter and more gossipy aspects of literature; he gives more attention to the personal lives of his authors than to their works, and appears to be more devoted to the merely casual and incidental than to the fundamental. But the book, despite all its limitations of range, offers interesting and in places even provocative reading; most lovers of literature will find it alluring even though few will feel it to be altogether satisfying.

In an introduction to his translation of Tolstoy's "The Devil" (Harper), now published for the first time, Aylmer Maude decries the proposal to print the enormous amount of material which Tolstoy left unpublished. His reason is that Tolstoy happens to have shown excellent discrimination in this matter. "The Devil", however, Mr. Maude considers an exception, chiefly because of its theme: the struggle between flesh and spirit, in which woman plays the part of the devil's chief agent in achieving man's spiritual destruction. This is the theme also of "The Kreutzer Sonata". As a work of art, therefore, "The Devil" is superfluous: it repeats the theme of the greater work, and not so well. Tolstoy could not even decide which of two endings to use, and that was hardly seeing the work whole.

Kirby Page and Sherwood Eddy, in their volume of biographical essays, "Makers of Freedom" (Doran), have chosen for their subjects eight epoch making figures from the history of world progress. Those whose lives and works here illustriously represent the eternal struggle for liberty and enlightenment are: William Lloyd Garrison, Booker T. Washington, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, John Wesley, J. Keir Hardie, Susan B. Anthony, and Woodrow Wilson. The book contains a valuable concluding chapter in which the various present dangers to the advance of altruistic ideals, of democratized government, industry and commerce, are impartially dissected.

It is rarely that one comes across rhymed translations at once so readable and so poetic as those contained in "Casements", a selection of fifty French poems by fifty poets of the past century (Dutton). The translator, Richard Cloudesley Savage, has succeeded excellently in his attempt not to leave the work "lifeless and metallic"; he has not disfigured his book with the brand of obvious translation but has given us poems that would be entitled to a high ranking if presented originally in the garments in which Mr.

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Savage has appareled them. Unlike most renditions from a foreign language, "Casements" is to be recommended for the poetry it contains as well as for the interest of its French derivation.

Rafael de Nogales, a Venezuelan soldier of fortune, has seen service under many flags and in many climes, but his most thrilling adventures were those which he describes in his book "Four Years Beneath the Crescent" (Scribner). He was in the campaign in Armenia when Van capitulated after a lengthy siege. He knew more than a Christian was supposed to know, so that thereafter he had to fear treachery from his fellow soldiers as well as the bullets of the enemy. In spite of this double danger he served in the Irak campaign, took part in the two battles of Gaza, and led the last Turkish expedition into Egyptian Sinai. He writes brilliantly, and his book will be invaluable to students of the history of the Ottoman Empire.

A new English series of musical biographies entitled "Masters of Music" (Harper), edited by Sir Landon Ronald, makes its appearance with three volumes on Liszt, Schumann, and Wagner. They are short, well written, and necessary. Frederick Corder, for example, is right in saying that there has been no adequate biography of Liszt until now. Herbert Bedford's volume on Schumann is no less valuable. It has an introductory chapter on the romantic movement in the arts; and both volumes have complete lists of the composers' works with dates so far as these are known. William Wallace's volume on Wagner profits by the great work of Ernest Newman to the extent of being able to use the facts and omit the research; but it shows independent thinking as well. It includes an introductory historical and political setting, and a final chronological table.

In "The Dancing Girl of Shamakha and Other Asiatic Tales" (Harcourt, Brace), translated by Helen Morgenthau Fox, with illustrations by Mak, we have only a small part of the enormous output of the Count de Gobineau, but quite the best. The imagination that is more than a little objectionable in the Count's pseudo-anthropology appears to his advantage in these stories. In them the color, the glamour, and the mystery of the eastern setting are combined with the movement, the excitement, and the suspense of our own short story technique.

The title of "Wide Pastures", by Marie Emilie Gilchrist (Macmillan), has been appropriately chosen, for the author is most at home in the out of doors, and her best work is to be found in her delineations of the varied moods and aspects of nature. As a poet, she is at most times not distinguished; her work, while pleasing, has no particular depth, intensity, or power, and little of the touch of individuality; but her evident love for the woods and fields, the sincerity of her interest in the outdoor world, and the accuracy of her observation have lent the book a value it might not otherwise possess, and in places have made the verse impressive with hints of "green thirsty gardens full of flower faces", "windy galleries of pointed spruce", or stars that "flare like smoky beacons on the ridge".

Thomas E. Watson's two volume "The Story of France" (Dodd, Mead), originally published in 1899, is gorgeous entertainment, whatever minor faults historical researchers may have found in it during the last quarter of a cen-

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tury. Cold blooded, detached examination of the past was no part of the task the author set himself, and he turned out a history that seethes with righteous indignation, flashes with rhetorical effects that often attain real eloquence, and generally treats the superb material at hand in the grand manner. The limitation of his study of nearly 2,000 pages to the time before the consulate of Napoleon permitted him to dwell chattily upon certain periods, and the reader gains thereby much lore from memoirs and other documents denied representation in less leisurely accounts. This reprinting is welcome for the history's collection of thrilling stories and for the rare flavor of its pleasingly florid style.

Louise Shelton's "The Seasons in a Flower Garden" (Scribner) has had a score of successful years to its popular and helpful credit. Now it has been given a new edition with changes and additions, for even gardens and flowers and their requirements must be kept up to date. In this compact, slim volume the garden lover and promoter will find every query answered and many a suggestion put forth. It is a book to follow throughout the year, for blooming gardens of the summer are the flowery outcome of proper attention at other seasons.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing", and of this Lord Riddell's delightful essays collected in "More Things That Matter" (Doran) consist. However, the appeal of this volume, like that of its successful predecessor "Some Things That Matter", will be to the kind of people who know how to handle small gleanings of information — either leave them safely alone or use them to point the way to a fuller knowledge of the subject. Pointing the way is, perhaps, the greatest service of such small jottings, and Lord Riddell has done it beautifully. His interesting essays touching on salient points from the culture of ancient Greece to the pros and cons of prohibition, and a most human treatise on "Ford of the Ford", are provocative of more. Furthermore, he never fails to tell you where to go for the rest of your information, so that you'll probably have the titles of several books written down for future reference before you've done with him.

Drawing upon the experience and knowledge acquired from a lifetime spent in the care and study of malefactors, Jesse O. Stutsman, in his treatise on prisons and their inmates "Curing the Criminal" (Macmillan), has written a volume of signal value and timeliness. He is the present superintendent of Rockview Penitentiary, at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and the reform theories and other innovations that he has introduced there have won him recognition as a leading humanitarian progressive in his field. The book, although a monumental accomplishment of exact erudition and scientifically sound observation, should prove as interesting to the general reader as it will be to the few whose professions require the handling of problems involving the restraint and reclamation of misdemeanants.

J. J. Jusserand is one of those scholar diplomats such as we ourselves occasionally used to accredit to foreign lands before the great butter and egg age. His "A Literary History of the English People" (Putnam), the ripened fruit of his retirement from his post as Ambassador of France to the United States, is not new, either in French or in English. But it is so fine, so judi-

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cious a study of its subject, that its appearance in an amended and corrected third edition calls for mention.

Letters by politicians and soldiers often are framed with posterity in mind. Not so "Beethoven's Letters" (Dutton), with Dr. A. C. Kalischer's explanatory notes, which appear in Shedlock's fine English version. Dr. Eaglefield-Hull, their editor, has done all of us who take a natural, human interest in Beethoven — and it is the human interest these letters exploit — a real service. None but specialists who can assign hour and place to Beethoven's every changing of his collar would want the original encyclopædic collection of 1,220 epistles. Dr. Eaglefield-Hull has retained what is really valuable and calculated to give the reader a better idea of Beethoven the man, omitting all epistolary deadwood. The letters show Beethoven in turn noble and niggardly, mean and magnificently generous in sentiment. As a supplement to the short life included in Paul Bekker's admirable "Beethoven", the "Letters" are well worth having. Beethoven's love letters, which combine passion and decency, are, incidentally, to be commended as models of style to all those whose amatory epistles may be subjected to the fierce light of press publicity.

During this half century and more, the unappeased ghost of the Indian Mutiny has stalked through the history, the fiction, the balladry, of the Empire. The layman, who prefers his own version of Cawnpore, of Highland Jessie, of "Nikkul Seyn" on the rose-pink ridge above Delhi, may well query: To what avail, this attempt to exorcise it? Dr. Edward Thompson's book, "The Other Side of the Medal" (Harcourt, Brace), is an endeavor, dramatic no less than conscientious, to place the blame for the slow poison working in India today where it belongs — on British behavior after the Mutiny, a memory unavenged. And eastern minds have long memories. Again — this is also a plea for the "new" history (neither prejudice nor propaganda), which leaves us, according to Glenn Frank, "standing on the shoulders of our fathers".

Hilaire Belloc, like Wells, is an approved non-professional historian; his writings are free of the pedantry which (often erroneously) is supposed to curse the labors of the university specialist. In "Napoleon's Campaign of 1812 and the Retreat from Moscow" (Harper), he treads in the footsteps of the Comte de Ségur ("Campagne de Russie") and Sergeant Bourgogne ("Mémoires"), one hundred years later, for the book was written "on the spot" in 1912. It tells its tale in a clear, vivid narrative style and, since it was written a hundred years after the event, allows the author to pen a concluding summary such as no contemporary could have written. At the same time, as Mr. Belloc states in his preface, his picture of Napoleon's most tragic adventure is "old fashioned" in the sense that it is presented as it stood in the minds of all eleven years ago, before the Great War. There are some excellent maps.

The veriest tyro in the mysterious ways of the sea cannot fail to find matter that will chase chills up and down his spine in "The Lure of the Sea", edited by F. H. Lee (Little, Brown), a collection of extracts from writers famous and otherwise. The book does not, and was not intended to, arouse interest in a philosophic sense. But poems, extracts from novels, a

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portion of the Bible, the personal essay, all form a kaleidoscopic whole which pictures the unchanging changeableness of the sea in a way to delight the most confirmed landlubber.

"Pushkin" by Prince D. S. Mirsky and "Gogol" by Janko Lavrin (Dutton) are the first comprehensive studies to be made in English of the two fathers of Russian literature. Prince Mirsky's book is a brilliant and scholarly piece of work that presents, within the limitations of his space, every important facet of the personality and significance of one of the greatest poets of any age. If Mr. Lavrin's volume is more accurately described as competent than as brilliant, it is nevertheless a readable, straightforward narrative built about a convincing interpretation of Gogol's psychology and its reflection in his writing.

"Europe and the East" (Houghton Mifflin) by Norman Dwight Harris, professor of international law and diplomacy at Northwestern University, successfully accomplishes the huge task of presenting in proper perspective and within the limits of a single volume a clear study of the relations of western powers with eastern states and of Asiatic politics and development since 1850. After an introductory chapter on world politics Dr. Harris reviews the Near East, centring upon the fall, partition, and reconstruction of the Ottoman Empire, passes on to Russia, Persia, India, and Tibet as representatives of the Middle East, and thence to Indo-China, Siam, China, and Japan, with a concluding chapter on "The New Pacific". In addition to its value for the specialist, the volume possesses many and great attractions for the general reader who is interested broadly in the past and present of strange lands. Seven maps are provided, as well as an extensive selected bibliography.

Literary ventures so diverse in matter and manner as Max Beerbohm's "A Relic", in which the incomparable one reminisces over a quarrel between lovers long ago in a Normandy café, and Calvin Coolidge's address on "The Norwegian Migration to America" delivered last year at the Minnesota State Fair Grounds, are to be found within "A Book of Modern Essays" (Scribner), edited by Bruce Welker McCullough and Edwin Berry Burgum. Herein smile forth half a dozen of Logan Pearsall Smith's best "Trivia", as well as "Castles in Spain", in which John Galsworthy gets one more essay out of Beauty. Thus, the volume is admirably arranged for any reader who is willing to skip his pet aversions in order to land at the feet of a favorite author. The editors have chosen more than thirty names, including such promising Americans as Van Wyck Brooks, Stuart P. Sherman, H. S. Canby, Meredith Nicholson, and Willa Cather; with Hilaire Belloc, Alice Meynell, Maurice Hewlett, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, and Arnold Bennett in the English section. The compilers have easily achieved their purpose of making the collection "a truly representative one". They preface each essay with a helpful foreword.

Each of the three large volumes of J. Arthur Thomson's "The New Natural History" (Putnam) is to be complete in itself. Whether the reader's immediate interest be the elephant or the ichneumon fly, the common or garden mole, or the exceedingly curious ornithorhynchus, he will find something to his taste in all three sections of the work, for Professor Thomson intends to

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take up the mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes in the manner of a scientific serial. The first volume, now off the press, devotes much less space to the structure and formal classification of animals than to relating the creatures to their surroundings and circumstances. Introductory remarks on the "web of life" and animal behavior are followed by thirty-odd chapters on representative species and the truths of animate nature written for the general reader rather than for specialists. There are sixteen gorgeous color plates illustrating lively moments in the careers of many animals, from the albatross to wasps and weasels, and hundreds of smaller pictures which add greatly to the value of a significant undertaking happily begun.

The halo of "Boz" graciously lends glory and adds interest to Arthur L. Haywood's "The Days of Dickens" (Dutton). The author justifies his title by quoting liberally from Dickens and identifying the prototypes of many of his well known characters, as well as Dickensian landmarks now almost completely disappeared from the scene of a metamorphosed London. Though that city had, during the first thirty years in which Victoria so complacently ruled, such immortal historians as Dickens and Thackeray, Cruikshank and "Phiz", Haywood's account of the period has the advantage of a more completely balanced synchronization. His is the full panorama of the pleasure gardens, crinolined ladies, dandified beaux, and knee breechered Lords of the Upper Ten of Almack's and Mayfair. His also is the record of the songs they sang, the slang they spoke, and the kaleidoscopic chiaroscuros of fops and Fagins, palaces and prisons.

An absorbing study of the Russian peasant, his life, the effect of the new government upon him, the changes that have come about in regard to him economically and mentally since the revolution, are set down with simplicity and impressive vividness by Maurice Hindus in "Broken Earth" (International). There are no interviews by high officials. This is the peasant's book, written by one who knows him and has been in Russia for the single purpose of getting his story — the reaction, roughly speaking, of one hundred million people who so far have not been heard from.

Some persons have the happy knack of extracting from mundane things both humor and a fresh philosophical viewpoint. In "The Money-Box" (Appleton) Robert Lynd approaches ordinarily humdrum subjects with a naïveté wholly delightful, at the same time skilfully managing to set in motion the slow revolving cogwheels of the reader's brain. In the mad rush to sit astride the pinnacle of fame, many hurry by the unswept nooks where Mr. Lynd, prodding the rubbish with an inquisitive and speculative forefinger, discloses fascinating titbits. We should be exceedingly glad for the charming manner in which Mr. Lynd reminds us of our lack of perspicacity.

The scientific marvels and discoveries of modern astronomy are made comprehensible and interesting for the average reader in "Starlight" (Doran), which the director of Harvard Observatory, Harlow Shapley, contributes to "The Humanizing of Knowledge Series". His essay is arranged in three parts, the first being designed to suggest broadly and lucidly the immense field analyzed in the divisions which follow. The planets, singly or in their myriad galaxies, the accepted theories of cosmic origin and evolution, the dimensions, characteristics, and dis-

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tance from the earth of the known stellar bodies — these and accompanying phenomena of the universe are outlined with a wealth of substantial information which renders the little book a noteworthy accomplishment in compact, simplified scholarship.

Leon Trotsky, in his "Whither Russia?" (International), offers facts and figures on Russia's supposed economic advance. It is interestingly written, and with Marxian hope looks forward within a few decades to a European economic evolution which will "shift the 'coefficient' of *political* power in the direction of the revolutionary proletariat". Capitalist America is called the great resistant to a victorious union of the economic production of a Soviet Russia plus a Soviet Europe. But we cannot check up on the author's "Control Tables" of Soviet economy; and admitting that "the further course of the economic evolution of North America is a huge unknown quantity", we question the value of a shift of political power to a "revolutionary proletariat". Nine times out of ten even stupid capitalism is preferable to stupid mobocracy.

The one point of agreement among critics of what passes for education today is that our present ways are singularly unsatisfactory. Something of this dissatisfaction is due to a growing realization of what education might, theoretically, do. But if one is asked what, concretely, ought to be done about it, the answer is not so easy or so simple as some theorists appear to consider it. Bertrand Russell, whose opinions will be listened to with respect, tries in his book on "Education and the Good Life" (Boni, Liveright) to be definite and tangibly concrete (as in his account of how he made his child overcome a fear of the water), but for the most part it is his broad theory that is of interest. Many, perhaps most, thoughtful parents will agree with him — in theory. Indeed, H. G. Wells and others have anticipated him in essentials, and have done much to create an opinion ready to support some such system as Mr. Russell advocates. But application remains a puzzling problem. In so far as a closely reasoned, "meaty" 300 page treatise can be condensed into a sentence, Mr. Russell sums up the matter when he says: "Let the relation of knowledge to real life be very visible to your pupils, and let them understand how by knowledge the world could be transformed."

The five expository and critical essays which make up the volume entitled "From Goethe to Hauptmann" (Viking) by Professor Camillo von Klenze of the College of the City of New York amount to a summary view of the æsthetics of the nineteenth century. Professor von Klenze is primarily concerned with German writers, but broadens to some extent into the field of comparative literature. The starting point of his theme is the rediscovery of Italy, dating from the *Italienische Reise*, and the part it played in launching Romanticism. The movement, as a whole, is perhaps more complex than his treatment of it suggests, but his estimates are soundly based. The most satisfying chapter in the book is that on Gottfried Keller, who is, incidentally, not so widely understood and valued as he should be.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

One point of difference between any list of best sellers and the chronologically corresponding record of books most called for at the public libraries is obvious upon a moment's consideration. It is this: Thousands who ardently desire to read certain books are deterred from buying them because of their cost. They can borrow them from their public libraries free. Hence this Monthly Score presents a truer picture of what the American people really want to read than can any possible record of the books they merely buy.

Which sage philosophizing is suggested by the high position in the current fiction list of "An American Tragedy", which costs five dollars. The average citizen is hardly yet reconciled to paying two dollars for a novel; five dollars surely drives him to the library. And in the general list there is little doubt that the demand upon the libraries for a ten dollar book, like the Colonel House papers, is significant of a far wider appeal than the cash receipts of the publishers would indicate. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
2.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
3.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
4.	The Blue Window	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5.	The Hounds of Spring	*Sylvia Thompson*	LITTLE
6.	Wild Geese	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
7.	After Noon	*Susan Ertz*	APPLETON
8.	Hangman's House	*Donn Byrne*	CENTURY
9.	Thunder on the Left	*Christopher Morley*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	The Black Flemings	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	Pig Iron	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
12.	The Perennial Bachelor	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER

GENERAL

1.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
2.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
3.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
4.	Intimate Papers of Colonel House	*Charles Seymour*	HOUGHTON
5.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
6.	The Travel Diary of a Philosopher	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
7.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
8.	Twenty-five Years	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
9.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
10.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	The Mauve Decade *	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF
12.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

The ex-Kaiser's Autobiography — The Memoirs of Dr. Benes — The Sokol Festival at Prague — Panait Istrati — A French Critic on H. G. Wells — Items from All Quarters

FOR the past two or three years the ex-Kaiser of Germany has been at work on a personal record of his early years, from the first recollections of his childhood until 1888, the year of his succession to the Imperial Throne. This partial autobiography is now ready for publication and will be published by Koehler in Berlin early in November. The book, which runs to about 125,000 words, is said to be extraordinarily interesting. Although the period covered is remote, the narrative is the work of a mature mind, and there are many references to people and events belonging to the years between 1888 and the present time. It will be recalled that the ex-Kaiser published in 1922 his "My Memoirs, 1878–1918", which was mainly political and virtually an apologia for the war. The present autobiography, which will be published in England probably under the title of "My Early Life", is described as entirely human in interest.

There are six chapters in all. The first is entitled "Childhood". It begins with the statement that one of the author's earliest recollections is of Osborne in the Isle of Wight, where he was staying with his grandmother, Queen Victoria, at the age of two and a half years. A description of his own parents and important figures at the Court follows. His early youth was not too happy and his education severe. He reflects upon the antagonism between his mother's nature and his own. For the first ten years of his life he knew little maternal solicitude. There is an interesting passage about the famous withered arm. He tells how he and his brother celebrated the German victory in the Franco-Prussian War by a pillow fight. In more serious vein he records how he studied factory life when a boy, and how his sympathies were aroused by observation of the terrible conditions. It was this experience which brought to life his "social conscience".

The second chapter contains memories of his distinguished grandfather, the old Emperor William, and interesting character sketches of the Empress and those who formed the old Emperor's circle. Schooldays at Cassel are described in the chapter following. The future Kaiser was fond of reading, and he mentions some of his favorite authors. Then come his first military experiences.

In the fourth chapter he deals with his life as a student at Bonn, and his first entry into the world as a public figure, when he was sent on a diplomatic mission to King Leopold of Belgium. He tells many anecdotes of European royalty, and recounts an interesting visit to Balmoral. It was on this visit that his royal grandmother conferred on him the right to wear Highland costume. In this chapter too we meet Bismarck for the first time.

The years from 1880 to 1888 are covered in the next chapter, which is very long. The narrator becomes engaged and then married. This chapter contains a good deal of politics, and

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there are some interesting descriptions of the statesmen with whom the young prince came in contact. The personality of Edward Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII, seems greatly to have intrigued the ex-Kaiser. Among the many famous personalities with whom he deals are the ill fated Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, the English Admiral Fisher, the Emperor Franz Joseph, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer. Bismarck is a notable figure in this part of the book.

Toward the end we come to the illness of the author's father, afterward the Emperor Frederick. This passage is very human in its record of swift events and emotional crises. The conflict of opinion between the German surgeons and the Englishman, Sir Morell Mackenzie, is described in detail. While Frederick's father, the old Emperor, lay dying, Frederick himself received sentence of death from his doctors. The last pages cover the ninety days of the Emperor Frederick's reign. We have a vivid picture of the doomed man awaiting his end and contemplating the intrigues which surrounded the throne. The book closes with the death of Frederick and the author's accession to the throne with warning voices audible.

By way of appendix there are a number of new and interesting letters written by the ex-Kaiser on family and political matters, addressed chiefly to his grandfather, the Emperor William. The book contains many excellent illustrations which have never before been published, including a water color sketch of the author as a child made by Queen Victoria and dated Windsor Castle, March 27, 1861.

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The memoirs of Dr. Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, are due for autumn publication in English, with the provisional title of "War Memories". The book is a frank account of his activities during the war. It reveals the full story of his determination at the outset to organize a revolution against Austria. With this in view he formed a secret society in Prague, called the Maffia. He describes their meetings and the dangers and difficulties which surrounded their movements. In the early days of the war Masaryk took refuge in Switzerland, and the story of the Maffia's communications with him by couriers is colored with all the paraphernalia dear to the heart of the reader of detective fiction. Dr. Benes goes on to describe his escape from Prague into Germany, disguised in military uniform and traveling under the forged passport of a commercial traveler. From Germany he went to Switzerland to join Masaryk. The rest of the book tells how between them they secretly organized their movement of independence culminating in Masaryk's manifesto against Austria. Pourparlers with some of the Allied statesmen followed, and the movement, aided by cooperation with their organization in the United States and Russia, rapidly developed. At one time Dr. Benes rented a room in Paris for one hundred francs a month, his chief article of furniture being a typewriter.

This book should prove a valuable contribution to diplomatic history, with its new light on the intimate workings of European diplomacy during the war. As founder of the Little Entente and Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia Dr. Benes has won and consolidated a reputation as one of the ablest statesmen of Europe. The translation of his book is being made by Paul Selver, the translator of the Capek books and plays. The American edition will be

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published by Houghton Mifflin and the English edition by Ernest Benn.

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Prague was the Mecca of many writers of all countries when the Sokol festival was held last July. The local P. E. N. Club brought them together at an entertaining dinner in the Obecni Dum. From England came Wickham Steed, Stephen Graham, Rosa Newmarch, Frank le Couteur of the "Graphic", and George Blake of "John O'London's Weekly". America's representative was the charming Ruth Benedict of the Theatre Guild of New York. France, the Scandinavian countries, Poland, Belgium, Roumania, and Jugoslavia were strongly represented. All the delegates were welcomed by Karel Capek, and Dr. H. Jelinek presided. Altogether, so I am told, a most successful gathering.

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The books of that remarkable Roumanian author, Panait Istrati, are attracting a measure of international attention. Under the general title of "Les Récits d'Adrien Zograffi", a series of his books have been appearing in France for some time. Panait Istrati revels in dealing with odd characters and unknown peoples. He has been called the Balkan Maxim Gorky. His own career no doubt provides him with abundant material for his stories. He was born in 1884 at Braïla in Roumania, the son of a Greek smuggler and a peasant woman, and he has spent many years wandering through Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Greece, and Italy, in a bewildering variety of occupations. From tramp and beachcomber, he has been in turn baker, waiter, locksmith, journalist, sandwich man, and photographer. After an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide in Marseilles, he was discovered by Romain Rolland. The two men became staunch friends, and it was due to Rolland's encouragement that the Roumanian waif began the series of books which are making his name in the world.

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In Paris Hachette is responsible for the issue of an interesting critical study of H. G. Wells as a thinker. "Etude sur la Pensée de Wells" is the work of M. G. Connes, who has made a careful study of all Mr. Wells's published works, covering a period of about thirty years. M. Connes arrives at the conclusion that the essential elements of Wells's thought are three in number, which he arbitrarily labels as scientific, utopian, and apostolic, corresponding roughly to Wells's early, middle, and late periods. M. Connes lays considerable stress on Wells's early scientific training, maintaining that no true appreciation of his mind and work is possible without regard to this early apprenticeship to science. It is an interesting survey of the great writer's work and on the whole a clear and impartial analysis. But, as M. Connes himself admits, it is not easy to preserve an impartial spirit while studying so provocative and vital a personality as that of Mr. Wells.

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The Academy of Arts in Berlin is being extended by the addition of a Section for Literature. This section is to consist of three writers who are elected by the ordinary members of the Academy, subject to confirmation by the Minister of Culture, for three years, and who are eligible for reelection. In addition there are to be two literary scholars to be appointed by the Minister himself. The following have been chosen: Gerhart Hauptmann, Thomas

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Mann, Hermann Stehr, Ludwig Fulda, and Arno Holz. The Academy evidently intends to be on the safe side and elect writers who have reached years of discretion, to say nothing of those who have already overtaken their reputations. The German weekly "Die Literarische Welt" recently instituted among its readers a ballot to find out who were the writers most favored for election. Among the twenty seven authors at the head of the list the only two who are to be found among the five actually selected are Hauptmann and Mann.

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When the Annual International Conference of the P. E. N. Club took place in Berlin last May a protest was issued by the group of young writers who are members of the *Gruppe 1925* against the ignoring of most of the younger men in the issuing of invitations. The most incredible omission was that of Ernst Toller, who only last winter was the guest of the P. E. N. Club in London. The young writers who sign the protest have many of them a considerable reputation, and it is a great pity that they should be led thus to suspect the sincerity of the aims of the P. E. N. Club.

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An Academy of the Immortals has been founded in Italy on the model of the Académie Française. It is to contain sixty six representatives of art and science. The first member to be appointed is Gabriele D'Annunzio.

The sensational success of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in America and England is quickly reverberating abroad. The Swedish and Danish-Norwegian rights have been disposed of and, at the moment of writing, German, French, and Dutch translations are being arranged for. A uniform edition of Virginia Woolf's books is being produced in Swedish.

From Germany a keen demand is reported for books on sport of all kinds, except cricket. Tennis and boxing appear to be attracting special interest.

Notable new French novels include Pierre Sabatier's "Le Chemin de Cythière", a romantic story with a melodramatic flavor, the scene of which is laid in modern Italy; "Le Retour d'Amazon" by André Thérive, a curious survey of the history of French literature in the form of a novel; Mme. Camille Mayran's "Hiver", a fine study of an Alsatian peasant; and "Les Bestiaires" by Henry de Montherlant, a bullfighting thriller by an author with a reputation as an amateur toreador.

Giovanni Papini is reported to be writing a life of Michelangelo. A new life of Dostoyevsky, by his daughter, has been published by Emile-Paul in Paris. A selection of Mazzini's letters has been made by Dr. Zanotti-Bianco for the Italian series, "L'Istituto Italiano". Gabriele D'Annunzio has published a second volume of "Faville del Maglio". A new version of that primitive Spanish masterpiece the "Poem of the Cid", translated into modern Spanish and put into ballad metre, has been published in Madrid by Pedro Salinas. The Queen of Norway is reported to be writing a novel.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

The article in the June BOOKMAN, "Looking Backward", by Joseph Lewis French, was interesting but he did not delve deep into the doings of the Bohemians who met at Pfaff's for beer and cheese and discussion. Perhaps the only living man who gazed upon that menagerie is Charles Foster of Farmington, Connecticut, who is still painting in a little shack, living alone. He was a brother of Ben Foster, who recently died and who is represented in the Metropolitan Museum and other important galleries. Mr. Foster was not a member of the coterie but he often went to Pfaff's and watched the literary lions at play. Mr. Foster knew Whistler in Paris and the artist was so poor that he gave a picture to Dr. Hudson, who was studying medicine and who paid for some of Whistler's meals. The doctor always kept the picture and left it to his daughter, Mrs. Storrs, herself an artist.

Fitz-James O'Brien was an ultra Bohemian and might have stepped out of a page of Henri Murger's. When he was in funds he lived like a prince, when he was broke he starved like a philosopher. When he had a check every month, he lived at Delmonico's for a week and slept on a park bench for the next three weeks. While dying on a battlefield, he wrote a poem for the New York "Times" about the glory of the sunrise creeping over the Virginia hills.

Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote the tribute upon the death of John Rodman Drake, author of "The American Flag", beginning, "Green be the turf above thee". Halleck was a clerk for John Jacob Astor and in an unguarded moment told Astor once that five hundred dollars a year was enough for any man to live on. The merchant prince took him at his word and pensioned him off on that sum. Halleck returned to his old home in Guilford and lived with his sister. A monument was dedicated to him in Guilford many years ago. He would often leave his home in the country to spend a night with the Bohemians at Pfaff's. He would order a hot whisky punch. He would tell the waiter it was too strong and to put in more water. Then he'd say it was all water and was too weak and to put more whisky in. In this way, he kept one punch going all night. Henry Clapp, the "King", was brought up in Paris, had a reddish beard, and smoked a black clay pipe. He was contemptuous of most folks and his wit had a sting to it. Ada Clare, the "Queen", died from hydrophobia. E. H. House went to Japan to end his days. Willie Winter was good for many years on the "Tribune".

William Stuart was a follower of Sardanapalus and preferred the best oysters at the Manhattan Club to the beer and cheese at Pfaff's. He was the only dramatic critic whose articles influenced the acting of Edwin Booth. His shafts of wit penetrated Booth's defense against journalists. Stuart was educated in Paris and was a real Bohemian in later years, when he carried a piece of Italian cheese in his pocket and nibbled on it from time to time. The strong flavor gave him delight, just as Henry Ward Beecher got pleasure from watching the play of light upon a collection of precious stones he always carried with him, unset rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. Stuart, finally, wrote for enough money for a dinner and Joseph Pulitzer printed his "European Inklings" upon the editorial page of the "World". He would breakfast at Riccadonna's, where the meal opened with radishes, like a rosy morning. He died in Great Jones Street and Charles A. Dana attended his funeral.

Stuart was a guest at the famous dinner that Sam Ward gave in honor of Lord Houghton. Ward was the prince of epicures but he had his vagaries. He enraged his chef at the Houghton dinner by ordering a plate of fried oysters for himself, out of place at such a repast. William Henry Hurlburt, the "World" editorial writer under Manton Marble, was at this feast, where only Falernian was drunk. Hurlburt's name was Hurlbut and he was the son of a clergyman. He had some visiting cards engraved in London once when he was in a hurry and the engraver made a mistake, changing the name to Hurlburt. He called himself that ever afterward. Albert Pulitzer did not belong to the Pfaff group but he held the record at Oliver Hitchcock and Son's by eating at a sitting ten orders of beef and beans.

DINK FREER.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

AUTUMN is, to be sure, still remote in actuality, but in the offices of the publishers it is in full swing. Catalogues of forthcoming books pour in upon me, and enticing rumors abound. I am particularly fascinated by the proposed volume on "Goldfish Culture for Amateurs". Heretofore the function of the goldfish, it had seemed to me, was to furnish material for vaudeville jokes. Now the little creature must be taken seriously, for has he not entered literary realms in the person of D'Annunzio's lamented Bertie? I refrain from repeating this sad history, since the newspapers have by now broadcast the news to all. Instead I announce to a waiting world that Mrs. Stote, the associate editor of "Fashionable Dress Magazine", is now in European fashion centres gathering data for her new book "Making the Most of Your Looks". It appears that I have grossly deceived BOOKMAN readers by my announcement that Achmed Abdullah's "The Wild Goose of Limerick" is a tale of Tibet. His Tibetan tale bears the title "The Year of the Wood Dragon". The aforementioned "Wild Goose" has to do with an American girl in revolutionary Constantinople. A far different locality has been the inspiration of Robert A. Simon's forthcoming "Bronx Ballads", a collection of old songs equipped with accompaniments reminiscent of the original zither obligati. I suggest an early recital of them by Milt Gross. Another tradition, the Puritan, is the subject of an anonymous indictment in the form of an autobiography entitled "The Great American Ass". It sounds like a provocative affair. "I Want to be a Lady", a novel, is the work of Maximilian Foster, who from his name would seem to be of the other sex. Ladies are in high favor these days, for the Book-of-the-Month Club, composed of Dr. Canby, Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley, and William Allen White, has just announced as its latest choice "O Genteel Lady!" that entertaining picture of Boston many decades ago. From the Hub of this day and age comes the prophecy that one of the best sellers of the new season will be "Ways of Escape", Noel Forrest's story of an English parent who would rule his family with an iron hand. Well, there's nothing to do about it but wait and see. The trend of public taste makes fascinating watching.

My baptism as a commuter took place last week. If you have ever run to catch the 5:25 you will remember that the conductors stand by their cars hammering in the information: "Bronxville and Mount Vernon only", "Bronxville first stop", since New Yorkers are either a wooden race or the most "epsom-minded" this side of the sun. As I approached my evening train, a trainman murmured "Good evening!" — and I had been commuting only a week. The glow of that greeting still warms me, for am I not accepted and christened? I have yet, however, to be recognized by the man who sells newspapers in front of Grand Central Station. On previous excursions to Westchester with the travel editor of this magazine I have been more than impressed to see the paper man who stands at the Vanderbilt

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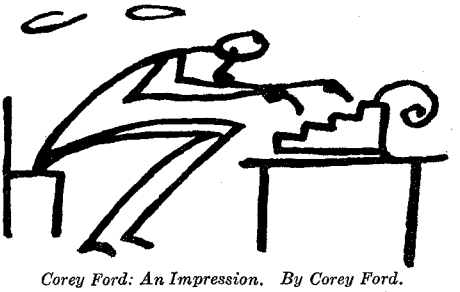
Avenue entrance hand her the evening "Sun" before she has asked for it. From the tides that flow past him he connects his customers' faces with the papers they read. A great feat of memory! What is more, he waves aside large coins and bills blithely with, "Pay me next time!" As one who has always been opposed to living in the suburbs of New York, I feel myself an authority on its advantages. For instance, the sky. Where in the city is it possible to sit and watch the sunset until late in the evening? And there is the matter of getting to the office on time. A commuter's train must be made, giving one a sense of discipline which does not attach itself to catching street cars or buses. Then, this matter of people. There is probably nothing in the world more wearing than people. In Bronxville there just aren't any. You walk the streets — empty. You look at the porches — empty. A deserted city. The inhabitants have gone to Europe. A world without people is a New Yorker's paradise. As for reading — I imagine commuters are the best read of people. They are never without their books. Unfortunately I have a constitutional aversion to reading on trains and in the morning — to reading anywhere in the morning. The only library in the world for me is my bed. A book is a book in broad daylight; in the evening, beside a bedside lamp, it is life. I have even thought of commuting to Buffalo, so that I might catch up on my reading. Commuters, as a rule, tell white lies about their schedules, but I am quite honest when I say it takes only five minutes to walk — not run — to the nearest station; thirty minutes by express to reach the city.

Edna Ferber, who is one of our European commuters, is reported to be homeward bound. "Show Boat", which is dedicated to Winthrop Ames, was suggested to her by him while she and George S. Kaufman were following the tryouts of "Old Man Minick". Miss Ferber traveled aboard a show boat for a week, and got most of her material about the Mississippi from a fellow by the name of Huckleberry



Corey Ford: An Impression. By Corey Ford.

Finn in Cairo, Illinois. Corey Ford, who draws this graphic diagram of himself writing his new novel before he goes to India or Egypt or wherever it is that young adventurous authors go, is one of our best commuters. His home is in Larchmont Manor, New York, quite the loveliest colony in Westchester, although there are those who hold out for Dobbs Ferry. The caption of this sketch reads: "'I wish I knew how to typewrite', he said wistfully." I should like to offer a prize of "Three Rousing Cheers!!!" for a better title. One of his newest characters is Simon Castor, whose further exploits are to be detailed in "College Humor".

Dr. Hamilton Holt is experimenting in the realm of teaching and learning. Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, of which Dr. Holt is president, has created a new department known as professorship of books. The head of this department will be Edwin Osgood

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Grover, author, editor, and publisher. The plan of the classroom is unique, and, in my opinion, a good one. There will be no desks or other such classroom appurtenances. Instead there will be lounge chairs and a fireplace. The hour will be conducted as free discussion by the students under the guidance of Professor Grover, who will, however, give some lectures on books and bookmaking. The purpose of this course, according to Dr. Holt, is to develop in college students reading habits which will be lifelong. How successful it will be is yet to be seen. An old professor of mine said when he heard of it that he thought the idea of the course commendable, but that he shouldn't want to teach it, his tendencies toward laziness being too pronounced as it is. Its sponsors do not claim it as an original idea, however. "Fifty years ago", says Professor Grover, "Ralph Waldo Emerson in his wise essays on 'Books' made this plea for a new chair in our Colleges to be occupied by a Professor of Books."

The Film Arts Guild's experiments are interesting and some of them quite worthwhile — "Visages des Enfants" (Faces of Children), for instance, which was on their program at the fifth subscription performance. The plot was a simple one, thus adding to the necessity of finished acting on the part of the cast, of which the main characters were three children, a boy of nine and two girls, one eight and the other four. Their emotional art and their complete lack of self consciousness was most remarkable, and I think that Pierre Feyder deserves a great deal of credit as director of this beautifully staged film. The other parts of the program were unique, but in the case of each one there was a bit too much. When the novelty had worn off, it was no longer amusing — "Knees and Ankles", for example, a film in which the feelings of the characters were portrayed entirely by the movements of their hands and legs. "Some important films may come from this style of motion picture", as the Guild's press department puts it. "When Paris Fell Asleep" was, again, a rather different sort of picture; I believe one could call it strange. In places it was incongruous enough to destroy any exciting element there might have been in the fact that a scientist's experiments have put to sleep the entire population of Paris, with the exception of five people who succeeded in escaping his sleep rays. In "Iola's Promise" we saw the old Mary Pickford that we used to know, with her golden braids hanging down to her waist. This picture was popular back in the days when feud stories were in vogue and when, to all appearances, the art of acting, and the knowledge of the advantage of employing facial expression to show the emotions, were not yet known. I hope that the Film Arts Guild continues in its attempts for a better cinema. With the aid of Symon Gould's "Film Arts Monthly", I predict success. This new motion picture magazine, of which the first issue will appear September first, promises to be a type by itself. It has a staff of correspondents in Hollywood, New York, Berlin, London, Paris, Moscow, China, Rome, and Tokio, and through this staff it will report the best and most advanced film work, striving toward a more critical and æsthetic viewpoint of the cinema. "The Film Arts Monthly" recognizes the infinite possibilities of the motion picture as a new art, and will attempt to arouse the members of the profession, as well as the populace in general, to that realization. Symon Gould, the managing

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editor, says, "It will endeavor through its editorial and journalistic policy to provide for screen devotees and students a chronicle of the major achievements of the silver sheet in all countries and to cultivate a more discriminate taste on the part of the motion picture audiences in general."

At this same Film Guild evening, I stopped to congratulate Dudley Murphy who photographed the exquisite mountain scenes of "Faces of Children", taken in the Vosges region of France. He is one of the younger men whose contributions to screen art are becoming more and more fascinating. I heard him, one Sunday afternoon, tell of his "Ballet Mécanique" and of his unfinished "Skyscrapers", the simple story of the construction of a skyscraper, the drama of small mortals against the great works which they accomplish. Mr. Murphy is opposed to the adaption of novels and stories for the motion picture. I would agree with him if the results were always like "Lew Tyler's Wives", from the novel by Wallace Irwin, a picture which may never see the light of day since the preview proved to be so painful. In arguing, I found myself deeper and deeper involved, but I still believe that better pictures come from good books than from screen scenarios. Closely connected with the camera is the color organ, the clavilux, invented and played by Thomas Wilfred, the Danish poet who composes and constructs his "musical" instrument in a New York studio. Although I have never witnessed a performance of the clavilux, I have recently read a poem of Mr. Wilfred, called "Windows", based on the myriad of city windows surrounding us, from which he is creating a symphony that I am powerless to explain but that sounds hair raising. The clavilux made its début at the Neighborhood Playhouse several years ago. Its inventor came to America to work it out because he feels that America is the only country in the world hospitable to new art forms. Cynical æsthetes take notice!

A woodcut by Zadig of John Galsworthy, whose "The Silver Spoon" is reviewed in this issue

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Lois K. Pelton writes from New Orleans deploring the fact that Stuart Sherman seems frightened at the thought of himself as leader of conservative thought in this country.

"Until about a year ago", she says, "Stuart Sherman was the most interesting literary figure in America. In fact, he was one of the few striking literary figures in the world at the present day. The most interesting thing about him was that he had convictions. Now that alone is a rare enough thing in this country today. The majority of our modern American writers either have no convictions at all, or else are convinced of only one thing, namely, that a Puritan is very terrible. The Puritan bugaboo is be-

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coming worse and worse, passing all the bounds of reason, and actually approaching a national hysteria, almost as bad as witchcraft was, except that they have not begun to burn Puritans yet. Stuart Sherman was a courageous man in those days. He understood the Puritan tradition, he believed in it, and he said so, out loud. Mr. Sherman always spoke loudly and distinctly then. Now, he goes tiptoeing about the haunts of the primitives, speaking in soft whispers, and looking behind him, every time he says anything. And he has started psychoanalyzing himself.

"But a few years ago the so called moderns were indignant at Mr. Sherman. There was an interesting situation. Professor Sherman, as he was then called, seemed to have it within him to become the interpreter of the New Puritanism, that fine, modern outgrowth of the old Puritan tradition which has passed through the process of evolution and is just about to flower. Now, all of a sudden, Mr. Sherman seems to have decided that he does not know what he thinks, after all. The erroneously named moderns, with their passion for intellectual uniformity, have pulled him down from his position at last. Now, like them, he is cursed with mental chaos. He is no longer strong, no longer convincing. He has given up his conservatism, yet he is not wholly a modernist. The result is that he is nothing in particular. And, after all, neutrals are not very interesting. Why does Mr. Sherman dance with the Satyrs and the Dryads, when there is work to be done, not dull or futile work, but the most interesting, the most needed, and perhaps the greatest work ever confronting the world of thought and morals?

"THE BOOKMAN'S appeal to its readers in the June number to buy for their personal libraries at least five volumes of current poetry a year filled me with dismay. I have a distinctly queer feeling whenever I think of five volumes of current American poetry in my library! I fear one volume on my shelves would destroy my peace of mind completely. Poetry is a live subject with me. All my life, it has been my greatest joy and my greatest despair. I have been reading it eagerly since my sixth year. In college, I neglected other studies to sit under the magical spells of the great poets. Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson — I was with them constantly, and still am. Now, I doubt if there is any American more eager than I to see the great American poet come. But it has been a long time since this country has produced a poet of any stature, and I am afraid that it will be a long time yet before we produce the next one. The intense longing of twentieth century America for its great poet seems a little pathetic to me. This great industrial, scientific, hasty age, with scant imagination, most of the money in the world, and a boundless ambition to achieve culture, wants a great poet.

" The situation is even more pathetic than that of England was when her poet laureate would not or could not write a single poem about the war. Not since the days of Pericles has so much been done by any country to foster art as is being done in America today. America is the home of poetry societies. Nearly every state has one now. The poetry magazines are multiplying. The colleges devote more time than ever before to poetry courses. Yet, where are the fruits of it all? Nearly every magazine poem I see is worse than the last. They are seldom about anything, and the metrical

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effects, if they can be called such, are enough to make one's ear ache. Oftener than not, they are devoid of music. I am one of those who cannot subscribe to the idea that poetry can discard music and still be poetry. In any age, poetry should be an escape from sordidness, a relaxation, a pure joy, and especially is this the need of our age. When I open the latest number of a magazine or peep, with perennial hope, into a new volume of so called verse, and come face to face again with one of those things resembling a crossword puzzle or an intelligence test, I shut the book and hunt up my well worn volume of English and American poets."

But while there is life, there is hope. Perhaps some day soon a surprise will occur to those who agree with this letter, in the form of what they term good poetry. Let's watch "The Little Books of New Poetry" that the Dial Press announces for publication. This publishing firm invites the submission of manuscripts and states that "no work already issued in book form will be accepted". Perhaps by this means will be discovered the great American poet. I wonder how "real poetry" enthusiasts like "The Measure", which seems to be trying out new ideas. Perhaps they would find its experiments of interest.

Our travel editor is buzzing with plans for trips, and her pockets bulge with folders and circulars from all parts of the globe. So it seems wise to turn over these columns to her for the moment, that she may get some of her enthusiasms down on paper and thereafter be enabled to fix her mind upon more prosaic duties. Says she:

It all began with the sight of "Travel and Travel Planning", a blue paper covered book prepared by Philip Minot Chase, "travel adviser" of Boston. Here is concise information concerning every imaginable place one would want to visit. I was disappointed at not finding the disputed matter of tips settled once and for all in cold figures, but was consoled by a paragraph headed "To be Memorized", which states that the two most important things to be taken on one's travels are a sense of humor and common sense. Another incentive to pack up and go is the handsome volume of lithographs and woodcuts of the

From "In the Mountains"

Colorado Rockies called "In the Mountains", by Birger Sandzen, published by Carl J. Smalley of Kansas, with an appreciation by William Allen White. The polar regions have never held any lure for me; I am content with gazing at Commander Byrd's thrilling pictures of his flight and reading such records as Thierry Mallet's "Plain Tales of the North". Captain Mallet, president of Revillon Frères, has spent many years in exploration of trading posts on the outskirts of civilization and is a keen observer. To come down south a bit, there is "The Book of the West", in which Howard Angus Kennedy chats amiably about past and present doings in western Canada. But the hardiest traveler of them all is surely Ezra Meeker, who at the age of ninety six bids farewell to Mayor Walker at New York's City Hall, and sets out with a motor camp outfit on his fifth journey over the Oregon Trail. Three times he has crossed the Trail by ox team, first in 1852 with a young wife and baby. He has also ventured by automobile and airplane. His mission is to further the sale of six million memorial half dollars authorized by Congress to finance the preservation of the Trail and the historic spots along it. Mr. Meeker's reminiscences have furnished material for several volumes, the most recent of which is "Kate Mulhall: A Romance of the Oregon

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Trail". Those of us who complain loudly of inconveniences away from home might take a lesson from this sprightly pioneer. His motto is doubtless, "Travel and grow young."

Elizabeth Mahan Bradshaw has written a book of short "Collegiate Love Stories". I am afraid that the young college miss who was yesterday's flapper will be rather surprised upon reading them. No doubt she will have been led from the title to expect the F. Scott Fitzgerald or "College Humor" or "Town and Gown" type, and I am sure that she must entertain a slight hope of seeing herself in one of the tales. But instead, she will find what she styles the "s. s. and g." They are simple stories, told in a simple way. They will be enjoyed most, I should say, by the unsophisticated grammar school or high school girls and boys—if there are any such. The present agitation for a memorial in Central Park, New York, to the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" furnishes grounds for the belief that the sweet and simple still holds its own, even within a mile of the Algonquin.

The other evening, in Staten Island (of all places), I felt myself carried back to the Middle Ages. In a roped off enclosure under the stars I watched a band of strolling players give an intelligent and imaginative performance of Lady Gregory's play, "The Dragon". It was none other than the Jitney Players, now in their fourth summer season under the management of Bushnell Cheney. Mr. Cheney adapted the ancient idea of a wandering group to modern needs by means of a Ford truck. After the play Richard Skinner showed me this magic vehicle which folds up so compactly when it takes the road. In spite of its miniature size, the truck that becomes a stage is completely equipped. There are the loveliest little rows of lights, and settings and cyclorama are so cleverly placed as to give an amazing illusion of size. And the acting group itself is an extraordinary crowd of young people. Most of them have college degrees and the majority have played on Broadway. On the long journey back to New York I fell to dreaming of a more vigorous renaissance of the drama by means of just such groups. The Jitney Players have the fresh experimental spirit of the little theatre, with the sound training of the commercial theatre to keep them from amateurish technical blunders. They are not confined by the traditions that bind the metropolitan producers nor are they so depressingly local in appeal as many little theatres. They play under various auspices, at colleges and country clubs, for town centres and private estates. My only grievance is that I am tied to a job and can't fold up a tent and follow them. Perhaps I had better join instead the Theatre Guild School, which under the direction of Winifred Lenihan has been doing interesting work since its inception in the fall of 1925. Lately the "senior class" presented Laurence Housman and Granville Barker's "Prunella". The production, directed by Winthrop Ames, was such as to bring out all the charm inherent in that delicate fantasy. And the acting of various of the youngsters gave promise of future performers who will do credit to their sponsors and to the dramatic profession.

The National Press Bay Committee announces that "America is to be the first country to dedicate a national shrine in honor of the Press". I am afraid that I cannot assume such a

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triumphant note when I read on and see that the cost of equipping and erecting this chapel in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York will be from $150,000 to $225,000. How much more of a service it would be to donate that amount to the Authors' League, a really worthy establishment which gives aid to struggling writers! The shrine, I am told, will take the form of a chapel opening from the side of the great nave or central aisle and measuring 115 feet from floor to roof. Stained glass windows will record some of the activities of the press and its part in the progress of civilization. This seems rather an elaborate and needless plan when one reflects that the greatest literary shrine possible has existed and always will exist in the form of books themselves.

Every autumn we find it necessary to increase our office force by one janitor to sweep out the hordes of college graduates who apply to us for "editorial positions", and I join in the wail of many other editors, "Why can't they get a clearer insight into what they think they know perfectly?" Now comes Burges Johnson's "Earning a Living by the Pen". Perhaps here is that unknown quantity we want which will take the place of the extra janitor. This interesting pamphlet is compiled from the letters of two hundred Vassar graduates who have found practical uses for their skill in writing. The letters are addressed to Mr. Johnson as a friend and not as a "hungry scholiast". Perhaps their publication will help those who are seeking journalistic employment to understand better the sort of thing they think they want. Not that we aren't all interested in these fledglings, especially when they are publishing such promising volumes as the "Amherst Undergraduate Verse of 1926", and the Ohio State University "Anthology of Verse". The University of Washington, the University of Tennessee, and New York University have also placed before the public eye creditable volumes of poems by undergraduates. Even the high school children are aspiring to literary fame now. I am thinking of "Saplings", composed of poems, short stories, and essays written by high school students in competition for the Witter Bynner Scholastic Poetry Prize and for "The Scholastic", a national high school magazine. The grade schools also are publishing little pamphlets. We are not surprised, therefore, at the outpouring of our young kindergarten friend, Helen Allison, who dictated to her mother the following effusion:

Winter

The snow is hard and cold,
You have to wear mittens and leggings,
The snow is high.
Cold nights.
Christmas time is in the winter,
Reindeers are what Santa Claus has,
Red and white for Christmas colors.

Spring

The breeze is sometimes here,
The cars ride past.
Green grass and tulips.
The sidewalks are clear without snow,
The trees have their leaves;
The birds fly around the treetops,
The daisies start to grow.

Summer

In the summer
Children run out without coats and sweaters,
The fairy carpets appear,
The ferns are in the woods,
Cherries and grapes are almost here.
At the beach
The children swim and play in the sand.

Fall

The Fall is cold
And near the winter.
The leaves fall off the trees,
The people make fires out of these.
The snow is not far off.
School opens again,
And I'll be five years old.

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Driving a traveling library about has always seemed to me to hold delightful possibilities. These interesting and illuminating comments from a peripatetic librarian prove that the occupation is indeed a fascinating one:

TO THE EDITOR OF GOSSIP SHOP:

When I read in the Gossip Shop that you would like to know what books people read, and in what authors they were interested, that caught my attention. It happens to be my job — finding out those two things, and then, with that knowledge, giving people what they want to read.

I have a County Library, in South Jersey, which means that I drive a Ford truck, with built in book shelves, and I go to all the cities and towns through the county and give out books. Scarcely any towns in this county have had access to books in a general sense, and this business of getting the right book to the right person is mighty interesting.

On the whole this is a most unsophisticated section. The majority of people want books "so pure but what even a young girl could read them and remain uncontaminated". (I quote from a letter sent me by a mother whose three daughters are not our modern flapper type. She wrote in approval of "The Blue Window".)

One of our little towns "discovered" Michael Arlen and Sherwood Anderson. They took so kindly to that type of literature that I have had some difficulty in satisfying an inordinate craving for more of the same sort of thing. It was in that town that a man told me he thought he might have liked Morley's "Thunder on the Left" — but he wasn't always sure what it was about. One can only suggest Mr. Morley write his prefaces in red ink.

Again, when the County Library truck appeared in another town, the local librarian handed over an imposing pile of volumes with the criticism that they were "too talky-talky for busy folks to bother with"! I remember that "Drums" and "The Perennial Bachelor" were among those scorned. That particular community simply dotes on Zane Grey, E. P. Oppenheim, Grace Livingston Hill, and J. S. Fletcher.

There is a dear old staid pre-Revolutionary town here, with just that sort of inhabitants. The literary pulse beats very high. One old lady approached me with a puzzled frown and wanted to know, in strictest confidence, if we didn't consider "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" as "rather loose and common". We hesitate about letting "Nize Baby" fall into her hands.

Last week we went to change a local library station which is housed in the parish house of a church. Two books were missing, and when the custodian was asked to account for them, she said they were at her home — they were not the sort of books she cared to have sheltered too near the house of God. The books were "Soundings", and Stringer's "Red Cord".

One day when the County Library was just being organized we were driving along a road through the pines. We stopped a very ancient greybeard to ask if we were on the right road for an obscure little hamlet in the woods. He evinced great interest in the library car, in the County Library as a county activity, and after giving us many biographical details, he informed us that personally he didn't take much stock in reading. Life was too full. He said he had never found much time for it — and never had done any *light* reading. When he did sit down with a book, he mostly always read the Sears-Roebuck Catalogue. And he supposed we had several on the truck!

On the whole there doesn't seem to us to be anything more fine than getting people and books acquainted with each other. We have largely a fiction reading public, although farm books — household science, history and biography — go out in fair proportion.

Essays and poetry need lots of personal introduction and encouragement — but they'll be more widely read in time. When a shy coast guard boy tries to tell you how very beautiful he considered the wording and style of Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo" you feel you can take heart and go on hoping.

I hope you have as much fun, and can get as much interest from your public and its reading, as we do from ours.

Cordially yours,
ELIZABETH REED WURT.

Hervey Allen deposited his manuscript of "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe" at his publishers' office and fled to Bermuda, where he plans to meet an old salt friend and go cruising about in a sloop. I was glad to hear of the proposed nautical venture, for Mr. Allen is thoroughly exhausted after the intensive work he has put into his book—or books, I should say. The biography itself is to be preceded by a collection of new and doubtful Poe verses and photographs of man-

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uscripts, to be called "Poe's Brother". Both this book and the two volume affair appear to contain material which

Portrait of Larry Barretto by his wife

should make Poe collectors and enthusiasts bestir themselves to prove the authenticity of long accepted material. Final settlement of the Chautauqua versus Santa Fe artists difficulty reminds me that Floyd Dell has just drifted up from that pleasant abode of the chosen, looking completely recovered from his unfortunate ill health in France early this spring. He assures me, however, that life in Santa Fe is much too amusing and wearing for the simple dweller on the Hudson, and that he has lost a full ten pounds in weight. Arthur Davison Ficke, whose collected poems are to appear some time in the late autumn or winter, was Mr. Dell's host, and a most charming one I know from my acquaintance with that fine poet. Floyd Dell's new novel, a realistic-romance as he styles it, is to be called "An Old Man's Folly" and the hero has been named and renamed as many times as a first baby with too many wealthy relatives. The final choice is "Mr. Windle", and a very excellent one—I have never heard the name before. Almost simultaneously with the publication of "The Red Ledger", Frank Packard announces the completion of his next novel, neglecting though, alas, to say whether it furthers the adventures of Jimmie Dale. Mr. Packard lives in a hospitable mansion on the St. Lawrence at Lachine, Quebec, and plays at least one round of golf every day on the oldest course in America. Goshen, New York, is the present dwelling place of Larry Barretto, whose excellent "Walls of Glass" has just appeared. In his rôle of dramatic critic he appears in town on certain days, demands amusement, and looks disappointed when we order him to go to the movies—although you will see in his column this month that he was rewarded for obeying us. Speaking of the movies reminds me that I have a bone to pick with John S. Cohen, Jr., the motion picture critic of the "Sun", who lost control when he reviewed "Variety". Isn't it a bit bold to state that there have never been any fine American films, not to say quite untrue? And bad taste to refer to our product as "sugar coated fodder" when there are "The Big Parade", "Stella Dallas", "The Sea Beast", "The Thief of Bagdad", and countless other splendid pictures to be considered? In my opinion, a motion picture critic's reaction to a film does not affect its success one whit; but just the same Mr. Cohen ought to learn restraint.

My imagination is fired by the title of a book recently published, "The Mind of the Millionaire", "the first serious study", according to the publishers, "of the rich man's psychology". Is it the riches that create the

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state of mind, or the state of mind that engenders the riches? I must get the volume at once and find out. Evidently Newark, New Jersey, is going to do its best to see that every business man has his chance, for the trustees of the city library are erecting a building especially for the use of the Business Branch, opened in 1904. I reprint from "The Library" of Newark "A Bookplate for the Business Branch", compiled by "J. C. D.", none other, I suspect, than John Cotton Dana who has done so much for the advancement of the public library. How do these recommendations strike BOOKMAN readers?

WHAT OUGHT A BUSINESS MAN TO READ?

1. Several newspapers; thus he studies history while it is being made.
2. Several newspapers; thus he learns how business is going.
3. Several newspapers; thus he learns his own town.
4. The Saturday Evening Post; thus he gets good stories, novels and a view of business, law, politics and government different from that which most of the newspapers give him.
5. The Literary Digest; thus he gets both sides of the day's questions, and explores the world.
6. The best novels as they appear; (the best are the ones he most enjoys).
7. A good, small book on something he is interested in, by a Man who Knows. Articles in the world's great magazines can take the place of small books.
8. The best journals of his own calling.
9. Everything else.

Further evidence from our London scout George Grubb as to England's embracing of American publicity methods comes in the form of this clipping from a London newspaper:

MEGAPHONING POETRY

STARTLING VERSE SET TO MUSIC

Miss Edith Sitwell will make another attempt to shock (or educate) London next Tuesday, when she will recite through a megaphone, hidden by a screen, to the music of Mr. W. T. Walton, some of her most startling poems.

Chelsea, the London home of the Sitwells, will be the scene of this attempt. On the platform of the New Chenil Galleries, in King's-road, there will be a screen with only the mouth of a megaphone showing. Through this, in the voice of Miss Sitwell, will come such a verse as:

When
Sir
Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in hell
Where Prosperine first fell
Blue as the gendarmerie were the waves of the sea
(Rocking and shocking the barmaid).

This will be accompanied by an orchestra made up of clarinet, flute, saxophone, trumpet, percussion, and 'cello.

When a similar performance was given some time ago in London Mr. Noel Coward said that he was shocked. This was considered a great tribute.

Miss Sitwell's idea is that the singer or the reciter of poetry should never be seen. Only the voice should be heard.

Mr. Walton, who is responsible for the accompaniment, is only 23. He believes in getting humour into music. The audience of next Tuesday are invited both by him and the Sitwells to laugh as much as they like.

Potpourri: Rudyard Kipling arouses controversy by declaring there are but twelve immortals among literary men since the beginning of time. Bernard Shaw celebrates his seventieth birthday by frank radio discussion of the shortcomings of the British government. A schoolboy earns money for his education by the publication of his novels, *et al.* Two Greenwich Village restaurants vie with each other in providing fifty cent Poets' Platters for ragged genius. H. G. Wells's "The War of the Worlds" is announced as being filmed "on a big scale". And a noted professor is engaged to instruct radio announcers in a more gentle handling of the English language.

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